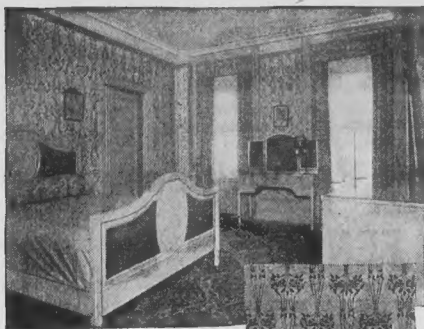




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Bed-Room
Should be
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It is just as easy to keep Sanitas immaculate as it is to clean your cut glass and china.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XV.

Published Monthly

No. 4

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1 a year or three years for \$2 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one-cent or two-cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers

We have been telling you right along about the growing popularity of The Western Home Monthly and we feel that we have not at any time overstepped the bounds of strict accuracy. The splendid reception every where accorded to the March issue is most highly valued by the Publishers and Editors. We would not have you understand that we succeed in pleasing every member of our vast army of Readers—but we come very near it. Now and again we receive some very vigorous protests from people who differ from us in some respects. All such if marked by sincerity are as welcome as our Mail Bag of praise, and receive our very best consideration.

The very best that we know goes into The Western Home Monthly each month but we are always glad to have suggestions from our readers with a view to its betterment.

When two years ago it was made a part of the policy of the Monthly to encourage western talent, and to give preference to articles and stories touching upon western life, there was some doubt expressed as to the wisdom of the course. There is no doubt to-day. Among the writers who have found warm places in the hearts of the readers are W. R. Gilbert, of Calgary—who is so versatile that he can write a good modern story, narrate something that recalls the scenes of older days, or give a description of that which entertains or instructs. Then there is Bonnycastle Dale who knows British Columbia and the sea—always instructive, always entertaining, always charming in expression. Next there is J. D. Evans of Crystal City, who is preserving for us the records of the past. His stories of the early days are not only full of interest, but they have all the charm of originality and the much-desired quality of accuracy. W. McD. Tait is a comparatively recent contributor, but he will find a more prominent place in the future. As an authority on Indian and frontier life he is unexcelled.

These are only samples of what the West has given us. The names of Miss Bemister, Miss Noble, Miss Bayne, Mrs. Doris, Mrs. Vialoux, Cleo Donovan, Charles Dorian, W. J. Wigley will at once come to the minds of our readers. One of the greatest discoveries of The Western Home Monthly has been H. Mortimer Batten, of Skipton, Yorks, England, who knows the West like a book, and who writes so well, both in his descriptive articles and in his original stories. It is needless to say that Mr. Batten is one of the most popular of writers in the magazines of the Mother Land.

But it is not the western stories and scenes that alone attract our readers. The letters of commendation received every mail refer even more frequently to the regularly-edited departments.

Never was the department edited by Rev. Dr. J. L. Gordon more highly appreciated than it is to-day. Strong, interesting, human—it is perhaps doing more to promote stability of character in the young men of Western Canada than any other column that is published anywhere. None the less valuable is the page edited by Mrs. Hamilton. The correspondence on her desk shows how her personality has won the hearts of her thousands of readers. Miss Hind, represents a view of life that is becoming more and more appreciated. If woman is to find her place of equality with men, it is articles

such as are found in this column that will assist in paving the way. The Philosopher, seems to be read by every one, and no wonder—for he seems to crystallize the thought of each month and to present it in such form that the busy man can understand.

And so reference might be continued. For Sunday Reading there is always something worth while. The boys and girls are not forgotten and there is perhaps a great surprise for them before long. The woman on the farm has in the two departments given over to her the two things she most needs—consolation and information. At the same time The Western Home Monthly forgets not at all times to stand for temperance, morality, education and religion, as essential to national prosperity.

This is all summed up on the Editorial page, which, ignoring political and class rivalries of all kinds, endeavors to give such information and inspiration as seem to be necessary to the moulding into righteousness of a young nation such as ours.

Picked from to-day's Mail

Innisfail, Alberta.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg
Your dinner set premium to hand, and we are delighted with it. Our neighbors all round came to view our treasure. If your magazine was in good favor before it certainly stands high now. Though there are but few homes in our district that do not now receive it, I am determined to put forth an effort for fourteen new subscribers and two additional dinner sets. The Western Home Monthly is liked by old and young among us, and we note with satisfaction the great improvements that are being made. Every success to you.

A. K. Spocks.

Smiley, Sask., February, 1914.

Dear Editor: Although I have just received two copies of your paper, I think it is the best yet. It is one of the most interesting magazines printed.

H. A. Keyes.

Fredericton, N.B., Feb. 1914.

Dear Sir: I am renewing my subscription to The Western Home Monthly for another year, and wish to say that I would not do without it for twice the amount of the subscription. It is indeed a welcome visitor to our home each month.

Mrs. Rankine Horncastle.

Mountain View, Alta.,

February, 1914.

Dear Editor: We have been receiving your paper since last June, and consider it a real live factor in the up-building of our Western Canada. It upholds what is highest and best, and fears not to use its columns against evil and error. Its prime object evidently is to be helpful and useful, and popularity a secondary object. On the temperance question, for example, we see no advertisements of liquors on your pages, but your "Temperance Talk" pleads ably on behalf of that great cause as it does of many other questions of public good. Thanking you for the cheer your paper brings to our home and wishing you all success for the future in your efforts to better our land.

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. B. B. Caldwell.

Makes
Big Jobs
Look
Small



Write to The Cudahy Packing Co., Toronto, Canada, for our Booklet "Hints to Housewives."

Woman and the Home

My Little Girl

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

The laughing guests have come and gone—

I walked as in a dream!
Was it my hand, my needle, mine
That sewed the silken seam?

She grew so graceful, slim and tall,
So sweet and maiden-wise;
Yet still for me the child-heart looked
From out her wondering eyes.

They say it was the Wedding March
I heard the players play!
"My little girl! My little girl!"
Was all my heart could say.

The Poisonous White Lies

Marc N. Goodnow

A mother, pale and haggard of countenance, with deep lines of worry and shame carved in flesh and skin which once bore the blush of youth and hope, stood dejectedly before the railing which separated the judge of the juvenile court from the court room. She seemed to carry the weight of a thousand years upon her slender shoulders and they drooped visibly under the burden. Her tear-stained face turned appealingly to the judge who had just passed sentence upon her only son, and with a faint voice and trembling lips she said:

"Your Honor, I truly don't know how this could have happened. My boy was raised in a Christian home, surrounded with the comforts of life, sent to school, watched over carefully and showered with the affections of a devoted mother. Now you have pronounced him a convicted thief . . . Judge, I can't understand it, it doesn't seem possible, or right, or just."

"Mrs. Mailey," said the judge, showing traces of emotion in his voice, "the court can express only a small share of the deep sympathy which it really feels for a mother in such dire distress. The sight of a boy of fifteen years being sent to the house of correction is indeed one which might well arouse questions of right and justice. Still, it is the law." The judge cleared his throat, then continued: "However, your boy developed tendencies which you knew nothing about; had you known them you would not be here to-day. The system of living, our whole social scheme, which countenances the insidious little 'white lies' of life has had its baneful effect here. It is unnecessary to remind you of these poisonous 'white lies' for they have already caused all the havoc possible for them to cause in your life."

There was a slight stir in the court room and the judge ceased speaking. The boy in the prisoner's dock looked down upon his mother. He seemed the personification of terror and shame. An unnatural light flickered in his shifting eyes and he moistened his lips again and again as if to speak, but no sound came from them. To the little woman before him—she who gave him birth, who reared him through tender years and who poured out the caresses and affections of devoted worship—to her it seemed a hideous, black dream; her boy standing in that prisoner's dock, the cynosure of a hundred pairs of morbidly curious eyes, a felon at the age of fifteen, branded for life as a criminal—because he had sold fifty pounds of lead pipe which did not belong to him.

Summoning her remaining strength and courage, Mrs. Mailey walked to the dock and with a display of wonderful self-control and affectionate tenderness bade her boy good-bye; bade him farewell for two years—two of the longest years it could ever be a mother's agony to suffer; two centuries they were to her, and full of the vivid horror of that court room scene. Then she left the court room, followed by the boy's grandparents and other near relatives, the crowd by now hushed with awed respect for a mother's bleeding heart. It was the silent sympathy, one would say, for

the tortured living, which is deeper by far in its human significance than the loud lamentations for the peaceful dead.

The terrible import of that scene in the dingy court room of a big city remained many days in the memory of even the most disinterested, most casual observer. To Mrs. Mailey, its poignancy never quite left her in all the dark and bitter days to come, weighing her down not only with the deep sense of shame and sorrow, but instilling the suspicion that by no means had her boy's offence merited this awful punishment.

The stricken woman returned to the home, which from now on was to be but a dreary abiding place, full of bitter memories and devoid of hope. Her husband had died a year before. Now, she felt as lonely as the veriest outcast, though her parents tried in their feeble way to comfort her. But the ache and shame of it all overcame any feeling of solace she might have derived from exterior sources. She had ceased to weep; her tears had dried of their own scorching heat; they were unavailing in this circumstance.

She sat dry-eyed and brooding that night in the dark of her lonely sitting room; brooding vaguely, dreamily, over the events of the day which had so cruelly torn her heartstrings to shreds; brooding of the future as it might come to pass and speculating in the hope which had no chance of fulfillment. She could even have faced death with a tinge of pleasure, such was the torment of her soul, but she only prayed that her mind might become a blank from that day forth, and that two years might be blotted from her life.

And as she sat there alone, the thought came: "What had the judge meant by the poisonous white lies—the poisonous white lies—the poisonous—" The thought kept running through her mind continuously. The last word mingled with the first and the sentence soon blurred into only a hazy streak which could hardly be called a thought. "What could he have meant?" she asked herself again and again, and finally sat up with a start. Why, she knew what he had meant; she knew well enough, but at the moment she could not formulate the impression into the semblance of a thought or an idea.

Then her mind flashed back with lightning rapidity to her early married life, when, as Bertha Sawyer, she first met and loved Robert Mailey. She remembered that they had started married life with only a small fund. Their housekeeping had been extremely modest, but as the circle of their acquaintance among married people widened they found they demanded more of the comforts and luxuries of life in order to be happy. There had been constant saving in the small ways that the Maileys might hold up their heads with the others of their circle.

When Tom, her first born, was seven years old, their telephone had been installed. She could now remember distinctly the day it was attached to the dining room wall. And she remembered that she had never deposited the money for the call until she had been asked several times to do so. She had even tried to get through with her calls without paying for them at all. It seemed a ridiculous thing to be thinking about, but it loomed large in her mental vision now in spite of herself. It was as if some demon of her brain were thrusting these insignificant, trivial thoughts from dark recesses into full view. She could think of nothing else.

She remembered one day when young Tom, a fair-faced chap with golden hair, looked up at her when she had finished telephoning a friend and said with a smile and a half-wink:

"You didn't have to pay for that, did you, mother?"

It all came back to her now, and with the poignancy of knife thrusts. She saw young Tom answering the telephone in his important way and asking his father, under his breath, if he was at home to the person who had inquired for him. She wondered why she had not given thought to these things when they occurred; now they were crowding

into her brain like bees into a hive and she could couple them with the shaping of her boy's character with a clearness that startled her.

She had taken Tom downtown with her a number of times on her shopping tours and she could now see the boy making mental notes when she failed to present the conductor with her ticket as he passed. The summer Tom was thirteen years old she had gone with him into the country to visit an old schoolmate. She remembered vividly telling the station agent that Tom was under twelve years and therefore entitled to half fare, and both she and Tom had chuckled over their ability thus to save the half fare. They had decided to buy circus tickets if the usual summer entertainment came their way. And then, when they did attend the circus, Tom's mother again passed him along for a boy of twelve years and entitled to half rate, despite the careful and suspicious scrutiny of the ticket seller.

How vividly these things recurred to her memory as she sat there that night, saddened and dejected in body, mind and spirit. A hundred other instances of a similar nature flashed through her tortured mind with such rapidity that they escaped being caught in the web of her thought, though she had a clear sense of their presence and a fresh feeling of pain as each of them flitted past.

She could even mark the mileposts in her boy's career of deceit, that career born and nurtured in the practice of her own petty follies. Thus she traced to his natural disregard of the truth his early leaning toward truancy and the notes of excuse to his teacher whose signatures he had forged. These things troubled her at the time, but she seemed unable then to tell the sources from which such impulses sprang. Tom's guilty conscience at once caused him to remain away from home all one summer's night and the mother's heart bled that night as it never had done before. Her son had slept on a park's bench for fear of the consequences of his truancy and forgery when he returned home, and still, at home he had been treated leniently, not cruelly. How was she to deal with him? Probably that question harked back to the time of the first mother. There had been no answer then.

It was with sickening dread that Mrs. Mailey now realized, in this worst of all moments, how she had played with truth and honesty; how she had invited the poisonous white lies of life into her very home, there to imbue themselves with the influence of destruction in her boy's impressionable mind. She had not meant to be dishonest, she would have sworn to the innocence of her intent, but still she could not extricate herself from the blame which every true mother imposes upon herself.

Her boy's sense of right and wrong had been tampered with, dulled, stunted, all but obliterated, and the whole horrid thing had changed his outlook upon life. He was reared in the very atmosphere of petty frauds, and the petty things were the ones which impressed the child's mind because a child's life is logically composed of little things. They were too small for the adult mind, perhaps, but the growing brain of the child seized upon them eagerly and added each to his growing store of knowledge. Where was the wrong, he may have asked later, when his mother and his grandparents did these things? They were given the sanction of the household; perhaps he had never stopped to question.

But it was too late now; her son's very soul had been poisoned and both the mother and son were reaping the bitter consequences. The utter despair of hopelessness finally dulled her mind and she lay for a long time as if in a swoon.

In the still of that night of torment a cool hand smoothed her feverish brow and a soothing voice persuaded her to retire. She roused herself from the nightmare, her lips mumbling audibly "the poisonous white lies, the white lies." And when hushed voices asked the meaning, the response was still the same—"the poisonous white lies," whereupon the owners of the voices only looked at her blankly, shook their heads pityingly and in wonderment, and did not understand.

Decorating the Dining Room

The idea that a dining-room should be treated in a somewhat heavy and subdued style dies hard. Thus it is that a white and yellow dining-room is something of a novelty. When its windows have a green and 'shady' prospect the effect of the yellow dining-room is really quite enchanting. One apartment of this description has the walls panelled to within seven inches of the tops of the doors, and all the woodwork is painted ivory-white. Above the panelling is a stencilled frieze in shades of daffodil, orange and chestnut.

The rug is in shades of brown and dull, soft blues. The tiled fireplace is in yellowish brown. The chair seats are of chestnut brown leather. The window hangings are of daffodil yellow and white.

Affection

The great lack in man's life is lack of affection, and the worst thing about this is that woman has no opportunity to test his affection before marriage. I believe our literature is responsible for much of our young girls' blindness to the truth about love. I was reading a love-story yesterday—it was a pretty story, and I love to read them—and I came across these sentences: "I have counted the hours," he declared. In the gaze he bent upon her his bared soul looked out." This is an expression to shake the heart of a girl and to make her believe that in the very next passionate glance she receives from a man she sees a noble and beautiful soul unveiled. It is a great injustice to youth to write like that about love. If there is ever a time when man's soul is in eclipse it is when the star of passion is in the ascendant. The soul shows its true identity in dark days when the children are sick and the coal bill comes in. The wedded couple who have learned the secret of actual soul intimacy have found the perfect love, and they know that in it there is no room for pride, no question of dignity nor of personal rights and wrongs, no suspicion of slights nor fear of infidelity. The woman who finds herself married to a man to whom real affection is a stranger will never win anything by pride. The man who will not be affectionate to an affectionate woman will certainly never be so to a cold, proud woman.

I have seen women who seemed to get a lot of pleasure out of a bitter attitude toward life. They seem to take a real joy in the attitude of proud suffering. Really this is just play-acting. The woman makes her own stage settings, thinks out her own situations and is her own audience. She is a tragedy queen, and it is strange how women enjoy being tragedy queens. If you are engaged in a warfare of diverse opinions, contrary tastes, different ideals and misunderstandings with the person you married under the impression that in the glances he gave you during courtship his bared soul looked out, examine yourself closely and see if you are not fixing your position on "a little personal pride" which you believe it your duty to cherish. Try the experiment of throwing this pride away. If it doesn't affect him it will at least release you from the guardianship of something you couldn't use, and give you a chance to take up some real work—some commonplace, profitable interest which will one day stand you in stead of the devotion and obedience and conformation to your wishes which you were demanding of a person who was not qualified to render them.

"Bridget," said the mistress, reprovingly, "this is absolutely the worst pie I ever tried to eat. You told me you could bake as good pies as any cook in the city."

"So I can, mim," she said. "So I can. But all the leddies I iver wurruked fur mixed the pies thimselves beful I baked 'em, mim!"

The Oil of Yellow.—It is not claimed for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil that it will cure every ill, but its uses are so various that it may be looked upon as a general pain killer. It has achieved that greatness for itself and all attempts to surpass it have failed. Its excellence is known to all who have tested its virtues and learnt by experience.

You Can't Buy 'Just as Good' as



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You will realize this when you commence using it. Buy a packet and if you are not entirely satisfied with it your money will be promptly refunded by your grocer

Blue Ribbon Limited, Winnipeg

Trees and Fruit

Try Patmore's Reliable Grass Seeds for Hay, Pasture or Lawn

They are the Cleanest and Best you can use

Grasses We are Growing

Names of the grasses illustrated herewith are listed below, corresponding with numbers. Some of these are valuable for hay purposes, and others are of greater value for pasturage.

Good Grasses for pasturage and hay, and trees for shelter and ornament, are amongst the greatest needs in Western Canada.

	Per 100
1 Alopecurus pratensis (Meadow Foxtail)	
2 Festuca rubra (Red Fescue)	\$24.00
3 Avena elatior (Tall Oat Grass)	9.00
4 Phleum pratense (Timothy)	14.00
5 Bromus inermis (Brome Grass)	12.00
6 Agropyrum tenerum (Western Rye Grass)	26.00
7 Agrostis vulgaris (Red Top Grass)	
8 Dactylis glomerata (Rough Cocksfoot or Orchard Grass)	\$18.00
9 Festuca elatior (Tall Fescue)	23.00
10 Festuca pratensis (Meadow Fescue)	24.00
11 Poa serotina (Late Meadow Grass)	28.00
12 Festuca ovina (Sheep's Fescue)	14.00
13 Poa compressa (Canadian Blue Grass)	25.00
14 Trifolium pratense (Red Clover)	
15 Anthyllis vulneraria (Kidney Vetch or Yellow Sand Clover)	\$35.00
16 Trifolium hybridum (Alsike Clover)	29.00
17 Poa pratensis (Kentucky Blue Grass)	20.00
18 Lolium perenne (English Perennial Rye Grass) ..	10.00
19 Festuca duriuscula (Hard Fescue)	24.00
Alfalfa	\$20.00 to \$24.00 per 100
Fodder Corn, North West Dent	\$4.00 per 100

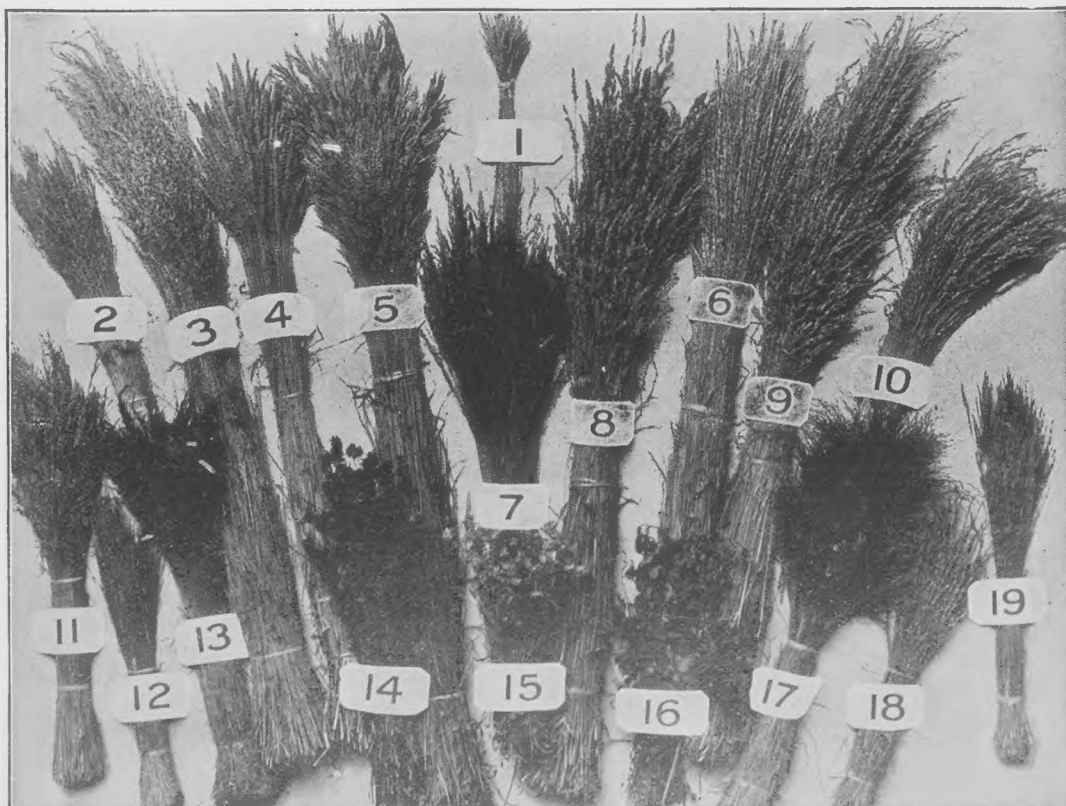
In our nurseries we have growing, and offer for sale: 500,000 Maples, 2-3 feet, from 1 cent to \$1.00 each. Russian Golden Willows, at \$5.00 per 100. Russian Golden Willow Cuttings at \$4.00 per 1,000. Laurel Willows, 2-3 feet, at \$5.00 per 100.

POPLARS, BASSWOOD, ROWAN-TREES, and all other hardy ornamental trees and shrubs. CARAGANA and LILACS for hedging at \$3.00 and \$5.00 per hundred.

100,000 hardy FRUIT BUSHES and TREES at lowest prices. Write for Catalogue to

Every Variety Tested, and Guaranteed for Quality and Yield in Produce
For GARDEN, LAWN, or FIELD

Patmore's Reliable Seeds are Gaining the Reputation of being THE BEST



The Patmore Nursery Co. Limited

Brandon, Man.

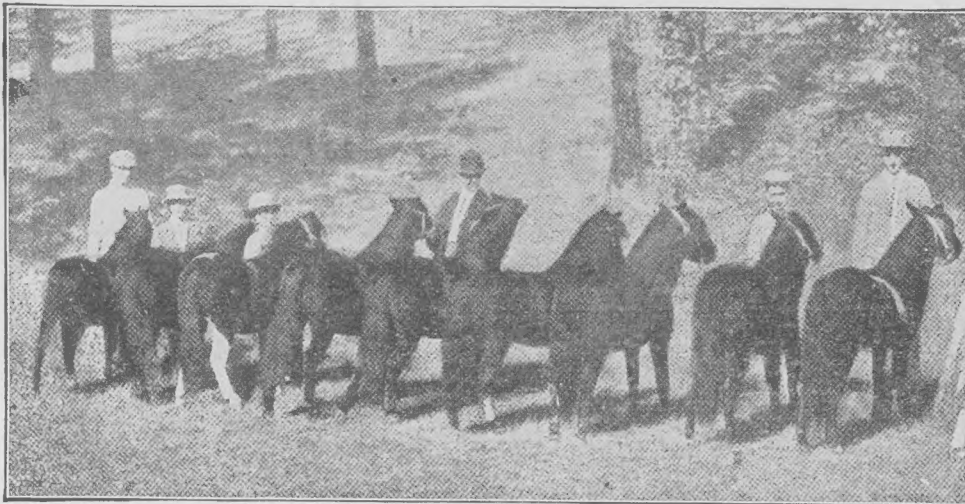
(Established 1883)

Saskatoon, Sask.

Winnipeg Telegram's 20th Pony Contest

\$30,000 worth of Ponies and Outfits already Awarded Boys and Girls of West
Nominate Yourself and Share in Next Distribution

Eight Pony Prizes
including
handsome matched
team and the
Piebald Champion
"Chief."



Frisket, Chief, Fred, Freda, Curly, Dorina, Tramp, Tinker, Rip.

Fifteen Grand
Prizes and a
Cash reward for
every candidate
not a grand prize
winner

UNPRECEDENTED PRIZES IN TELEGRAM'S GREAT JUVENILE CONTEST

A glance at the wonderful prize list only briefly described in the next column and but vaguely illustrated above, is evidence of the phenomenal distribution of unprecedented prizes that The Winnipeg Telegram will make to the boys and girls of western provinces on June 10th. Eight pony prizes headed by a handsome matched pair, with complete driving outfit, fifteen grand prizes in all, and a cash reward for every contestant who does not win a grand prize, justifies the statement that never in the history of juvenile competitions in Canada have these rewards been approached. This is the Twentieth Pony Contest that has been conducted by The Winnipeg Telegram, and it is by a big margin the greatest of the series. It is the contest to join, for it has more and richer rewards than any of its predecessors and, as every candidate gets a prize, it is not a game of chance. The Telegram has already presented ponies and outfits to over one hundred boys and girls in Western Canada, and these ponies have been won in the mountains of British Columbia, in the ranch districts of Alberta, on the prairies of Saskatchewan, the rural sections of Manitoba and in the towns of New Ontario. The boys and girls who have already won ponies cannot enter this contest, neither can those residing in the City of Winnipeg. This competition is absolutely for the boys and girls of the Western Provinces and they alone will be allowed to enter. It costs nothing to be a candidate and a little effort for the few weeks this contest is in vogue will put your name on the shipping tag of one of these enviable rewards.

PONIES OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

First Prize—The handsome matched team "Fred" and "Freda" and an elaborate new driving outfit especially ordered for this great pair of miniature aristocrats.
Second Prize—The piebald champion "Chief" and his new carriage and harness. This pony was the sensation of the American show rings last year.
Third Prize—"Frisket," a very handsome and perfectly conformed young Shetland

mare and a new and complete driving equipment.
Fourth Prize—"Curly," a little black Shetland horse of exceptional quality and all the driving accessories.
Fifth Prize—"Dorina," a classy little black mare and her new carriage and harness.
Sixth Prize—"Tramp," a good brown gelding kind and gentle, buggy and harness.
Seventh Prize—"Tinker," a good honest and

faithful little gelding and all the driving requisites.
Eighth Prize—"Rip," a brown Shetland gelding, buggy and harness.
Ninth Prize—Bicycle, ladies or gents.
Tenth Prize—Phonograph and six records.
Eleventh Prize—Eastman Kodak, printing and developing outfit.
Twelfth Prize—Gold watch and fob, ladies or gents.

Thirteenth Prize—Gold watch and fob, ladies or gents.
Fourteenth Prize—Gold watch and fob, ladies or gents.
Fifteenth Prize—Gold watch and fob, ladies or gents.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Ten Thousand free votes will be awarded for a candidate's first subscription.
2. A Telegram pony button will be sent to every candidate nominated. This button is positively the most unique reproduction of playmates and their ponies. Don't fail to get one.
3. Nominations or subscriptions from the city of Winnipeg will not be accepted.
4. Nominations are free. The nomination blank, properly filled out, registers a candidate with 5,000 votes free. Special subscription blanks and further information will be forwarded immediately upon receipt of nomination.
5. The contest closes at 1 p. m., June 10th, 1914. This means that no money or subscriptions will be accepted after that hour.
6. No employee of The Winnipeg Telegram will be allowed to compete.
7. Votes will not be awarded on subscriptions not accompanied by a remittance.
8. Subscriptions will not be accepted outside of the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia and Ontario west of Great Lakes.
9. A candidate is nominated and registered when the nomination blank, properly filled out, has been received by the Pony Contest Editor.
10. A candidate can only be nominated once. Votes to count according to schedule announced after nomination.
11. Subscriptions for more than three years will not be accepted.
12. The vote schedule on subscriptions to The Farmers' Weekly Telegram is higher than on comparative subscriptions to The Daily Telegram. Contestants who are forced to confine their canvass to Weekly subscriptions have an equal chance to win.

13. Prizes are awarded according to the votes obtained. The candidates with the highest number of votes will get the first prize, and so on, until the awards have all been distributed.
14. In case of a tie for the last grand prize, two or more prizes will be awarded the contestants so tied.
15. Votes cannot be bought or transferred from one candidate to another. Bona fide subscriptions must be sent in.
16. A commission of 10 per cent, will be paid all contestants who do not win a prize, on the money he or she collects.
17. Candidates must not deduct their commission. The cash awards will be paid when the contest closes.
18. Votes will not be awarded on payments of less than \$1.00, or on a fraction of a dollar.
19. Both new and renewal subscriptions count.
20. The Pony Contest Editor will acknowledge receipt of all monies and award votes as lists are received.
21. Votes will not be awarded on clubbing offers with other papers.
22. The vote schedule announced will not be altered during the contest. There will be no period when double votes are allowed.
23. The decision of the Pony Contest Editor is final in all matters pertaining to this contest.
24. Boys and girls who have already won ponies cannot enter this contest.
25. Ponies and outfits will be shipped by express—all charges prepaid.
26. Remit by money, express order or postal note.
27. Delivery of mail is at risk of candidates. We are only responsible for remittances and subscription lists received by us before closing hour of contest.

FIRST PRIZE



Fred and Freda and Outfit.

VOTES SCHEDULE

HOW VOTES COUNT ON THE DAILY TELEGRAM

	No. Votes
For \$1.00 paid on single subscription.....	2,000
For \$2.00 paid on single subscription.....	5,000
For \$3.00 paid on single subscription.....	8,000
For \$4.00 paid on single subscription.....	13,000
For \$5.00 paid on single subscription.....	16,000
For \$6.00 paid on single subscription.....	20,000

HOW VOTES COUNT ON THE FARMERS' WEEKLY TELEGRAM

	No. Votes
For \$1.00 paid on single subscription.....	4,000
For \$2.00 paid on single subscription.....	10,000
For \$3.00 paid on single subscription.....	16,000

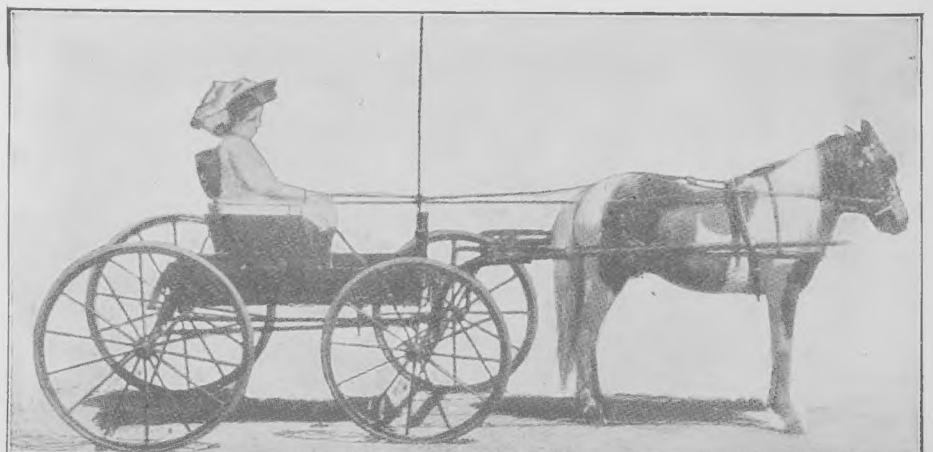
The vote schedule announced above will prevail without change throughout the competition.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Votes will not be awarded on payments less than \$1.00.		1 Yr.	2 Yrs.	3 Yrs.	Votes will not be awarded on clubbing offer.
	Daily Telegram...	\$2.00	\$4.00	\$6.00	
	Farmers' Weekly Telegram....	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$3.00	

Contest Closes 1 p.m. June 10th, 1914

SECOND PRIZE



The Piebald Champion "Chief" and Outfit.

No. 1. NOMINATION BLANK

PONY CONTEST EDITOR, Winnipeg Telegram.

Please register my name as a contestant in The Telegram Pony Contest, and credit me with 5,000 votes. I have read the rules of the Contest and agree to same.

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

Signature of Parent or Guardian.....

This blank, properly filled out, will bring you further information and supplies by return mail.

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



APRIL, 1914

WINNIPEG, CANADA

A Cheerful Spring Number with a Message to all its Readers

You Can't Buy 'Just as Good' as



Rich Strong Fragrant

You will realize this when you commence using it. Buy a packet and if you are not entirely satisfied with it your money will be promptly refunded by your grocer

Blue Ribbon Limited, Winnipeg

Trees and Fruit

Try Patmore's Reliable Grass Seeds for Hay, Pasture or Lawn

They are the Cleanest and Best you can use

Grasses We are Growing

Names of the grasses illustrated herewith are listed below, corresponding with numbers. Some of these are valuable for hay purposes, and others are of greater value for pasturage.

Good Grasses for pasturage and hay, and trees for shelter and ornament, are amongst the greatest needs in Western Canada.

	Per 100
1 Alopecurus pratensis (Meadow Foxtail)	
2 Festuca rubra (Red Fescue)	\$24.00
3 Avena elatior (Tall Oat Grass)	9.00
4 Phleum pratense (Timothy)	14.00
5 Bromus inermis (Brome Grass)	12.00
6 Agropyrum tenerum (Western Rye Grass)	26.00
7 Agrostis vulgaris (Red Top Grass)	
8 Dactylis glomerata (Rough Cocksfoot or Orchard Grass)	\$18.00
9 Festuca elatior (Tall Fescue)	23.00
10 Festuca pratensis (Meadow Fescue)	24.00
11 Poa serotina (Late Meadow Grass)	
12 Festuca ovina (Sheep's Fescue)	28.00
13 Poa compressa (Canadian Blue Grass)	14.00
14 Trifolium pratense (Red Clover)	25.00
15 Anthyllis vulneraria (Kidney Vetch or Yellow Sand Clover)	\$35.00
16 Trifolium hybridum (Alsike Clover)	29.00
17 Poa pratensis (Kentucky Blue Grass)	20.00
18 Lolium perenne (English Perennial Rye Grass) ..	10.00
19 Festuca duriuscula (Hard Fescue)	24.00
Alfalfa	\$20.00 to \$24.00 per 100
Fodder Corn, North West Dent	\$4.00 per 100

In our nurseries we have growing, and offer for sale: 500,000 Maples, 2-3 feet, from 1 cent to \$1.00 each. Russian Golden Willows, at \$5.00 per 100. Russian Golden Willow Cuttings at \$4.00 per 1,000. Laurel Willows, 2-3 feet, at \$5.00 per 100.

POPLARS, BASSWOOD, ROWAN-TREES, and all other hardy ornamental trees and shrubs. CARAGANA and LILACS for hedging at \$3.00 and \$5.00 per hundred.

100,000 hardy FRUIT BUSHES and TREES at lowest prices. Write for Catalogue to

Every Variety Tested, and Guaranteed for Quality and Yield in Produce
For GARDEN, LAWN, or FIELD

Patmore's Reliable Seeds are Gaining the Reputation of being THE BEST



The Patmore Nursery Co. Limited

Brandon, Man.

(Established 1883)

Saskatoon, Sask.



The Walls
of Your
Bed-Room
Should be
Covered with



WIPE OFF THE DIRT

SANITAS

THE MODERN WALL COVERING

In no other room in the house is perfect cleanliness more important than in the bed-room. See that the walls of every bed-room in your home are covered with Sanitas—the modern, hygienic wall covering that can be kept spotlessly clean and fresh.

A light rub with a damp cloth and Sanitas is instantly free from every speck of dust and dirt.

It is just as easy to keep Sanitas immaculate as it is to clean your cut glass and china.

Sanitas is made on a durable cloth foundation finished in oils. It cannot fade, crack or chip off. After years of use it looks as fresh and bright as new. As lasting as the walls themselves.

Sanitas faithfully reproduces the most beautiful designs of tapestry, leather, fabric, Japanese grass cloth, burlap, and imported wall papers. It also comes in tinted and glazed effects for the bathroom and kitchen. There are 130 Sanitas designs from which you can choose wall coverings for every room in your house.

Your dealer or decorator will show you Sanitas and demonstrate its wonderful service qualities, or write us your needs fully, describing the room or rooms you wish to decorate and you will receive suitable Sanitas samples and the Sanitas Booklet.



MERITAS is the Guaranteed table oil cloth. It is sold by all the leading Dry Goods and House furnishing stores.

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SORGHUM BLEND
SYRUP

Made from the sweet Kansas sorghum—all the goodness and the richness possible to extract from its pure, healthful juices boiled down into a blended perfection never before attained in syrups.

The Codville Company, Distributors
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XV.

Published Monthly

No. 4

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1 a year or three years for \$2 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one-cent or two-cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers

We have been telling you right along about the growing popularity of The Western Home Monthly and we feel that we have not at any time overstepped the bounds of strict accuracy. The splendid reception every where accorded to the March issue is most highly valued by the Publishers and Editors. We would not have you understand that we succeed in pleasing every member of our vast army of Readers—but we come very near it. Now and again we receive some very vigorous protests from people who differ from us in some respects. All such if marked by sincerity are as welcome as our Mail Bag of praise, and receive our very best consideration.

The very best that we know goes into The Western Home Monthly each month but we are always glad to have suggestions from our readers with a view to its betterment.

When two years ago it was made a part of the policy of the Monthly to encourage western talent, and to give preference to articles and stories touching upon western life, there was some doubt expressed as to the wisdom of the course. There is no doubt to-day. Among the writers who have found warm places in the hearts of the readers are W. R. Gilbert, of Calgary—who is so versatile that he can write a good modern story, narrate something that recalls the scenes of older days, or give a description of that which entertains or instructs. Then there is Bonnycastle Dale who knows British Columbia and the sea—always instructive, always entertaining, always charming in expression. Next there is J. D. Evans of Crystal City, who is preserving for us the records of the past. His stories of the early days are not only full of interest, but they have all the charm of originality and the much-desired quality of accuracy. W. McD. Tait is a comparatively recent contributor, but he will find a more prominent place in the future. As an authority on Indian and frontier life he is unexcelled.

These are only samples of what the West has given us. The names of Miss Bemister, Miss Noble, Miss Bayne, Mrs. Doris, Mrs. Vialoux, Cleo Donovan, Charles Dorian, W. J. Wigley will at once come to the minds of our readers. One of the greatest discoveries of The Western Home Monthly has been H. Mortimer Batten, of Skipton, Yorks, England, who knows the West like a book, and who writes so well, both in his descriptive articles and in his original stories. It is needless to say that Mr. Batten is one of the most popular of writers in the magazines of the Mother Land.

But it is not the western stories and scenes that alone attract our readers. The letters of commendation received every mail refer even more frequently to the regularly-edited departments.

Never was the department edited by Rev. Dr. J. L. Gordon more highly appreciated than it is to-day. Strong, interesting, human—it is perhaps doing more to promote stability of character in the young men of Western Canada than any other column that is published anywhere. None the less valuable is the page edited by Mrs. Hamilton. The correspondence on her desk shows how her personality has won the hearts of her thousands of readers. Miss Hind, represents a view of life that is becoming more and more appreciated. If woman is to find her place of equality with men, it is articles

such as are found in this column that will assist in paving the way. The Philosopher, seems to be read by every one, and no wonder—for he seems to crystallize the thought of each month and to present it in such form that the busy man can understand.

And so reference might be continued. For Sunday Reading there is always something worth while. The boys and girls are not forgotten and there is perhaps a great surprise for them before long. The woman on the farm has in the two departments given over to her the two things she most needs—consolation and information. At the same time The Western Home Monthly forgets not at all times to stand for temperance, morality, education and religion, as essential to national prosperity.

This is all summed up on the Editorial page, which, ignoring political and class rivalries of all kinds, endeavors to give such information and inspiration as seem to be necessary to the moulding into righteousness of a young nation such as ours.

Picked from to-day's Mail

Innisfail, Alberta.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg
Your dinner set premium to hand, and we are delighted with it. Our neighbors all round came to view our treasure. If your magazine was in good favor before it certainly stands high now. Though there are but few homes in our district that do not now receive it, I am determined to put forth an effort for fourteen new subscribers and two additional dinner sets. The Western Home Monthly is liked by old and young among us, and we note with satisfaction the great improvements that are being made. Every success to you.

A. K. Spocks.

Smiley, Sask., February, 1914.

Dear Editor: Although I have just received two copies of your paper, I think it is the best yet. It is one of the most interesting magazines printed.

H. A. Keyes.

Fredericton, N.B., Feb. 1914.

Dear Sir: I am renewing my subscription to The Western Home Monthly for another year, and wish to say that I would not do without it for twice the amount of the subscription. It is indeed a welcome visitor to our home each month.

Mrs. Rankine Horncastle.

Mountain View, Alta.,

February, 1914.

Dear Editor: We have been receiving your paper since last June, and consider it a real live factor in the up-building of our Western Canada. It upholds what is highest and best, and fears not to use its columns against evil and error. Its prime object evidently is to be helpful and useful, and popularity a secondary object. On the temperance question, for example, we see no advertisements of liquors on your pages, but your "Temperance Talk" pleads ably on behalf of that great cause as it does of many other questions of public good. Thanking you for the cheer your paper brings to our home and wishing you all success for the future in your efforts to better our land.

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. B. B. Caldwell.

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Big Jobs
Look
Small



Write to The Cudahy Packing Co., Toronto, Canada, for our Booklet "Hints to Housewives."

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British Columbia—Enderby, Glacier, Hazelton, Lillooet, Nanaimo, New Hazelton, Newport, New Westminster, Prince Rupert, Smithers, Telkwa, Vancouver, Vernon, Victoria.

This Bank, having over 310 Branches in Canada, extending from Halifax to Prince Rupert, offers excellent facilities for the transaction of every description of banking business. It has correspondents in all the cities of importance throughout Canada, the United States, the Continent of Europe, and the British Colonies.

Collections made in all parts of the Dominion, and returns promptly remitted at lowest rates of exchange.

Two Central Offices in Winnipeg—Main St. and William Ave., D. M. Neeve, Mgr. Portage Ave., cor. Garry St. (adjoining Post Office), F. J. Boulton, Mgr.

Other Branches in Winnipeg as follows:—Corydon Ave., Logan Ave., North End, Sargent Ave., Portage Ave. and Arlington St., Sargent Ave. and Arlington St., 490 Portage Ave.

TO INDEPENDENT GRAIN SHIPPERS

The railways have now plenty of empty cars for farmers to load with grain to be shipped to Fort William and Port Arthur. Ship forward anytime now and meet the advancing market that seems certain to be coming. If possible use the loading platform and load direct into car and so save elevator charges and dockage.

We are not track buyers. We do not buy the farmer's grain on our own account. We look after and dispose of carlots of grain on the usual commission basis of 1c. per bushel, strictly as agents for those who employ us, always endeavoring to do the best possible for the farmer's advantage. We make liberal advances at 7 per cent interest on all grain consigned to us for sale, and carry it in anticipation of higher prices as long as our clients consider it advisable.

Write to us for shipping instructions and market information and advice.

Thompson, Sons & Co.

Grain Commission Merchants

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The Acme of Comfort
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They have the same dull finish, texture and fit as the best linen collar, and won't wilt or crack. "Challenge" Collar can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth. Always smart, always dressy. If your dealer doesn't sell "Challenge" Brand send us 25c for collar or 50c for pair of cuffs. You'll be delighted.

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You possibly have read our advertisements in the past—or better still, you know Ideal Fence in actual use—at any rate, there is little need to give you particulars here of a Fence that is regarded as standard by such large users as the Dominion Government and the Railways—so we simply urge you to

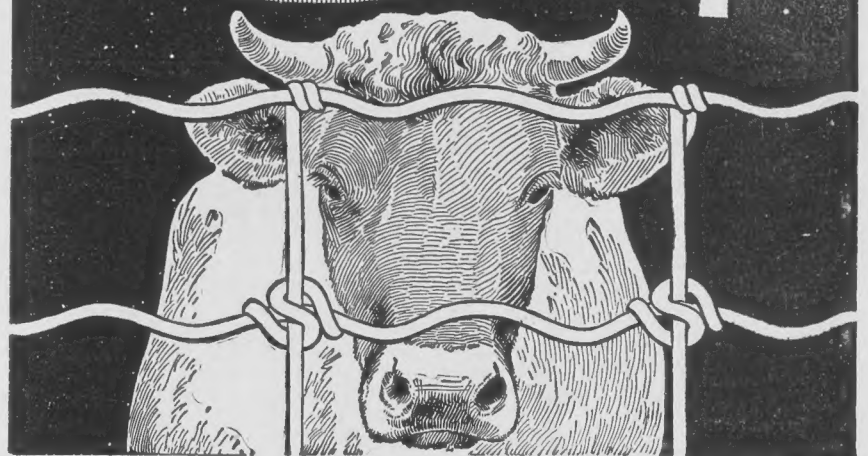
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REMEMBER: Ideal Fence is made and stocked in Winnipeg; no delayed or damaged shipments, no heavy freight charges, but immediate Service on highest grade fencing at the fairest figure. For your own advantage, write us NOW. Merely say: "Send me Fence Offer."

The Ideal Fence Co., Ltd.
WINNIPEG.

16



Just "Alabastine"
—a Brush and Pail
And — you may have an artistic home.

The old way of decorating the walls with paper, paint and kalsomine was always expensive, often unsanitary and never artistic. The new way—the "Alabastine" way—is always sanitary, artistic, economical and durable.

With the numerous "Alabastine" tints and white every room in the home can be made to glow with cheerfulness and blend into a uniform color scheme.

Anyone can apply "Alabastine." Just mix with cold water and brush it on the wall.

FREE STENCILS: Our staff of trained decorators will draw up any color scheme for you free of charge. We also supply free stencils suitable for your purpose. "Alabastine" is sold by all Hardware and Paint Dealers. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

The Alabastine Co., Limited
45 Willow St. Paris, Canada.

Church's Cold Water Alabastine

Distribution of State Aid

The following words form an address delivered in the House of Congress by the representative from Oklahoma might well have been uttered in the House of Commons at Ottawa, for it is fully as applicable to our conditions as to conditions in the United States.

"We must spend more within and less without. Improve the conditions within, and we will have no fear from without.

"Internal improvements, in which the plain people have a deep and immediate interest, rather than a remote one, will do more to keep us a happy, closely united, and contented people than all the subsidies paid to railroads, to mail-ships and steamships, to tariff subsidies and high duties laid on the one least able to bear and for the benefit of the class least in need. I tell you, sir, the American people will not sit idly by and be ground down by inequalities and iniquities for which you can give no good or adequate answer.

"Millions for post-offices and public buildings for a few towns of the country and no assistance for the post-roads and the little towns, will not satisfy them, and is wrong as well.

"You have arranged tariff schedules for the manufacturer, so that his riches are greater than he ever anticipated. You have subsidized the railroads with land grants until they have grown corpulent with wealth. You have increased the appropriations for the war and navy until the patience of this citizenship is almost exhausted, and now, when asked to do something for the plain citizen, who produces more every year than he himself consumes, this bill will, and deserves to be, the most popular bill passed. It is the starting of a great improvement that will go on and on after we are gone. We shall all be proud of the beginning."

Out of Work

One authority estimates that in New York city there were this winter 350,000 people out of work. In Philadelphia the figure was placed at 75,000; in Washington at 15,000. Chicago, with more destitute than ever before in its history has 150,000 idle. Roughly speaking one in thirty of the whole population of the United States is out of work. In Canadian cities there are likewise thousands of unemployed. These include those who had summer jobs on farms, and those who were occupied at summer trades.

It may be that conditions are a little worse than usual, but every winter witnesses something of the same kind. The problem of continuous labor is one that must be solved if the increase in the army of hopeless, houseless men is to be checked. If nothing else can be devised there may well be instituted for those who are worthy a scheme of insurance against non-employment.

But not all are worthy. To illustrate this consider this from a reputable American paper.

"At Portland 500 men who had been receiving shelter at the expense of the city were offered work. Only fifty applied, and of these but twelve appeared at the place where work was furnished. Seven of the twelve quit during the first hour. In other words, five of the unemployed, or 1 per cent of the total number receiving shelter, remained at work long enough to earn \$1.50.

"At San Francisco the number of the unemployed is estimated at 15,000, but only 800 of them, or less than 6 per cent, appeared for work when they were given a chance to wield pick and shovel."

Another paper equally reliable puts it in this way:

"It is easy to conclude that the unemployed are a worthless lot of loafers, but this is not so; they are of all sorts. In the treatment of criminals we are beginning to differentiate with a view to reclaiming those who can be reclaimed; might not a little of the same careful inspection and testing be given to men whose only offence is to be out of a job? One might almost fancy that the aim of the authorities was to make work so repulsive as to drive away as many as possible of the men seeking it. In factories efficiency experts have learned that men must be as carefully selected for the coarse heavy work as for finer employment; even in a penitentiary convicts of delicate physique are set to the lighter tasks. But it seems to be assumed that unemployment automatically gives the strength, knack, and endurance needed for hard manual labor, or else that only common laborers can be out of work."

The more it is considered, the more evident does it seem to be that society cannot be built up on the foundation of pure individualism. Each for all, is a principle that must be recognized if community life is to endure. Government as representing the community is bound to exercise beneficent watch care over every individual, helping the distressed, caring for the unfortunate, and the aged, isolating the diseased and the dangerous.

Immigration from the United States

They are getting quite excited in the United States over the exodus of good citizens to Canada. It seems that Canadians have been spending \$60,000 a year in advertising the advantages of the Western Provinces, and naturally thousands have been responding. Mr. William J. White, the Canadian Government's advertising agent, and a gentleman who is known to many in our provinces, pleads guilty to the charge of advertising, and has these very sensible words to utter in extenuation of his offence.

"We have done a great deal of advertising in Iowa with good results, but we have not lassoed anybody, and I believe that on the whole those who have gone to Canada from Iowa have been benefited. They sold their farms in Iowa at a much higher price per acre than they could obtain just as good lands for in Canada, and in that way have enlarged their holdings, and I have heard little or no complaint from them. We try to aid would-be emigrants by pointing out the best agricultural lands and assisting them to locate."

It seems that many of the American papers are making the best of the inevitable. Some are saying that there is a counter-immigration going on all the time, though this is denied by Canadian authorities, others are saying that it is well for settlers from America to better their condition and at the same time to become factors in shaping the destinies of a new land. For instance the Washington Post says:

"She is willing to give away land that isn't worth much now, knowing that the only way it will ever increase in value is by populating the country. There are few of the restrictions against business there that exist here. Canada is advertising her liberal policies and is reaping the same reward that was reaped by the United States when our policies were more liberal than they are now."

Canada is pleased to receive good American citizens. They make good Canadians.

Being true to democratic ideals, they are needed to assist in offsetting the tendency on the part of some of our immigrants to reproduce in this country the political and religious ideals of Central and Southern Europe.

Government by Experts

The recent report on the National Transcontinental Railway, is no doubt highly-colored, but there is enough in it to demonstrate that the Canadian system of administering public affairs is nonsensical in the extreme. The Western Home Monthly has always held that we cannot have good government until all great departments are administered by experts, rather than by men picked up in the accidents of political warfare. As an illustration, ask what the Ministers of Militia since Confederation really have known about their work. They haven't known enough to take advice from those who were competent to give it. In local matters the same may be said in a general way of Ministers of Public Works, Education and Finance. The average legislator is about as able to prepare legislation dealing with social reform as an elephant is to take charge of a brood of chickens. The day is coming when all legislation will be submitted to experts in various departments, before being crystallized into Acts of Parliament. There are about twenty pieces of legislation in Canada that would never have been enacted, if men who really knew had been consulted. But then legislators do not always want to do what is right, they want to do what is expedient.

Bears and Bulls

Every man who is in a competitive occupation knows how he must "boost" his wares. The drummer knows his work. Would it not be well for us to develop national drummers? Would it not be a good idea to have every man "a bull" in the national exchange? We can all act in this capacity with a clear conscience, for we have the land and the opportunities. More than this, if we begin to extol our land, we shall begin to take greater pride in it, and shall be less tolerant of forces that make for national decline. A man who courageously fights evil is always to be commended, but the chronic kicker and fault finder in a country like this deserves no consideration. It is a privilege to live here, to breathe the fresh air, to feel the spirit of optimism, to see things growing. We can all with clear conscience parade our wares and extol their merits.

Keeping Up His Records

It is quite wonderful what a single good strong man can do. This is well illustrated in the work of President Woodrow Wilson. The President also illustrates one other thing—that no man is so popular as he who takes the absolutely straight course. Both in the United States and Canada political leaders have followed the insane policy that it is possible to retain popular favor and to continue in office only through working hand in hand with powerful interests or through compromising with evil. In every Western province to-day the man who will adopt an honest, courageous policy, who will stand unflinchingly for righteousness, national honor and integrity, and equal rights to all, will carry the people with him. All temporizing expedients are an evidence of weakness, and the people look at it in this way. When will we as a people learn our lesson? Can we not produce a man of like courage and wisdom?

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How Compton's Theories Worked Out

Written for The Western Home Monthly by L. M. Underwood, Ozark, Illinois.

COMPTON was a bachelor. And with all a bachelor's egotism, he felt competent to offer advice to expectant benedicts as to how matrimony might be made a happy estate.

"Marriage," contended Compton, in the hearing of a few select friends, "is merely a business contract between a man and a woman, in which they agree to make a home for themselves—the man to furnish the money, the woman to provide the comforts. This, of course, should be clearly understood beforehand. Then, if the man lives up to his part of the contract, and fails to collect what's coming to him, he's a fool, that's all."

"Suppose a man does spill a few cigar ashes on the floor, or leave his hat on the piano, or his cuffs on a chair," continued Compton, "is that any reason why things should be made unpleasant for him? A man has a right to do as he pleases in his own home."

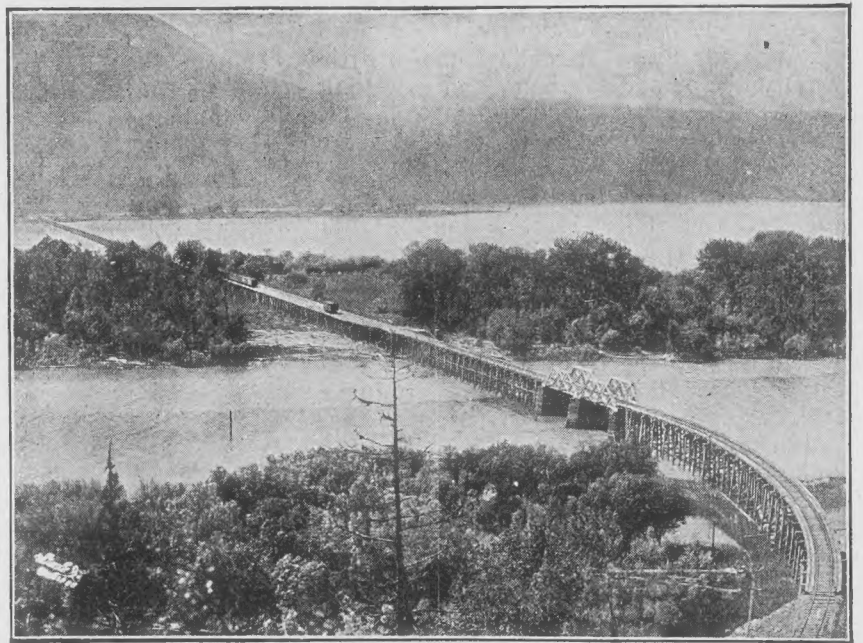
If the other girls scattered their belongings carelessly about on the furniture, Louise quietly put them out of sight before her mother began to scold.

On the cook's afternoon out it was always Louise who prepared the evening meal, and washed the dishes. The other girls invariably had important engagements.

If any of them were ill, Louise tended them.

Such being the case, one might naturally suppose that Louise wore the air of a martyr, and dressed like a frump. Not so. Louise considered that a woman owed it to those around her to look as attractive as possible.

Neither was it difficult for Louise to look attractive. She was possessed of a clear complexion and fluffy hair. Her eyes were blue and appealing. Her mouth—well, Compton was not long in deciding that her mouth was about the



Kootenay Landing Bridge, B.C.

"If the duties and privileges of each of the contracting parties were clearly defined beforehand," concluded Compton, "there need be none of that nagging and bickering afterward. A man could be comfortable in his own way, as it is right and proper that he should be."

"What about love?" suggested Conner, with a sly wink at Jones. "Has love no place in matrimony?"

Compton, the bachelor, flicked the ashes off his cigar—getting about half of them into the tray.

"Love and business," he observed with finality, "won't mix. A successful marriage is merely a business contract. The man who marries for love is never comfortable in his own home, because, being in love, he has not common sense enough beforehand to bargain for his rights."

All this, of course, was prior to the evening on which Compton met Louise Eddington, and was introduced into her home.

The Eddington family consisted of the father, mother, and three daughters, Louise being the second.

There was never any friction in the Eddington household. The domestic machinery seemed to run on well oiled wheels.

Compton had not been visiting there long, before he discovered that this smoothness was entirely due to the efforts of Louise. If any unpleasantness threatened, Louise, by some unselfish setting aside of her own plans, always managed to prevent it.

If Mr. Eddington showed signs of annoyance because his morning paper was late, Louise slipped on her top coat and hat, procured one at the nearest news stand, and was back with it before he had time to get thoroughly irritated.

most kissable-looking little affair that he had ever seen—and Compton was a connoisseur. In addition to this, Louise was blessed with a sense of humor—and dimples.

Compton very soon began to regard Louise as the most imposed upon young woman in the world.

"It was shameful," he told himself, "the way that family let Louise sacrifice herself to their comfort. Why couldn't Mr. Eddington go out for his own paper? Why couldn't someone else tend them when they were sick? Why couldn't those indolent girls take turns staying home on the cook's afternoon out, instead of leaving it all for Louise?"

It made Compton's blood boil to think of it.

As a matter of fact, before he realized what was happening, Compton had fallen desperately in love.

Incidentally, his theories in regard to matrimony underwent a radical change. The thought of bargaining for his creature comforts never occurred to him. His one aim was to make Louise happy—to take her away from those who were imposing upon her angelic sweetness, and let her understand that she was the one to be waited upon, and catered to and pleased. Why—they didn't need to keep house! They could board or travel, if she preferred. All he wanted was her smiles, and her sympathy, and to know that she was his.

At this time Compton was very far from feeling that she was his or ever would be. It was not that Louise was coquettish; she was elusive. There were so many other demands upon her that she had very little time for her admirers. This, however, did not appear to discourage them. Compton had to take his chance with the others.

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In a word, Compton had arrived at that stage of the disease wherein he was willing and anxious to make a doormat of himself for her to wipe her dainty feet upon, before Louise understood.

When at last she became conscious of his anfatuation she avoided him so pointedly that Compton's hopes sank considerably below zero.

Compton, however, was not the man to give up without an effort. In sheer desperation he proposed at the very first opportunity. His joy and gratitude knew no bounds when he found himself shyly accepted. His caresses were accepted more shyly still, and no amount of coaxing could induce Louise to return them. It was too soon, she said. She was not ready.

Compton's sincerity stood the test. While he made no effort to conceal his longing, he put a powerful restraint upon himself, and let her feel that in this, as in all else, her wishes were to be considered before his.

He felt justified, however, in urging an early date for the wedding. To this fortunately, neither Louise nor the family objected. In fact, neither Louise nor the family realized what a change marriage was going to make in the Eddington household.

Compton did. He smiled sardonically as he thought how those two selfish

"Just try me, and see," he muttered, huskily.

If she had suggested dancing a jig upon his prostrate form, he would scarcely have opposed her, and Louise knew it.

Again, with her cheek against his, she laughed in that delicious, infectious way of hers.

"Don't you want to know what my great ambition is?"

"If you care to tell me."

"I'm dying to tell you. It's just this: I've taken a violent fancy to—are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, what I want to do more than anything else in the world is to— to make my husband comfortable in his own home."

By the time Compton recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to put his gratitude into fitting words, he was breathless from his efforts to express it otherwise.

About six months later the Compton's invited a few select friends to dine with them.

To the most casual observer it was evident that Compton was supremely comfortable in his own home. It was equally manifest that he was thoroughly in love with his wife.



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On the Loops

girls were going to squabble over which one should go into the kitchen on the cook's afternoon out, and how that fat, self-indulgent Mr. Eddington was going to fret and fume himself into a tantrum some morning when his paper failed to arrive.

As for Louise, he meant that no unpleasantness should touch her. If there was any sacrificing to be done, he intended to do it himself. Her wishes were to be consulted in all things whatsoever. In a word, he meant her to have a taste of doing as she pleased. He even settled an income upon her, lest she might deny herself some desire rather than ask him for the money with which to gratify it.

All this he explained to Louise on their wedding day, just as soon as they were alone. When he had finished, her blue eyes were misty, and he saw that she understood.

Without a word, she raised her face, of her own sweet will, and kissed him. And, as if there were not sufficient reward, she got her arms around his neck, and her soft, warm cheek against his, and gave vent to a joyous, delicious little laugh.

"What is it?" asked Compton, laughing in sympathy.

"I'm so happy, Georgie," she murmured. "It's so delightful to know that I can do exactly as I please, because—"

"Well?"

"Because there's just one thing that I want to do more than anything else in the world, and now I know that you won't oppose me. Will you?"

Compton was tingling from head to foot with the joy of her caresses, now bestowed for the first time.

"By the way, Compton," remarked Conner, with a sly wink at Jones' when the men were alone over their cigars, "how are those matrimonial theories of yours working out?"

Compton, the benedict, flicked the ashes off his cigar, and not the first particle escaped the tray.

"Forget it!" he replied, good-humoredly. "When a man marries the right woman, he has no need of theories."

It Must Be Settled Right

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto
In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warnin
And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage,
Though the enemy seemed to have won,
Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong,
The battle is not yet done
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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A Canadian in Britain

Some Scotch and English Characteristics.

Written for The W.H.M. by R. O. Armstrong.

WHY is it that Canadians are so desirous of visiting Britain? Year by year they cross the Atlantic in increasing numbers. It is not to see better natural scenery. Canada can hold her place in that respect with all comers. She has nothing even in her charming Lake Country to match Lake Louise in the Rockies. We do not go across the Atlantic to seek fortunes, or to look for greater opportunities for life investment. Canada offers these in abundance. There are other things that lure us.

Britain is the home of our forefathers, the cradle of our civilization, the mint in which our national ideals were cast, the home of the great world colonizers; it is the land where our language, our great literature, and our science of government grew; it is the country that gave us so many great men—for Britain is generous—Shakespeare, Cromwell, Milton, Pitt, Wolfe, Knox, Bunyan, Wesley, Darwin, Browning, Gladstone, Booth, and a galaxy of others. "My native country," said Washington Irving, "was full of youth-

It took Scotland, we must recall, to make Britain "great." The people north of the Solway and the Tweed are proud of that and would like to have it better understood. "Why is it your people so often call us English?" I was asked. There is no particular reason for that unless it is because we are in too much of a hurry or too careless to make the distinction. It is true that we do often say, "the English," when we must know that "the Scotch" were included. Let me remind my readers that the Scotchman does not like to be called an Englishman. (Neither does an Irishman!) The average Scotchman is keenly sensitive about his race. Travellers and tourists you know are generally experts in diplomacy, so it was quite common to hear our visitors at receptions tell about their Scotch ancestry and how much Scotland had done for the world. That pleases the native immensely, as much as a wave of prosperity would the average Canadian. "Yes, yes," he will say with a deep smile of satisfaction, "the Scotch have done well, and John Knox was a great man."



ful promise; Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age. I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement, to escape, in short, from the commonplace realities of the present and lose myself in the shadowy grandeur of the past."

This, we believe, is the reason why we visit Britain. The present needs the past, the new the old; Canada needs the shadowy influences which can come only by contact with an older and yet a kindred civilization. For generations the "Motherland" has been sending her surplus and more ambitious people westward. Abroad these sons and daughters have learned to appreciate what Britain has done for them in a way they never could at home. For generations to come the West will send its representatives back to look again upon the way-marks and mementoes which trace the early progress of our civilization. And as Canada needs Britain, so Britain needs Canada. They stimulate each other. Imperialism is intensely retro-active. The writer referred to above, Irving, compares Europe and America to "volumes." The figure is appropriate and suggestive. So far as Britain is concerned her history makes a most fascinating story and there is no promise at present of the appearance of the last volume of the series!

Our tour started in Scotland ("Hands Across the Seas" party). For several days we met the native Scot in his own home and on his own heather. The Lowland part—we were as far north as Stirling—impressed us as being a fertile, well kept country, and the people virile and industrious. The outlook for the future seems promising notwithstanding the heavy drain on their resources through emigration. That, however, tells more heavily upon the north than upon the south. "Scotland forever" seems quite in harmony with the trend of things.

Education and religion are as necessary to a well equipped Scotchman as his oatmeal. Woe unto the man or institution which interferes with the freedom of the people in that respect. Jeanie Geddes was one of the people, and they still point out the spot in St. Giles from which she threw the foot stool at the head of an offending priest. The type remains fixed and well tempered.

The Scotch are home lovers. They used to be anyway, if we are to take "The Cottar's Saturday Night," as a type. This, too, has a later verification. In Dunfermline we visited the birthplace of Andrew Carnegie. The old cottage is now public property and free to visitors. There is a register in which to sign your name. Carnegie himself was there on September 27th, 1909, and wrote, "First visit to my birthplace, the humble home of honest poverty—best heritage of all when one has a heroine for a mother." Yea, "from scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs!"

Leaving "Bonnie Scotland" we crossed the boundary and halted for a time at Carlisle, from which we visited the delightful "Lake Country." In Scotland we were mostly Scotch, of course; but in England we discovered that a large percentage of our forefathers had come from there. Personally I have a very accommodating ancestry. My ancestors lived in the "Borderlands," to be frank, were, I suppose, famous mosstroopers. I am therefore equally at home on either side of the border. Then, I have understood, they passed into Ireland. There I could be an Irishman. Thence to the United States, where I could with a show of truth claim to be a descendant of the Yankees. Thence to British North America as loyalists, making it possible for me to pose as a patriot of the first rank like some of our politicians!

England presents some marked contrasts to her northern neighbor. This is not due, I am sure, to the traveller's

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imaginaiton. These contrasts formerly were very real, and it took a good many generations to adjust them. Having expressed quite definitely something about the characteristics of the Scotch, it will be in order to say something about the English. I learned sometime ago, and first hand impressions tend to confirm the view, that no people are likely to give more surprises than the English. The surprises may be antipodal in their nature. You may take him at one time for a wise man and get badly disappointed; or you may think him a stupid, prosy, non-committal, sort of a fellow and find on a test that he is a marvel of resourcefulness and ability. You can't get the measure of an Englishman by his looks. His outward appearance is a conundrum. Tap him on the shoulder and ask for information or give him some responsibility and you will get a surprise one way or the other.

That suggests two or three characteristics in which I think the people of the Motherland excel. First in self control. This registers itself everywhere, even amid the immeasurable activities of London. The officials never appear to be bothered. Things are well organized, and are run by schedule. At social functions we marked the ease and composure with which hosts and hostesses move about. At Eton, where over 1,000 lusty, vigorous boys—sons of English aristocrats and royalty—were in attendance we noted this trait; and it extended even to the play grounds. Put but a dozen Canadian boys together, let alone a hundred or a thousand, and what are we likely to see? You will likely see them punching each other's sides, pinching, tripping, grabbing caps, making remarks about people passing, and in a hundred other ingenious or infernal ways letting off energies which they should in all conscience learn to control. Let it be remembered that Wellington said: "Eton won Waterloo." The typical Englishman is an adept at self discipline. A clever writer has characterized him as a fellow who gets up early in the morning, takes a cold water bath the first thing, and then goes out to conquer the earth!

It is due to these things that there is, or appears to be, less individuality about the average Englishman than about the average Canadian. He inherits traditions and customs quite different from ourselves. One would need to live in the country to appreciate this. Away back there was feudalism which worked itself into the character and mental attitudes of the people. The army discipline is always there, and that invidious old-world class distinction, with its accompanying snobbery. The Englishman has learned perforce to walk with hundreds and thousands by his side. He lacks initiative, though history

proves him thoroughly capable of it when the chance comes. In a new land individuality comes to the front. In the Old Country the average man puts his cause first, in the new land he puts himself first. When the two systems clash—well, there is trouble. The army officers who are sent out to train colonials complain bitterly because they are not unhesitatingly and unquestionably obeyed. Individuality is a good thing rightly understood, but reaches its best, we believe, when in obedience to a cause. Where would our civilization or our country be but for that very thing? The Englishman will somehow cheerfully take great risks for the sake of a cause. He knows that if he falls a lesson will be learned which will promote progress. We saw men at Aldershot taking great risks in their aeroplanes. A few days later Col. Cody lost his life in attempting a flight. Then all classes united in praising him. Though some of these risks are foolhardy, we think this point of putting religion, country, science, invention, or whatever it may be, before our own interests represents a higher type of life

A Summer Day in Church

By Eleanor Sutphen Amerman.

The day was Sunday, May the month;
The scene, a country church;
The good old saints were all asleep;
The sinners, chewing birch.

The nodding head of sister Jane,
O'ercome with thoughts profound,
Against the sloping window-ledge
A resting-place had found.

A truant kitten on the ledge
Was lying in the shade,
Her eyes were on a little fly
As here and there it strayed

The kitten's interest slowly grew,
And to a climax rose
Just as the fly had walked across
The deacon's sister's nose.

A little paw was lifted high;
Like lightning swift it flew;
Unerringly it hit the mark—
The aim was all too true.

The minister had closed the Book
And "In conclusion" said,
When suddenly a cry of pain
Turned every curious head.

All to be seen was sister Jane
Retreating through the door,
A kitten on the dusty road,
A fly upon the floor.

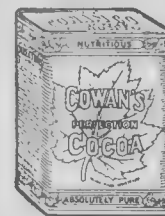
The feelings of the ancient dame
For several days were sore,
But she her lesson ne'er forgot:
She slept in church no more.

Pulling Together

What is wanted is a great deal more pulling together on the part of the churches. Our congregations should be strong enough to maintain a considerable staff of workers, men and women, whose task should be to be leaders of the people in our working effort. Congregations should be strong enough to think a great deal more of giving than of getting. They should be working outwards into the community with all sorts of beneficence, not inwards, towards their own upkeep. They should be able to give freely of their brotherly-kindness, hoping for nothing again, and not be forced by their circumstances to consider primarily how every part of their effort must show fruit for their own aggrandizement. The present multiplicity of denominations works away from this ideal, and seems to create a great many congregations of worshippers each pursuing its adherents a mile up-town every twenty years, with the result that each is in competition with the rest for the church-goers, and has very little spare energy for the leavening of the great incoming mass of the people.

"O, mother, I've learned to punctuate!" exclaimed Alice. "Well, dear, how is it done?" asked her mother. "Why, when you write, 'Hark!' you put a hat-pin after it, and when you ask a question you put a button-hook?"

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Stories of the Redcoat Riders of the Plains

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Max. McD.,

The men who do not fail, whether bringing relief to isolated settlers or carrying mail to remote trading posts.

PROTESTS from the fur companies of western Canada, and petitions from the missionaries of the West, called the attention of the government of Canada to an outrageous state of affairs existing at the foot of the Rockies. Whisky smugglers were plying an illicit trade with the Indians, and something must be done to stop the demoralization of the red men of the western plains. Hence in May, 1873, a bill was carried through the commons authorizing the establishment of a force of three hundred mounted police in the West.

The spice of danger, devilry, and adventure in the duties of the new force appealed to the popular mind. Men of all ranks tumbled over each other in their eagerness to enlist. Sons of lords, generals and famous novelists enrolled

Up, much stronger than that of the Mounted Police, with cannon, abundance of ammunition and provisions, and four times as many outlaws as there were police. Inside the smugglers stockades was whiskey enough to win the whole Blackfoot confederacy as allies of the traders. The first thing the police had to do was to win the friendship of the Indians. Colonel Macleod invited the chiefs to the new fort. They were feated by the Police, given exhibitions of military skill, and shown the cannon. Pointing out a tree more than a mile away, the Colonel bade the chiefs watch it. The next instant a cannon ball tore it up by the roots. That was a better shot than the old mortar over at the smugglers' fort could make. The Blackfeet were greatly impressed, and their visit marked the beginning of a friend-



Cotton Creek Falls

shoulder to shoulder with cashiered "Tommies" and Indian scouts; and curiously enough the mounted police retain the same heterogeneous elements to-day as when the first enlistment took place. Immediately upon organization they started from Toronto to Fargo by railway, and made a march to Dufferin, the beginning of their famous trek through 800 miles of prairie westward toward the Rocky Mountains, relying solely upon their own transport train for supplies.

On October 10th, in the very heart of the Blackfoot country, where no man's life was safe, Fort Macleod, the first mounted police fort in the West, was completed. Another force was sent north to Edmonton among the Assiniboines and Wood Crees. The main body turned back across the plains to Fort Pelley, and thence to Dufferin. In four months the force had travelled 1,900 miles, and had accomplished, without loss of life, that which had been declared as impossible without the use of an army—taking possession of the Great Lone Land.

Early Demonstration on Old Man River

Fort Macleod, on the Old Man River was a smugglers stronghold, and here Colonel Macleod, after whom the place was named, marked off a square for a fort on an island in the river. Cottonwood logs were daubed with mud, whitewashed outside and lined with cotton inside. Then the British flag was hoisted in opposition to the smugglers regime.

Here then was a mere handful of men surrounded by a confederacy of Indians noted for their aggressive ferocity. Not a day's ride distant was Fort Wheeler,

ship between the Mounted Police and the Indians that has lasted to the present day.

Boundary Always Required Constant Patrol

The end of open whiskey traffic did not mean that smuggling had entirely ceased. In those days, liquor was not only forbidden to the Indians, but prohibited to white men throughout the entire territories, except by special government permit for small quantities. The duty of watching all incoming freight, whether by pack train, ox-cart, or railway, fell to the Police. The most likely avenue of illicit trade was, of course, along the International Boundary, an imaginary line 1,800 miles long, with absolutely no settlement at its western end. The deep valleys and rolling hills offered countless hiding places for smugglers, and only the most vigilant patrolling could check the traffic. In summer time, with a good horse under him and frequent relays, this was pleasant work for the scout; but when winter came with blinding blizzards on fenceless prairies and a temperature that froze the mercury at forty below zero, there was work to test the mettle of heroes.

Not long after Fort Macleod was established, urgent occasion arose to send a despatch to a distant post in the south, warning an officer to be on the lookout for an incoming desperado. The thermometer stood at thirty-five below. It was night, and the north wind was humming with that peculiar half growl, half croon, which every westerner knows foretells a blizzard. To delay until the storm was past would let the criminal

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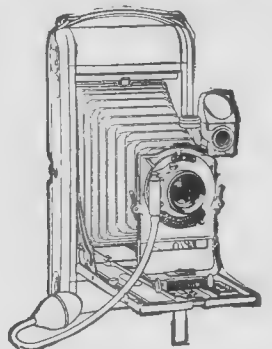
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slip through the patrols. The question was: who was the best man to send. A scout of Indian blood would be the most likely to get through the storm without losing his way, for the "red rider" travels by the wind—that is when darkness covers the trail, the Indian, like the moist-nosed moose, gets the feel of the wind on his face, and so gains the points of the compass. But on no condition can a scout of Indian blood be tempted to set out when a storm is brewing.

The choice fell on a young man from a home of luxury in an eastern city. He was a good pathfinder and one of the most trusted scouts. There was not yet much snow, so he set out on horseback with snow shoes strapped to his knapsack. The storm did not break for some hours and it was hoped that he had reached the police post. A week passed, but he did not return. Another messenger was sent and he found that the first had never reached his destination. When spring came, by chance, a detachment set out for the north, and on their journey the bones of a saddled horse were found on the lee side of a cliff. Then it was remembered that, on the night of the scout's ride, the wind had veered to the south-east, and the rider, travelling by the wind, knew that it should be on his back and turned north. The body was found on the bank of the river, where his horse had evidently given out. The brave fellow had pressed on till the river bank told him that he was off the trail. Then the long frost sleep had claimed him.

Faithful Mount Saves Life of Trooper

Almost as unfortunate was another scout sent with a despatch to one of the smaller outposts. It was towards spring, when the mid-day sun thaws the surface of the snow and the night frosts harden the melted crusts to a glare of ice as dazzling bright as the blinding flash of sunlight from polished steel. The thaw had crusted over the trail, and the scout had to keep a sharp eye on the way not to lose the path altogether. Suddenly the mid-day sun developed extraordinary hues. Magenta, purple, and black patches began to dance on the snow, alternately with wheels and rockets of cheese-colored fire. Then the light went black altogether, though the man knew that it was broad day. He had become snow-blind.

The only thing was to give his horse the bit. The horse stood stock still, and by that he knew that he had lost the trail altogether, for the broncho would have followed any visible path. He wheeled the horse about. It still refused to go on; and then the man inferred that the crust of ice had been so hard that the horse could not follow back the way it had come. That night the trooper slept under the saddle blankets, with the faithful horse standing sentry. For five days the policeman wandered blindly over the prairie losing all count of time, eating snow to quench his thirst, and sleeping in the holes that the broncho had pawed through the ice-crust to the undergrass. The trooper was now too weak to mount and keep the saddle. As a last hope the thought struck him that if he unsaddled his horse and turned it loose it might find its way back to the fort and so notify his friends that he was lost. He did this, but the faithful creature refused to leave the man lying on the snow, and stood over him in spite of all his efforts to drive it off. The pathetic scene enacted between these two, the blind and half-dead man and the affectionate horse, well able to look after itself, can better be imagined than described. On the sixth day the mail-carrier found the pair. The trooper was severely frozen, but rider and horse lived to see many another day's service.

Dealing with Indian Criminals

In the early days of the Mounted Police the prison where criminals from the Territories were confined was at Winnipeg, 2,000 miles by pack trail from the outermost police post. To have kept a horse thief at the scene of his action in a reserve of several hundred Indians, with only a defence of twenty or thirty policemen, would have invited disaster. In one case, scouts discovered

that the Blackfeet were planning to rescue their brave as he was being driven across the plains. A detachment of police rode away east without the prisoner. Quietly another detachment left at night and also rode away to the east. Finally a third detachment with the prisoner slipped out from Fort Macleod at midnight. The first two companies had spread themselves out in a patrol with relays of fresh horses for the entire distance between Fort Macleod and Fort Walsh, which was the next eastern fort, only stopping long enough to hitch fresh teams to the wagons, the escort had dashed across two hundred miles to Fort Walsh before the Blackfeet knew that their warrior had been carried off.

The Police in War

By 1882 the Mounted Police had become responsible for the lives of the people of the entire West, and for property scattered over 375,000 square miles. Trading posts were developing into towns, and cattlemen were bringing large herds into the country. At this time it became necessary to increase the force to 500 men. Permanent headquarters were established at Regina, substantial barracks instead of the log cabins and stockades which existed at other posts, being erected.

In 1885, the Riel rebellion gave the police plenty of work, twelve men being killed and an equal number wounded in the first engagement with the rebels at Duck Lake. A few years after the rebellion the force was increased to 1,100 men, the maximum strength to which it has ever attained.

One of the greatest achievements of the force was their persuading Sitting Bull and his six thousand Sioux to return and surrender to the United States authorities, after the massacre of General Custer and his troops, even when commissioners from the United States had failed in accomplishing this.

Police Duties are Being Extended

The duties of the police are being extended farther and farther. Forts are established in the farthest north, some isolated, such as Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay, which is 700 miles from any other trading post. Others are closer together, as on the trail from White Horse to Dawson, where they are only twenty miles apart. A Police report recently received at Ottawa from Herschell Island, in the Arctic Ocean, was conveyed 1,000 miles by dog sleigh, 1,000 miles by water, and 3,000 miles by rail. It took over three months to make the journey.

As soon as the rush began to the Klondyke gold fields, a troop of police was sent up to the Yukon to maintain order. The cosmopolitan population of the mining towns marvelled at the adequacy of the force, as new settlers in western Canada do yet.

Boundary patrols are still maintained to intercept the horse thief who drives a ranch band across the line to be quickly sold. On the boundary patrol, the Police travel annually more than a million miles. The "rustler" who appropriates unbranded animals for his own herds, must also be watched, traced, and punished. Prairie fires that might sweep away the year's feed for the cattle and horses, must be guarded and checked. Foreign settlers who know not the laws nor the climate of the country, must be advised and frequently helped. All these duties distribute the 79 detachments of Royal North West Mounted Police from the International Boundary to the very gates of the Arctic in the Yukon.

Bravery Still Shown by Redcoats.

Even now there is opportunity for the display of those qualities of fortitude and bravery which has made the name "Mounted Police," famous throughout the world. One notable instance is the ride of Sergeant Tucker for sixty miles at a temperature away below zero to capture the murderer of Tucker Peach. The "Riders of the Plains," in their mid-winter patrols, frequently have to face the blizzards and Arctic colds that sometimes sweep upon Alberta from the north. Their reward is in the welcome assistance they often are able to render the lonely homesteader who by accident and sickness has been left in a precarious condition.



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Of Indian troubles there are none. The police have always maintained a tradition of stern vigilance and swift retribution towards the Indians, so that besides there being no lynchings or train robberies in the Canadian West, there have been no Indian wars. The arrest of some aborigine who has been unable to distinguish between meum and tuum in the matter of horseflesh, or the bringing to justice of some white man who has found the profits in peddling whiskey among the dwellers of the reserves to outweigh the risks, comprise the chief items in the crime sheet. Not since Sergeant Wilde, who was shot by a renegade in 1897, has there been serious trouble. The Indian, whose name was Charcoal, a member of the Blood band, paid the penalty of his crime on the gallows in Macleod.

Listening to the conversation of the men of the Police as one encounters them everywhere in the West, it is distinctly evident that they are men of a different stripe from the Tommy Atkins of the British regulars. The Mounted Police is a head, not an automaton nor a flunkey. This was curiously illustrated during the visit of the Duke of York to the West a few years ago. Arriving at a station where a stop was to be made, the liveried servants of the Duke asked the troopers where was the royal carriage, and the answer made was that the servants of royalty should get the horses hitched themselves.

Professor Bowers' Experiment

Written for The Western Home Monthly

It may have been the appearance of the building itself with its white-washed walls, its wide eaves and its sheet iron roof. Or perchance it may have been its location there in the depths of the Maine woods. At any rate I was curious to know its history the moment I caught sight of it through the trees. Fortunately my guide was a very loquacious old gentleman, and besides, he seemed to know everything that had happened in the north woods during the span of two ordinary lives. Seeing my interest in the old building he at once volunteered an explanation. I give the tale below, neither vouching for its truth nor attempting the vernacular of the region:

Some 25 years ago a man came to the little town of Bascom and registered at the hotel as Professor Bowers. He was tall and slender, with a bullet head, black hair and beard, and eyes with that subtle charm that snakes use to overpower their prey.

For several weeks he met the inquiries of the townspeople as to his business with passive silence. Then one day he bought materials, hired carpenters and teamsters and began the construction of the building in question, some three miles from town. While the building was in progress the Professor took one of the carpenters, Joe Moffat, into his

confidence in such a way that by the time the building was finished, they were on fairly intimate terms. Then the Professor suggested that he'd need a man to do some finishing inside, and that he'd like to have Joe do it. Impelled by curiosity to know more of the Professor's plans, Joe promised.

As soon as they were alone the professor unfolded his plans, which in substance were as follows: He wanted to prove the truth or fallacy of the evolutionary theory as propounded by Darwin. To do this they would construct a miniature world. It would have a sun shining on it, rain falling upon it and grass and trees growing on its surface. In fact, it would be just like the old terrestrial sphere except that by turning a crank for thirty minutes life on it could be made to advance one million years.

Joe took hold of the work with enthusiasm and together they worked early and late. At times Joe became discouraged and would have given up but for the Professor, who in turn promised, pleaded and threatened.

At last the great task was finished and with everything in readiness they prepared for the test. A cabinet had been constructed in which the Professor proposed to place himself, be turned for half an hour, and step forth as the type of man one million years hence. Joe received his final instructions and then the Professor crawled inside and closed the door. Silently Joe began turning.

Ten minutes passed then fifteen and still he turned. The suspense was awful and only his promise to the Professor kept him from looking within. Finally, after what seemed ages, Joe's watch ticked off the last of those thirty minutes. Seizing the door, he threw it wide open. Joe was prepared for almost anything, but imagine his surprise now. Out from the cabinet sedately walked a little brown monkey. Joe had turned the crank in the wrong direction.

Life means Living

It is a false belief that life necessarily wears out as the days go by. And so long as we live with our eyes open towards the future; with our ears tuned to the melody of the present day; with our hands eager for the new task; with our feet impatient for the unexplored path we shall not grow old, but shall remain young in heart and mind and spirit, which after all are our real selves.

How Rover Gave Alarm

Old Rover seldom barked. Only when there was great excitement and he wished to rouse the whole family did his heavy voice sound, and then every one came to see what was the matter. He lived in a little house all by himself out on the lawn, and at night he wore a great chain about his neck, for if Rover found it necessary to bark, he might also think it necessary to take the situation into his own hands.

One night it was storming furiously, and the wind howled about the house.

It was midnight when Rover's warning bark was heard. The children got up at once and came in mother's room. Papa said that the wind must have startled Rover, and they would wait a while. But the dog barked louder and louder, and so papa dressed and went to the kitchen and looked out. Nothing unusual was in sight. He lighted a lantern and opened the side door. What do you think he found? Only a little stray kitten huddled up against the door and mewling plaintively. Papa took up the kitten and called, "It is all right, old fellow!" and Rover went back into his kennel.

Mother came down and gave the kitten some milk and made a little bed behind the kitchen stove, and that was the way that "Pink-Nose" came to the house to live.

A Circus Girl Spoiled

One of the pious undergraduates of Oxford, remembering his visits to Abingdon Fair, before his conversion, determined to go there again, and see if he could not do some good among the crowds of people congregated in the streets and squares. He took a number of Testaments with him and hired a booth. He sold about fifty and gave the remainder away. The following year he went again with another supply of Testaments. Near the close of the day, a man who, from his garb, was evidently in the show business, halted at the booth and the undergraduate asked him to buy a Testament. "Not I," said the man, "but I have half-a-mind to pitch into you." The undergraduate looked at him in amazement and asked him why.

"I'll tell you why," was the reply. "You spoiled the best circus girl I ever had. She bought one of these books from you last year. Before that she was a first-class performer, and she made lots of friends of swell fellows who came to the circus to see her. They used to give her money and treat her to drinks, and they would stand treat all round. She brought lots of good money to the show; but after she got that book, she changed altogether. She stopped drinking and would not have anything to say to the young men. Then she left the show and went to some religious women in London, and they got her a place in some home. If it had not been for your book, she'd ha' been with me now."

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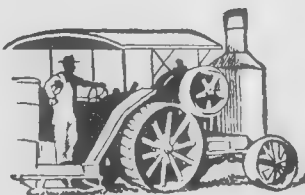
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Doubles of Famous Personages

Written for The Western Home Monthly by E. L. Chicanot, Chigwell, Alberta, Canada.

"DOUBLES" in fiction are common, but even in real life we often mistake one person for another, so alike are they in features and build. "Doubles," however, seem to be more common among the greater celebrities, so that often, taken together, two well-known men might pass for twin brothers. Why this should be there is no knowing unless, having topped the tree in their professions, they have all fully developed the same faculties, which have had an effect in moulding the features, for it is a curious fact that generally it is one scientist that is mistaken for another, one author for a brother of the pen, or a politician for a parliamentary colleague.

The late King Edward had a "double" in Mr. Edward Tollemache, the editor of the "Court Review," and a man well known in press circles. Times without number he was mistaken for the king, often with embarrassing results. Once when Mr. Tollemache was dining at a restaurant at Boulogne, a posse of gendarmes had to be sent for, to keep in order the huge crowd which came to do honor to the King of England whom they thought was paying them a sort of surprise visit.

The likeness of King George to the Czar of Russia is easily accounted for by their close relationship, and their resemblance to each other is hardly great enough to warrant the term of "double." Each has often been mistaken for the other. The features, and even the manner of wearing the beard, are exactly similar, so that a young Russian girl meeting the English king riding in Rotten Row curtsied profoundly to him, so sure was she that it was her own monarch she was bowing to. She was rewarded by a gracious smile and bow from the rider, and it was some time after before she discovered her mistake.

The King of Spain has a "double" in Paris in the person of a journalist of that city. On a visit of his majesty to the French capital, the young man, accompanied by a photographer was sent to interview him. He met the king on the steps of the Place Vendrome, and the photographer snapped the camera as they stood talking. The result was curious, as on the finished picture it was almost impossible to tell the "interviewed" from the "interviewer." His majesty was greatly amused, and on a subsequent visit to Paris sent for the young man who was

then serving his time as a conscript in a cuirassier regiment. Both the king and queen were very interested in the strange resemblance, and the king had himself photographed in the cuirassier helmet, to see, as he said, if he was "so absurdly like the soldier as the queen said he was."

A good story has been recounted of the striking resemblance which Mr. Leslie, the well-known painter bore to the late King Leopold of the Belgians. His majesty was expected to attend a Royal Academy banquet, but at the last moment was unable to do so. Along with his brother Academicians Mr. Leslie was watching the reception of guests when the late Lord Dufferin came his way, and, taking him for the king, bowed low. The "king," not knowing what to do, "graciously" extended his hand, and during the evening explanations were made.

Mr. Oscar Parker, the editor of the "English Illustrated Magazine," is in both features and figure strikingly like Lord Knollys who recently retired from the position of private secretary to the king, and it was often said that each understanding the other's work, they could have exchanged places with only a few intimate friends being any the wiser.

There are no two men in public life more alike than Lord Justice Moreton, and the well-known barrister, Mr. Robertson, who might at any time pass for twins. By an extraordinary coincidence these two men opposed each

other in South Hackney constituency in the General Election of 1895. Lord Justice Moulton — then Mr. Fletcher Moulton — is a liberal, and Mr. T. H. Robertson, a conservative, so that, needless to say, they did not appear upon the same platform. Had they done so it would have been impossible to tell one from the other, and when they appeared on election day in their respective carriages, people looked, not at the candidate but at the ribbon on the horses' heads and driver's whip before they could make up their minds as to whether it was their duty to cheer or the reverse.

In face, figure, and general build, even to the detail of side-whiskers, Mr. Pritchard, one of the best-known of parliamentary agents, bears out the resemblance to Sir Edward Clarke, the famous advocate and politician, whose features are so familiar to general newspaper readers. Times without number, Mr. Pritchard has been stopped on the streets or in the lobby by members of parliament and reporters, who wished to discuss some political matter and were under the impression that they were addressing Sir Edward Clarke.

The two members of the House who are the most frequently confused are Sir James Yoxall, a famous art connoisseur, and Mr. Rea. Continually they are confused and could be only distinguished by certain peculiarities of dress, etc.

Edmund Yates often related with glee how he himself was so exactly like the Shah of Persia that when that monarch visited England, a crowd gathered round a restaurant in the Strand where he, Yates, had entered, under the impression that it was the Shah who was dining. Indeed, when this sovereign visited Brussels the street-hawkers there sold an enormous number of photos of Edmund Yates as resemblances of the Shah, which somebody in the know had obtained from England. The Belgians, who actually saw the Shah, did not perceive any difference, and it was long after the sovereign's departure before they knew the trick that had been played on them.

Many and many a mistake was made between George du Maurier, who wrote "Trilby" and for so many years delighted readers of "Punch," and Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, the famous sculptor, both now dead. So closely did these men resemble each other that one night at a dinner Du Maurier was sent into a fit of uncontrollable laughter by a lady who addressed him as "Sir Lawrence," and went on to assure him that she "could not understand people saying that he and Du Maurier were so alike, for," she went on, "it's simply ridiculous; you're not a bit so."

One of the most striking instances of "doubles" was that of Professor Shrader who was so extremely like Professor Huxley that scientists who knew them both, could not tell them apart. Grant Allen has recorded how he shook hands with Shrader under the impression that it was Huxley, when he was corrected and Shrader mentioned that the same thing had happened to him twice previously that evening.

For a case of doubles in extremely divergent classes, it is related how the Marchioness of Salisbury visited the Hospital for Incurables at Putney Heath, to see an inmate there who was often mistaken for the Marquis.

Mixed Emotions

To illustrate the feeling of Ireland toward the predominant partner, an actor who has lately been touring tells the story of an old waiter in a Dublin hotel. "When are you going to get Home Rule in Ireland, John?" was the question. "Se ye here, sorr," said the old man, "the only way we'll get Home Rule for ould Ireland will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—an' maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give those blaygiards of English a rare good hiding. That's the only way we'll get Home Rule, anyway." Then, as he looked cautiously round, a twinkle of cunning and a smile of courtesy were added to his expression. "And the whole lot of 'em shoved together couldn't do it, he said." "Oh—it's the grand Navy we've got!"



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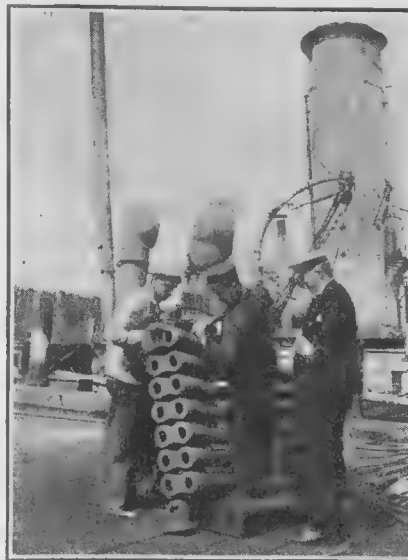
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Investigating on a "Walloper"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale. Photographs by the Author and Others

I FEEL forced to call our steamer the above. Really she ought to be ashamed of herself. Here we are,



Oh, heres the crew and the captain bold of the 'Walloper'

just thirty days off the ways and she has been aground four times, ashore once, bent her shaft by bucking too

"Anchor, watch, ahoy," sang out the laughing lad, and William Henry came rolling back and they lifted the mud-hook. One bell, and the wheel gives a kick, and Watts says, sticking his head up out of the hatch like a marine jack-in-the-box, "Can't be done, sir; there's not enough coal to get to Union Bay," and bobs down. I ring again, and we repeat the performance. Then I say: "To the dock for a little coal," and all goes as merry as a marriage bell. I regret to state that William Henry and Watts, with immense feeling, went at once to write to the sister with the much-broken-arm kid and the poor unstable mother, and when they returned — after dark — William Henry was so full of a son's love or something else that he crossed the gangplank on his hands and knees — and Watts — I think he feared for that arm, calmly lay down on the wharf and slept comfortably there all night.

"Ding-a-ling," and off we go the next morning at fifteen miles—or less—an hour. Do you know there are some of the most wonderful oarsmen out here? They must be record breakers. One fellow kept even with us to the harbor's mouth, and then cut across our bows. Fritz said he got on the windward to shelter us from the sea. Yes, it was rolling, and we played a sort of eccentric marine rocking horse game for ten



'Aki Maru', Japanese freight and passenger steamer

hard, shifted her deckhouses in her insane rolling, pitched one dingy off and lost it entirely. Watts, the engineer, you will remember, says it would be well if I bought him a suit padded just as the footballers have, for he never can tell just when or where she will throw him. William Henry, our noble fireman—pardon me, I can always smooth his feathers when I call him "assistant engineer"—says he "is all over bumps and blacks and blues." Here they both come forward now.

"Might I be after asking you," says Watts—he speaks Irish, has an English name and dresses like a Dutchman—"for a small advance; me sister's boy has broken his arrum, sir. Thank you, sir," and off he waddles.

"That boy's got more arms than a centipede," whispered Fritz; "that's the fifth arm he's broken in a year."

"I'd like to send a wee bit of money to me mother," faltered William Henry. "She lives down in Bremerton and bees all alone." I gave him an advance and he pulled his ragged lock and tumbled aft. It wasn't far to tumble, as we are only thirty feet overall, but she threw him once before he got there, even if she is at anchor. Oh! the Terra Nova is no slouch, I tell you.

"Serve him right," said Fritz. "That mother of his is a dandy traveller. Bremerton now, Vancouver time before, San Francisco time before that—Spokane, Seattle, Everest, Port Townsend — hold me, it makes me dizzy to think of her flitting about like this."

miles of it. She never really once turned completely over—but the things she did to us. I will sell her the moment I get back from this trip. Well, we finally got to the Bay and pictured a Japanese passenger vessel—the Aki Maru—as she slid gently up to the bunkers. We got our coal, and off for the fishing in the Gulf. We were



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astounded as we passed under the stern of the Titan to see her waterline was marked thirty-two feet.

"We would be two feet under water standing on our stern—thirty-two feet—whew!" said Fritz amazedly.

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off a bit and got behind that island, and swallowed that odd lump in my throat. I'll tell you what brought it there. Now, Fritz is not a bad boy usually, but what of this for an unnerving sort of trip? During the worst of the trip, when the seas were perilously high for our little "walloper," Fritz crept down the engine room hatch and showed Watts three photos of wrecks he had secured while out at the home of the great salvage company — the Bullens at Esquimaux. He let William Henry feast his



Tug 'Mystery.' Salvaged by salvage steamer 'Salva'

goods of the west coast of North America. Twice a year she puts a double furrow about the globe. We are just about as big as her rudder, so we did not attack her to seize any of the nuts or dried fruits that Fritz was long- ing for.

Out in the Gulf of Georgia buck- ing a head sea. The "Turn Over" —I beg her pardon, the Terra Nova — has developed a new trick: she has learned to butt into a wave so solidly that she can throw spray clean over and wash the top of her grimy smokestack and the back deck at one and the same moment. We were much in- terested in a little gasoline boat coming up towards us as she overtook us. Of course, we slowed down, as it does look so selfish to speed away from another boat. We have never done this rude act. She was just one huge splash. I opened the back "port" of the wheel-

trembling eyes on these and told him many a weird tale of dangers of the sea. Then the sweet little cherub came up to the wheel-house. I was standing with legs wide apart holding that erratic tub of ours in some sort of a straight course.

"There have been many wrecks along this run," howled the boy, and he held out a picture of the "Tartar" upside down.

"See the 'Mystery'! She looks like our boat, too—she ran ashore!" I was too busy wheeling to kick him.

"Look! They usually get them up if they do sink," and he held the picture of the "Humboldt" right before my eyes.

"Get out of here!" I howled, and off stole the merry lad, undaunted even by the tremendous seas we were running over.

I went aboard the "Hy-ak" (means "hurry" in the chinook). She had come down by the inside passage from Alaska.



Steamer 'Tartar,' Lund, B.C.

house—port sounds more nautical than window—and, although I could see her upperworks when in the trough, I never once saw her bow until she drew abreast. She was pitching in a truly terrific manner, but she was heading off a bit for the shelter of an island when—slush! splash! bubble and boil!—I, in a moment's inattention, had let her fall off a bit, and we had shipped the entire Gulf. It put the fire almost out and reduced us to about quarter-speed—say less than a mile an hour—so I headed

Thirty-five feet overall with a very small cockpit cabin, she was fitted with a ten-horse Union, and carried fifty galls extra to her fifty tank. Things went fairly well as long as they kept behind the islands. Dixon Straits caught them pretty hard, but it was not until they attempted to cross Queen Charlotte Sound—exposed to the full sweep of the Pacific Ocean—that they gave up hope. That fifty miles was right in the trough of a sou'-wester. The waves were liquid hills, clear calm on the sides and roaring

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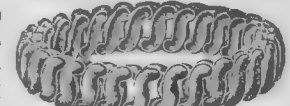
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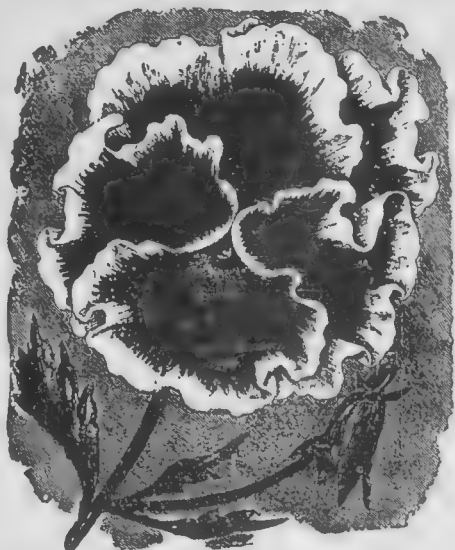
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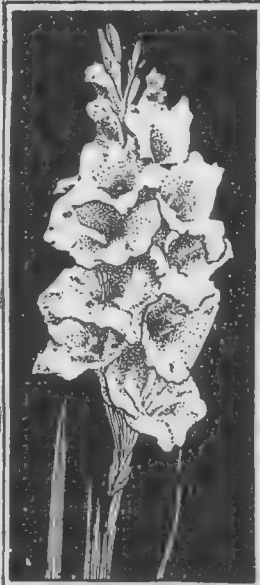
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like fury on the crests. When they staggered up into that smother and were exposed to the full blast of the gale the seas swept broadside in, and two of the crew bailed for dear life with canvass pails while the grizzled-looking owner held her to her course. She rode for miles with her cockpit awash, the men bailing all the time, but the little thin cabin doors held out and the engine never got fully submerged. They drove on after dark, and when one great comber seemed to bury them they worked listlessly, automatically. Suddenly, so much so, that it seemed a miracle they were in calm water. They had made the shelter of the great northern sand spit of Queen Charlotte, and then it took them a long time to get all the water out. The bailers told me that they never managed to get it below their knees once on the way across, and the rush of the sea over the top of the cruiser cabin kept them soaked and shivering. It was remarkable, they said, to see the great surf ducks swimming and diving in this tremendous swell. Once a flock of migrating shore-birds tried hard to make a lodgement on the little spar they carried for their auxiliary sail. This had been blown clear of the ropes and torn to pieces the first hour out. So tremendous had been the pitching that every loose thing on deck was swept clear—dingy, aye, even the cleats or trees that held her, ropes, the outer tiller handle in the cockpit, the aft combing was torn off, the windward port broken in, the extra tank unshipped; each of the three men had broken bones or bruises. She was almost a wreck.

"Let's walk home, sir," said Fritz, as he tumbled into his bunk that night, but the twinkle of his eyes belied his words, and off we set the next morning for more scenes and adventures in the old Terra Nova.

A Manitoba Link With Remote Century

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. D. A. Evans

Four mounds of earth within a distance of two miles. These are located at the summit of highlands within the vale of Pembina. In the Province of Manitoba, few only of the tumuli characteristic are existent. The researches of science have declared these creations as the labors of a pre-historic people. There is no date, neither is it possible to determine the tenure of such. The words of an eminent authority regarding these barrows of remote century are: "These without doubt are the monuments of a mound building era."

A quartette of cemeteries within which have been interred remains of ancient man, possibly him who roamed the prairies in an age adjacent to the glacial period. The dimensions of the tumuli are: Length, 75 feet; width, the same, depth, 5 feet. The formative material utilized in construction has been conveyed from excavations observable in the immediate vicinity; evidence is not wanting, that the soil of which the mounds are built has undergone process of drying by method of fire, which can be determined by the admixture of wood ash investigation reveals. The Indians of to-day are cognisant of these tumuli; they are not able to surmise for what purpose the mounds have been erected, yet this aboriginal inhabitant has within the last half-century utilized the barrows as cemeteries for the deceased members of their race. In the year 1892 the interior of one tumulus underwent the diligent scrutiny of a gentleman resident in the district. His researches were rewarded by the discovery of many bones, declared by medical authority as of Indian origin; these were lying at a depth of three feet from the summit of the mounds. Various logs of maple wood, presumably preventative medium of attack by coyote and similar, were in a state of excellent preservation; trinkets and stone spearheads were also brought to light. The human remains were dispatched to the museum of Edinburgh University.

Perchance in the ground beneath these mounds pre-historic inhabitant of Manitoba has been interred; investigation has yet to be held. For the present we must

remain content to associate the tumuli as the landmark perpetuative of ancient man's tenure of the prairie. From whence he came, the efforts accomplished by him, form a mystery for which solution has yet to be obtained.

A Kindly Pretext

Count Pourtales, who owned one of the finest picture-galleries in Europe, was a magnificent buyer. At one time, says the author of "Gossip from Paris during the Second Empire," his attention was drawn to the work of a young artist who was slowly becoming known. The count, with some difficulty, procured his address, and wrote to him, saying:

"Come to see me, and bring with you one of the pictures you have just exhibited in the Salon"

The young man came without delay, and in a state of delighted excitement.

"I should like," said the count, "to add this picture to my collection. Will you tell me the price?"

The artist hesitated.

"Two thousand francs," he stammered.

Was it too much? He did not know.

But the count was feigning deafness.

"Ten thousand francs," he repeated.

"Very well, then. Consider the matter settled."

The artist at once explained.

"I said two thousand francs, Monsieur le Comte," said he. "Not ten thousand."

"Pardon," interrupted Pourtales, "I never bargain," and the ten thousand francs were paid.

At a domestic economy lesson, the Northern Christian Advocate reports, little Emily was asked to state briefly the best way to keep milk from souring.

Her answer was certainly brief and to the point. It ran: "You should leave it in the cow."

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On the Reserve

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Anna Asenath Hawley
The Hospital, Swift Current, Sask.

WHAT a depth of meaning lies beneath the words Indian Work is known and known only to those who have had actual experience in the field.

It is hoped, dear reader, that you are interested in the Indian. We Canadians should have an especial interest in the aborigines of our country, since to them we are very deeply indebted.

Who is there, whose heart has not been touched by those lines of that true Canadian poetess, the late Emily Pauline Johnson?

They but forget we Indians owned the land

From ocean unto ocean; that they stand

Upon a soil that centuries ago
Was our sole Kingdom and our right alone.

They never think how they would feel to-day,

If some great nation came from far away,

Wresting their country from their hapless braves,

Giving what they gave us—but wars and graves—

Though starved, crushed, plundered, lies our nation low—

Perhaps the white man's God has willed it so.



Indian Encampment

The Indian has watched the onward march of the white man taking possession of the lordly estates over which for generations he had roamed as King of forest and river and plain. Our coming has meant to him the loss of that which is dear to the heart of every human being of every nation and color and tongue. It has meant the loss of dignity, of power and of freedom.

That the original inhabitants of our country should have first claim upon the ministrations of the Church, is a recognized and an acknowledged fact. It was the Indian who called the Church to the New World—it was to the Indian the Church first came to Saskatchewan—his place should never be usurped.

It is well known that those who have heard, and obeyed the Master's call to service to our Red brethren, dwell not in marble halls, nor tread a path with roses strewn.

To set forth the discouragements of Indian work is not my purpose, but rather to endeavor to give my readers a glimpse of some of the encouragements which have been experienced on one reservation in northern Saskatchewan. Before taking up the work I had occasionally read about the Indians and had seen pictures of them, but once only had the opportunity been mine to listen to one who had had actual experience in the field.

One Sunday morning at St. Luke's, Ottawa, I listened to that zealous apostle to the Red men, the Bishop of Keewatin, who vividly brought before his hearers the great need of more workers among our aborigines—and as he eloquently extolled in that earnest, impressive manner which we who have heard him, know the faithfulness and devotion of the Christian Indian, his simple, childlike faith, trust, and obedience to the commands of the Kechemun-e-to or C at Spirit, surely many hearts were touched. One, at least, in the congregation resolved that should

the way be opened, she would go out to her dusky brothers and sisters.

The Department of Indian Affairs, after correspondence with the Bishop of Saskatchewan, sent me to minister to the needs of a band of 200 Crees, on the James Smith Reserve, about fifty miles northeast of the city of Prince Albert.

A graduate nurse would be a God-send to this people wrote the Agent, the band is weak physically, and tuberculosis in various forms has a strong hold upon it.

With instructions to act in the dual capacity of teacher and nurse my face was turned westward and northward. After a long journey I found myself far

from the madding crowd, far from the hustle and bustle of the work a day world. My dream was realized. I had reached the reservation with its 40,000 acres of open prairie, deep, dense woodland, sloughs, lakelets and streams. I was in the land of the Indian. Before, behind, on either side lay great green stretches of rolling prairie, generously dotted with pretty bluffs, which were in the very act of exchanging their



Types at the Indian School

rich green gowns for those of pale yellow, crimson, gold and brown. And nestling here and there in the foliage a tepee, tent, or little whitewashed cabin and an occasional camp-fire, sending upward a column of blue grey smoke. Away to the north, lay the great pine forest, dark and still; to the left the broad Saskatchewan fed by the meeting snows of the famous Rockies, flowed majestically onward, hedged on either side by low reaches of greenery poplar and willow and tall majestic pines like so many sentinels, guarding and maintaining the beauty of one of the prettiest rivers. Over all there was a glorious sunset—a gorgeous background of crimson and gold.

And evening lingers in the West

More beautiful than dreams,

Which whispers of the Spirit-Land

Its wilderness and streams.

When for the first time looking out upon it all, the language of my soul was like unto that of Robert Service.

LITTLE DARLING LITTLE DAISY



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"Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Stockings are dyed with fast sanitary dyes in the colors best suited for children,—Pink, Sky Blue, Cardinal, Black, Tan and Cream.

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Mills at Hamilton
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It's the beauty which fills me with wonder,
It's the stillness which fills me with peace!

The opportunity of living very near to Nature's heart, to meet and to know a people of whom I had such a hazy idea was to be mine. I had asked for it.

No palatial residence with retinue of servants greeted my arrival, but where there's a will, there's a way, and necessity ever acts as a spur to many devices.

A little log ration house was soon cleared of its contents and very comfortably fitted up. This sanctum contained two rooms, one below, and one above. The room upstairs was designated the dispensary and contained a generous amount of all necessary drugs and hospital supplies. Many happy hours were spent in that now vacated, little whitewashed cabin, many hallowed associations will ever be inseparable from it. If my home was unpretentious, so was the school room—one-half mile down the trail stood a dilapidated log house which had bravely done battle with summer heat and winter snows for more than twenty years, but its appearance gave ample evidence that the elements would surely win out.

One by one the little children quietly and shyly entered until six dusky flowers were counted. Sweet shyness, in all its beauty and primitiveness and voices sweet and low.

An English teacher and Cree children, surely a clashing of languages. But there is a silent language of the heart understood by all nations. The Indians knew that the Moon-ey-as-kwao had come to try to help them, did not their very presence eloquently tell her that they were reaching out to bid her welcome?

A box containing hard tack biscuits stood in one corner of the room, and I soon learned that it was the custom to distribute two daily to each pupil as a mid-day luncheon. It was interesting to watch the history of these biscuits. Some children with their sharp glistening teeth, managed fairly well, others

soaked them in water, whilst the least venturesome took them home for a more convenient time.

Four years have passed away since that memorable morning when it needed a brave heart to be of good cheer. Many and varied have been the difficulties during those months, many and varied have been the delights. There have been times when fond excellent hopes were shattered, where we saw the gilded castle, as it were, lying low in the dust, when disappointment and discouragement seemed to pass in quick review and loneliness and desolation pressed heavily upon heart and soul.

Times there have been when nothing

save the spiritual significance behind it all and a firm reliance upon those promises which have never failed could have upheld and sustained.

Lo, I am with you alway,
My grace is sufficient for thee.
For my strength is made perfect in weakness.

We remember what is said of him, who having put his hand to the plough, looks back—

We kneel, how weak; We rise, how full of power.

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong

Or others, that we are not always strong?

Then—like soft music stealing in upon the soul there comes the memory of those lines which have been an inspiration to thousands when the way seemed long and hard, and when hearts were beginning to grow faint and weary—and if I mistake not these self same lines cheered on the intrepid and zealous Bishop Stringer when about his father's business on that perilous journey in the far North, the hardships and dangers of which thrilled the whole civilized world.

Go, labor on; 'tis not for nought;

Thy earthly loss is Heavenly gain

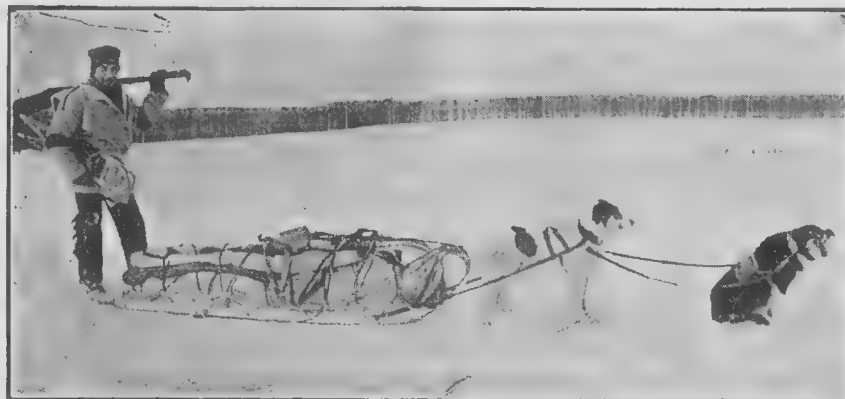
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;

The Master praises—what are men?

"Things will come right" were the parting words of that prince of missionaries who has given fifty years of devoted service as a priest in the Church of God—fifty years devoted to the Indians of Western Canada!

We thank God for the inspiration of this unselfish, saintly life. The words of the Venerable Archdeacon Mackay, D.D. are coming true—things are coming right on the James Smith Reserve.

For the worker among this band of Indians the Department of Indian Affairs at a cost of \$3,400 has built a pretty white cottage with trimmings of emerald green, just to give it a touch of color. It contains seven rooms, two halls, and three spacious clothes closets. No expense has been spared to make it fully modern—the large furnace in the basement is a real luxury on an Indian reserve.



Off to the hunt

They beat all the old ideas —for improving soups and gravies



A
Cube
to a
Cup

Oxo Cubes are easily assimilated nutriment, with all the strengthening properties of prime beef—in handy cube form. Soups, gravies, and other dishes which hitherto took hours to prepare, now—with Oxo Cubes—take only a few minutes.

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For over forty years the most successful gardeners in Canada have been planting Ewing's Reliable Seeds, and getting the keenest satisfaction out of the results.

Try them yourself. Write now for our Illustrated Catalogue, and if your Dealer hasn't Ewing's Seeds, order from us direct.

THE WILLIAM EWING CO., LIMITED, 33
Seed Merchants, McGill St., Montreal.



On the trail to the dispensary

Beside the residence is a model school house. It is thoroughly equipped with every convenience to facilitate the work. Let us take a peep inside. Twenty-five children instantly rise and return our greeting in a frank, fearless, self-possessed manner—clean, well dressed enough children they are, who take a lively interest in their work—and, by

the way, no bales of clothing are gratuitously distributed here. It is felt to be in the very best interest of the Indians to discourage everything which savors of charity and to encourage them in every possible way to become self-supporting and hence self-respecting. Many there are on the right trail for which we thank God and take courage.

Five standards are represented in the school, the fourth and fifth have a good knowledge of English. This is evidenced by their enjoyment of the school library. A pretty book-case stands at one end of the room, containing one hundred well bound volumes, not one of which has been donated. A cabinet filled with manufactured articles which have done duty at three annual fairs in connection with the school is not without interest. It contains woollen stockings, mittens, wristlets, sashes, mufflers, hoods, baby jackets, dainty crochet collars, neatly made child's dress, work and laundry bags, patchwork blocks of several original designs, embroidered moose skin moccasins, birch bark basket, drawing, writing exercise books, etc.

In competition with the white children of several public schools, these Indian children won two years ago,



'Sweethearts always' Saskatchewan Indian s

first prize in both senior and junior classes in penmanship and second in drawing.

Last year they were awarded eight prizes out of a possible twelve for exhibits of school work, including the special prize of a silver mug offered for the most neatly kept exercise book.

Surely the time has come when the white children must needs reckon with the little Indians.

The school windows are filled with plants, they belong to the pupils and how they delight in watering, tending, and watching them grow—the best one will be awarded a prize at the annual fair.

The walls are decorated with well framed pictures, many of which are prize drawings by the pupils.

Six papers and magazines are received, one of which is the Church Juvenile. Through reading this the children have become very much interested in the little famine orphans of China, and last year they earned and sent to Bishop White fifteen dollars to help to buy the rice for the "little Chinas" as they so quaintly expressed it.

We have a dining hall where the children daily receive a substantial mid-day meal prepared by the older girls in turn, hence opportunity is given for lessons in domestic science, and by-the-way the money earned in this way is being put to practical use—three pupils have purchased sewing machines, whilst a fourth has fitted up a bedroom. Two of the ex-pupils have won laurels in domestic service.

It is a delight to watch the pupils sitting around the long table generously

supplied with soup, meat, vegetables, bread, tea, puddings, etc. "O Lord, bless the Department for giving Indian children good dinners," a little girl was heard to say.

In order to encourage agriculture we have a school garden, each child has his plot—the vegetables will be on exhibition at the annual fair.

Our baby organ is ever a source of delight and interest to the children.

It is an inspiration to hear their sweet young voices, blending in their favorite song:

Beautiful Angels are guarding us ever,
Sent by our Saviour above,
Beckoning earnestly t'wards the bright river

Sweet guiding Angels of love,
Guarding us ever as onward we struggle
Over life's ocean so broad,
Vigils they're keeping thro' joy and thro' trouble,
Beautiful Angels of God.

May the beautiful angels about whom they sing keep these dusky children of the prairie pure and holy, and as they grow to manhood and womanhood may their knowledge increase in the ways of truth and righteousness, proper hygienic ways of living and may they develop those characteristics which go to make up good citizenship. Oh, it is a glorious work—helping, developing, strengthening our weaker brethren. Surely, we can say in the language of St. Paul: "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Another feature of the work which is most interesting as well as most important consists of district work on the reserve, dispensary calls and an occasional patient in the hospital tent

Very great is the need, and wide is the scope for fully trained, graduate nurses on Indian reserves. These reservations are usually situated far from towns and doctors. Much suffering can be relieved, numberless minor accidents and illnesses cared for which if not intelligently treated would eventually develop into something serious and possibly prove fatal.

As we watch our Indian mother press closely to her breast a precious, dusky flower, as we look into the limpid brown eyes, and recall the time we thought they would soon close forever, when we remember how the flickering spark of life was fanned back to health and strength, there comes the sweet,

sweet thought in the language of our Guild of St. Barnabas motto: "I tended him; God healed him."

He left this saying for us:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Thus in His sick and sorrowful do we Behold and love our Master Christ.

And such a sweetness is there in this ministry,

That all the pleasures of the world seem poor.

An employee of a survey party met with a painful accident in the vicinity of the reserve and came to the dispensary for treatment.

"I don't know how you can stand this here Injun bizness," said he. "She may be O. K. in theory, but when a feller comes down to the real thing ain't the romance all smashed to smithereens?"

Now, this is a question which is often asked me, though perhaps in different language. Well—it all depends upon the individual, his temperament, his view of things.



A patient taking the sun b th

Nothing is all good, nothing is all bad; everything is so so. If one is inclined to be pessimistic, surely there is room enough and opportunity enough on an Indian reservation to see the dark clouds and long, rough, hard trail. One can easily open the door of his heart to the guests Disappointment, Discouragement, Discontent and is it worth while? They are ever lurking at the gate. Yet, on the other hand, if one is inclined to be optimistic there is opportunity on an Indian reserve to see the blue sky and glorious sunshine. Always remember people generally find what they look for.

Again—we should never be forgetful of the solemn fact that we are soldiers on active duty in the service of the King of Kings—how high and great the privilege, and that He is ever with us,

all sufficient, caring for us, loving us, whispering words of comfort when we are sad and lonely, yea, pitying us in His great compassion when our hearts are troubled. Noting our every want, watching our footsteps and blessing us with His approving smile when we try to follow Him. Oh, are there not moments when we feel like Peter, when he found his boat filled with fishes? Full of a sense of our own unworthiness, and of God's great power and love.

Go labor on—spend and be spent

Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,

Should not the servant tread it still?

Go labor on; 'tis not for nought

Thy earthly loss is Heavenly gain,
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not
The Master praises; what are men?

Caught the Train

In a little village in the Ozarks, says the Kansas City Star, a guest at the hotel wished to catch the early morning train, and asked to be called at three-thirty. Having no alarm-clock and no clerk, the landlord sat up all night to make sure of arousing him in time.

The hotel-keeper found it rather hard to keep awake, but at three-thirty promptly he knocked at the guest's door. "Get up!" he said in a surly tone. "It's three-thirty."

The guest turned over and grunted in sleepy laziness. "Oh, I guess I'll let that train go, and sleep till seven," he said.

"No, ye won't, either!" shouted the landlord, and emphasized his remarks by shooting three or four shots into the floor of the hallway from the revolver with which he had guarded the hotel. "I sat up all night to get you up on time, and you're a-going to get up or I'll know the reason why!"

There was an ample persuasiveness about the way he said it, and the guest got up and caught his train.

Burns. A friend rallied him on his friendship and patronage of the half-witted. "You don't understand the matter," he said. "They are poets; they have all the madness of the Muse. All they want is the inspiration — a mere trifle."

Household Suggestions

Useful Recipes

Apple Sauce Cake — One cup apple sauce, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon lard, cloves, cinnamon and spice.

A Banana Dessert—A pretty dessert is prepared by cutting bananas in halves lengthwise; spread them with raspberry jam and put the slices together. Lay on a plate and heap sweetened whipped cream over the fruit.

Lemon Pie — Grate one large lemon, butter size of hulled walnut, yolks of three eggs, one cup sugar, one and one-half tablespoonfuls flour, mix together; then add to above one cup of hot water or more. This fills two pie crusts.

Doughnuts — Two cups of sugar, five tablespoonfuls of melted lard, two eggs, two cups buttermilk, two teaspoonfuls soda and nutmeg. Flour enough to work well. Roll out and cut. Leave stand until lard is hot. Don't put on lard until these are all ready.

Cocoanut Kisses—Take the whites of twelve eggs, beat them stiff and stir in three-quarters of a pound of cocoa-nut, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; drop the mixture in pans with a spoon and bake in a moderate oven until light brown.

Potato Cakes — Take cold boiled potatoes and mix well with cold boiled or fried ham that has been chopped fine. Season highly and add a little milk if too dry. Shape into cakes and fry a nice brown in butter and drippings. Use one cup of ham to three cups of cold potato.

Raised Doughnuts — Take as much raised bread dough as you want (I use a soup-plate full, which fills a two-gallon jar with doughnuts), roll as thin as possible and cut it into narrow pieces, about an inch wide and three inches

long; let them raise until light and fry in boiling fat. When cool, roll in sugar.

Apple Loaf — Have a stale loaf of sponge-cake about five inches high, hollow out the centre, leaving the cake an inch thick at the bottom and sides. Fill this with apple- whip made as follows: Beat the white of two eggs until stiff, and then fold them lightly to a pint of sweetened apple sauce. Add chopped almonds or other nuts to taste, and use. The yolks of the eggs should be used for making a custard, to be served cold with the loaf.

Economical Cake Making.

When eggs are high every housewife is interested in inexpensive cakes. The recipes given here will be found both inexpensive and good. As all housekeepers do not use the same brand of flour, a little judgment will have to be used in mixing. Some will need a little more and others a little less than the recipes call for, but the difference will in no case be great.

There is a vast difference in the size of eggs and lemons, and the shortening used often has a good deal to do with cake making. Very good cake can be made without the use of butter when it is expensive. The compounds now on the market are in many instances replacing both butter and lard in cake and pastry making. I have used them with splendid results. In many homes equal parts of butter and lard have been used with good success. The recipes in this article will be found adaptable to either arrangement.

Sponge Cake — Sift one cupful of bread flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder together. Separate three eggs, add yolks to one cupful of sugar and beat again, then add half a cupful

of cold water and the sifted flour. Add the salt to the whites and beat dry, then add a teaspoonful of lemon extract and fold into the balance of the cake.

A Good Feather Cake—Sift two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder into two cupfuls of flour together with a level teaspoonful of salt. Cream one-third cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar and add one egg well beaten. Flavor in any way desired and add a scant cupful of milk and the flour. Bake in small loaves.

Date Cake—One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, the same of milk, two eggs, the yolks and white beaten separately. Two scant cupfuls of flour and one cupful of dates, stoned and chopped. When baked cover with any white frosting and dot with dates that have been stoned and split lengthwise in halves.

Orange Cake — One cupful of sugar, shortening the size of an egg, one egg well beaten, one-half cupful of milk, one and a half cupfuls of flour and one and a half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in jelly cake tins and spread with orange filling.

Orange Filling — One-half cupful of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of butter, the juice of one orange and a little of the grated rind. Mix all together. Bring to a boil, stirring all the time. Cook in double boiler for eight minutes.

Spice Cake—One-half cupful of sour milk and the same quantity of molasses, one cupful of sugar and a third of a cupful of shortening. Beat one teaspoonful of soda into the sour milk. Stir all together and add one-half teaspoonful of salt and the same quantity of cassia, cloves and nutmeg. Chop one cupful of seeded raisins and add with two cupfuls of sifted flour. Bake as a loaf cake.

Dutch Pancakes — Make a batter as for ordinary pancakes, with the addition of a tablespoonful of warm water. Prepare a sweetened apple sauce, pass it through a sieve, and keep it hot. Make a very thin pancake and put it on a fireproof dish, spread over it a

layer of the apple sauce, then add another pancake and more sauce until there are seven or eight pancakes in the dish. Sprinkle with sifted sugar and powdered cinnamon, cut the pancakes into triangular pieces, and serve very hot.

Table Clearing Help.

A shallow market basket of unyielding splints and having a reliable handle is extremely handy in setting and clearing away the table. Line the basket with fresh papers from day to day to insure cleanliness.

By means of the basket one trip to the cellar or storeroom will suffice in getting and in putting away the food. The basket is much handier than a tray for this purpose, because it can be hung on the arm, unless it is very heavy, leaving the hands free to open and close doors or hold other necessities for the meal.

When the meal is over and all the food has been put away, nothing is so handy as this same basket for gathering up the soiled dishes. All the silver, cups and various small dishes may be safely carried to the kitchen sink at one trip, and can be returned, after being washed in the same way.

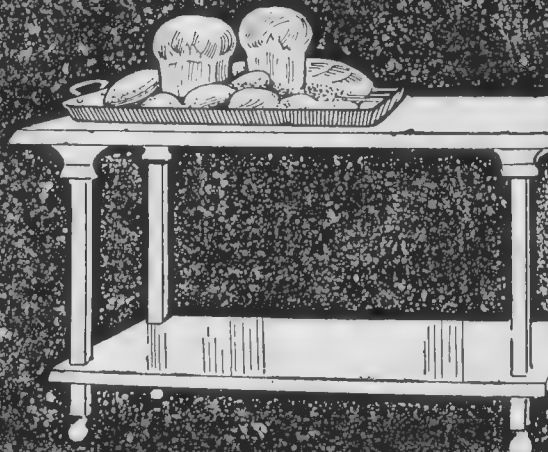
One girl has taken a stout grape basket, enameled it white, lined it with white table oilcloth, using it for conveying the knives, forks and spoons. When she desires to remove the dishes between courses she slips this basket on her left arm and places all the small silver in it, making the task both easier and more orderly than when these things are left on the plates.

The Oil-Stove — The mica window fitted to most oil-stoves used for cooking and warming often gets smoked through turning the wick up too high or owing to bad ventilation. Clean with a pad of flannel dipped in vinegar, which will quickly restore it.

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MEDICINE HAT
FORT WILLIAM

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Good Soups for All Seasons

Although cold weather is the time when soups are most appreciated and enjoyed, we cannot wholly omit them from our tables during the warm days. If the light and delicate ones are selected for summer and the heavy, more substantial ones for the cold weather, we may receive benefit and enjoyment from the different varieties throughout the year. It is to the soup kettle, therefore, that the housekeeper should devote a good proportion of her care and attention. Nothing is more tempting than a well-made, perfectly seasoned hot soup, however simple.

Although a most important, it need not be an expensive, addition to the menu. If left-overs are used, bones and scraps of meat are saved for stock, odds and ends of vegetables are utilized and the milk supply is planned each day so that extra milk need not be taken for the cream soups, the soup course need not add half a dollar to the week's table expenditure.

For our purpose, soups may be divided into two classes: the substantial, satisfying variety, nourishing enough to form the substance of a meal, and the more

Soups that Make a Meal

If one is to have a dinner at night a substantial thick soup with a hearty dessert is an ideal lunch, and is better for the health, as well as better economy, than to duplicate the meat and vegetables of the later meal. The following recipes are substantial and satisfying and may be used as a main course:

A Delicious Vegetable Soup

Strain some of the broth in which corned beef has been boiled, if not too salt, or any stock on hand, carefully through double cheesecloth. Add to it one carrot, one turnip, one onion, one potato and one tomato, all having been put through the coarsest knife of the meat-chopper. Let all simmer until tender, about two hours or less, adding hot water as the broth boils away. Salt and pepper to taste. A spoonful of peas or string beans may be added, if at hand. Just before taking it up add a little chopped parsley.

Tomato Soup Without Stock

Cut a small slice of pork into dice, fry delicately, add to it one onion, half a carrot, and half a turnip chopped. Fry until a light brown. Cut into this enough tomatoes to make a quart and a half, or one can of tomatoes; add a quart of water, one clove and a bit of bay leaf. Cook one hour or until the vegetables are tender. Rub every bit of pulp through a sieve, return to the stove, and thicken with a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour melted together. Add pepper and salt to taste, a bit of cayenne, and one level teaspoonful of sugar.

Tomato Chowder

Cut one thick slice of salt pork into dice and fry until a light brown. Remove from the stove, and into it put six small potatoes and one medium-sized onion. Cut them into tiny, thin chips, shake a little flour over them and add pepper and salt to taste. Add also one large or two small tomatoes, cut into small dice. Cover with boiling water, and simmer until tender—about half an hour. Then add one quart of milk, let it just come to a boil, add butter the size of an English walnut and serve at once with toasted crackers. For variety corn may be substituted for the tomatoes.

Cream Foundation Varieties

Cream soups with a simple thin sauce as a foundation furnish material for a great variety of delicious and fairly economical soups when their nutritive value is taken into account. A good foundation rule is as follows: One quart of milk, one heaping tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter. Melt the butter, add the flour, and pour slowly on them one quart of hot—not boiling—milk, stirring constantly. Let it boil up, season highly with salt, pepper, grated onion and a bit of cayenne. Add to this foundation any kind of strained vegetables. The addition of tomato gives mock bisque; of potato—left-over mashed potato may be used gives potato soup to which celery, salt and chopped peppers should be added; of spinach, with a bit of spinach coloring, makes a delicious soup. This cream foundation and two or three spoonfuls of finely chopped canned corn make a good corn soup. All of these cream soups are, of course, improved by the addition of a bit of whipped cream, placed on the top of each portion just before it is served. Open a can of a good brand of salmon, use half of it in making croquettes, and the next day flake the other half, add it to your cream foundation, season highly and serve very hot with browned crackers. Use your odds and ends of bread, crusts and all, as croutons by slicing, buttering, cutting in thin cubes and browning in the oven. Served hot they are a delicious accompaniment to any kind of soup.

At a little hostelry in the Alps, a dish of grated cheese was passed with a clear beef soup. A spoonful sifted over the top was delicious and added greatly, of course, to the nutritive value of the dish.

The true way to be deceived is to think oneself sharper than others. Andrew Carnegie.

The Western Home Monthly Recipes

Custard Ice Cream

1 pint Fresh Milk
2 Eggs
6 ounces Granulated Sugar
1 tablespoonful Corn Starch

Mix and scald but do not boil. Mix the whites of two eggs in a pint of fresh cream, whip well, flavor with one teaspoonful of Mapleine, add to the above and freeze.

Uncooked Candy

1 Egg
½ teaspoonful Mapleine
1 teaspoonful Cold Mashed Potatoes
1 pound Powdered Sugar
½ cup Broken Nuts

To the egg add the Mapleine and cold mashed potatoes, sift in the powdered sugar until it forms a thick paste, add nuts, turn on breadboard and knead in powdered sugar to proper stiffness.

Caramel Custard

1 cup Granulated Sugar
1 pint Milk
½ cup Butter
2 tablespoonfuls Corn Starch
1½ teaspoonfuls of Mapleine

Put milk in double boiler and thicken with the corn starch dissolved in a little water. Put sugar and butter in saucepan, stir until sugar is melted, then gradually stir them together and add the Mapleine. Strain if necessary, cool and serve with Mapleine Whipped Cream.

delicate kinds whose value is mainly stimulating and, as it were, esthetic. To the first class belong all the thick soups—the milk soups, chowders, purées, and so forth; to the latter, the clear soups with their various additions of tiny cut vegetables, barley, tapioca, macaroni letters, and so forth.

I shall offer a few suggestions for making some economical soups from less well-known recipes, the preparation of which will require only a few ordinary materials, or some of the left-overs in the pantry. The gift of making good soups often comes only from long practice and the knack of combining just the right things, rather than from the following of any set rules from the cookbook. Often the idea that one must have a rule to follow is the only stumbling-block! I once made a most delicious soup from the bones of half a dozen grouse left from a dinner party, with various additions in the way of seasoning. The strong, satisfying broth was so tempting that I sent some to a sick neighbor. Her daughter appeared next day, posthaste, to ask for my rule, for her mother had enjoyed my soup very much. In the form of a rule with its starting-point of six grouse carcasses my process would have been rather expensive.



The Outcome of His Invention

At a million meals or more each day, someone is greeted by a dish like this. The dish Prof. Anderson invented—

A dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Sometimes with cream and sugar. Sometimes like crackers in a bowl of milk.

And, because this man exploded grains, all of these people enjoy a daily delight such as no other cereal food offers.

A Hundred Million Granules Blasted in Each Grain

To create these foods, 100,000,000 granules inside of each grain are blasted by steam explosion. Each blown to atoms for ease of digestion. And no cooking process ever did that in cereal foods before.

The grains come to you unbroken though eight times normal size. They are airy and crisp—floating bubbles of grain—with a taste like toasted nuts.

But the great fact is that by this process whole grains are made wholly digestible. On that account, Puffed Grains are now very widely prescribed by physicians.

Puffed Wheat-10¢
Puffed Rice-15¢
Except in Extreme West

Folks revel in these foods. They are so thin and fragile, so dainty and crisp, so ready to melt in the mouth.

They serve as both foods and confections. They are used like nut meats in candy making and as garnish for ice cream.

They are mixed with fruit for a morning dish, to give a nut-like blend. At night they are served in bowls of milk—thin toasted wafers, easy to digest.

Homes which don't serve Puffed Grains miss every day some very dainty dishes.

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Sole Makers

The Triple Test + Comparative Growing

This means that Carter's Seeds are triply tested for purity, germination and production. They are clean, healthy and profitable.

But we go still further.

At the trial and testing grounds of James Carter & Co. at Raynes Park, London, England, Carter's Seeds are put to the test of practical growing alongside of rival strains.

If any seed of ours fails to surpass these other strains, we discard it.

You have two reasons, therefore, for using Carter's Tested Seeds:—first, a larger yield per acre—second, a larger profit per bushel.

Kindly write us your address so we can send you a free catalog of Carter's Tested Vegetable and Flower Seeds—special edition with all prices in American currency.

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133 L. King St. E.
Toronto.



Childhood in an Indian Wigwam

By Max. McD.

FAMILY life amongst the Indians is radically different from that of white people. But it is alike in that the great epoch-marking events: Birth, christening, marriage and death, in the life of the white man are reproduced in the Red man.

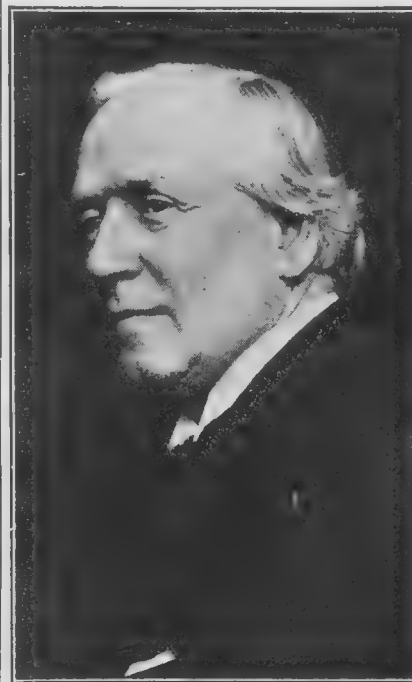
The event, perhaps, of greatest importance in the Indian teepee is the appearance of a tiny papoose, and the occasion is one for great rejoicing. Amongst most Indian tribes there is an old custom still adhered to. The father of the newly-arrived papoose rushes from the teepee in search of a name. The first thing that attracts his attention suggests the name for his baby.

Amongst the Hopi Indians the little fellow is strapped to a board for twenty days after birth and is kept in perfect darkness, but is visited constantly by admiring neighbors. To make the darkness more complete a large blanket or robe of braided rabbit skins is hung over

a river bridge would probably be named "Un-ka-ma," which is one of the Indian words for bridge.

Perhaps the first object that strikes the father forcibly in his quest for a name for his baby may be an old squaw stretched out on the ground in front of her teepee, snoring loudly. Then his little one will bear the musical name "Da-ma-a," which means "Sleeping Woman." Or if his search for a name leads him far from the camp, and he espies a solitary coyote, creeping stealthily across the prairie, the little Redskin will straightway be dubbed "Lone Wolf." If the father's fancy is first attracted to a buck hobbling his cayuse on the grass, poor baby will be burdened with the queer name of "Horse Hobbler." Or perchance through the usually phlegmatic temperament of the father there runs a rare vein of sentiment, and he pauses in his hasty quest to gaze with pleasure upon a beautiful

MEN OF THE HOUR IN GREAT BRITAIN



The Right Hon. Mr. Asquith, Prime Minister, for Home Rule.



The Right Hon. Edward Carson, leader of the Ulsterites against Home Rule.

the door. The skin of every rabbit killed by any member of the family, after the birth of a girl, is carefully preserved for her, and just before her wedding day, these long preserved skins are cut into strips, braided together in something of a crochet stitch, and become one of the most prized articles of the bride's outfit.

Very early in the morning of the twentieth day the friends of the family assemble for the naming feast. The little martyr is taken out of the swaddling clothes, and his head washed by any and all who may care to do so, and a name is given him by each one. Sometimes the poor little fellow will struggle under two or three dozen such names as Cooch-vent-wa, Scoos-nim-te-wa, To-wal-its-te-ma, Coo-ches-ni-ma. If the baby is a boy, the final syllable is usually "wa"; if a girl the last syllable is usually "ma." Luckily for the child she sheds all but one or two of these names in a very few days. The name given by the maternal grandmother is usually the one he keeps.

The swaddling clothes are now discarded, and the little fellow, entirely nude, is carried about in all kinds of weather on the back of his mother or sister, covered only by the shawl that holds him in place, and when not thus covered he is perfectly naked.

In all cases an Indian baby takes its name from some extraordinary circumstance connected with its birth. One born a long way from home might be called "Born-a-long-way-from-home." Another whose birth occurred in sight of

prairie flower, then the little girl will get the pleasing name, "Prairie Flower."

The naming of the little one having been accomplished, it is given over entirely to the mother's care, the father troubling himself no more in regard to his papoose. Fastened in her queer little cradle, ornamented by the clumsy fingers of loving mothers with beads, shells, elk's teeth, bright pieces of glass or tin, queer shaped bones, and beaded trinkets, all hung within easy reach of the chubby brown fists, the Indian baby swings from the top of the brush arbor near her father's teepee. The wee brown face smiles from out its trappings of gaily beaded buckskin, and her sharp little eyes blink at the sunbeams shining through the leafy roof, or the flames of the nightly camp-fire leaping up to mingle with the moonlight.

Strange as it may seem the Indian baby thrives in her cramped quarters and enjoys as a great treat a change to the blanket on her mother's back when the toiling squaws are sent to the scant timber stretches along the creeks to bring up firewood and water for the camp.

As soon as the little Redskin can toddle about, she is taught to share the burdens of her mother. It is a common sight to see a tiny tot with a bundle of sticks strapped to her tiny shoulders, toiling up a steep river bank behind a groaning, sweating squaw, bent double beneath her heavy burden of driftwood which she was carrying home for the camp-fire.

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There is a good story told of an old squaw on the Blood Indian Reserve in Alberta being given an old baby carriage in which to wheel her papoose. Instead of putting the baby in the carriage she carried the tot in her blanket and wheeled the empty vehicle to the ration house for her weekly supply of beef and flour.

The amusements of the Indian child are not many. Very early in life he makes friends with the wild things that have a home on the reserve. The story of Hiawatha illustrates well the diversions of the Indian boy in the little character living on the shores of the Gitche Gumee (the "Shining Big Sea Water"). The good old grandmother Nokomis, made a cradle of the linden tree. When she went about her work, she carried the cradle on her back, or hung it, with little Hiawatha in it, on a branch of a tree where the wind would rock it. At night the baby would lie in the wigwam and listen to the sounds of the animals in the forest.

As Hiawatha grew older he went to play with the animals in the woods at the door of the tepee, and with the big brown cones that fell from the big fir trees. As he played, he fed the birds and called them his chickens. The squirrels were so tame that they came to his hand for food, knowing that Hiawatha would not hurt them. One day Iago, who was a friend of Nokomis, came to visit the wigwam. He said that Hiawatha should have a bow and arrows, and made them for him. As soon as they were made, Hiawatha ran into the forest with them to show them to his little friends there. So he lived among them, and was their friend always.

In some Indian tribes there is a ceremony called initiation. About six or eight years of age the child is soundly flogged in the presence of the whole village. It is said that this flogging is sometimes administered unmercifully. It is supposed to be to the Indian child what the ordeals passed through in making "braves" are to the adult Indian. The flogging is inflicted on boys and girls alike. Every band has initiatory ceremonies of some kind, many of them extremely curious and interesting.

About the age of initiation, Indian children enjoy the liveliest diversions. The girls are taught to unsaddle, feed, water, picket, hobble, and care for their father's ponies. They assist in preparing food, and wait upon their fathers and mothers. The Indian boy is at home on the sturdy little ponies of the plains, and revels in a rollicking, happy freedom, as he canters across the wind-swept prairie. He paddles and dives in pebbly bottomed creeks with the same ease as do wild ducks that fall as frequent prey to his ready rifle.

On the Canadian reserves Indian children are considered of school age at six years, though reports show that only about sixty per cent are enrolled at that age. They are first of all cleaned; the boys have their heads shorn, and the girls' hair is carefully braided. School clothing is provided and the children present a uniform appearance. The object of this school work of several years is to fit the boys to take their places as useful self-respecting citizens, and to make the girls good wives and good mothers, that their homes may become centres from which good influences may radiate to every corner of our remotest Indian villages.

Good Roads for the Province of Sask.

Good Road Drag Competition to be Held this Year

Everybody in the whole province should be interested in good roads. The road question is a large one and concerns every dweller in cities, towns and villages as much as the farmer and, therefore, co-operation between all the parties mentioned above would do a great deal to bring forth a better condition of our country roads.

The government through the Highway Commission held a competition for the maintenance of roads by using the road drag during the summer of 1913 and \$3,250 was paid in prizes to twenty-five different municipalities at the end of the season.

The results obtained were so evident that the Highway Commission concluded to hold a similar competition during 1914, and all organized municipalities will be invited to enter the contest. If present appearances are not deceiving the entries will be double or treble those of 1913, when they totalled forty-nine, and the best part of the enthusiasm shown is, that it came about not so much on account of the prize money, although that was quite a consideration, but more on account of the undoubted benefit that accrued to the municipalities interested and the travelling public by the existence of some stretches of really good roads.

Road building has been going on for many years in all parts of the province, but road maintenance has always been neglected and last year's Road Drag Competition was the first systematic effort towards that end.

The keen interest shown in the competition, the splendid results obtained, the widespread favorable comments on the object of the competition, the friendly rivalry between the competing municipalities and the many requests for another competition of this kind bid fair to make this year's contest an even more enthusiastic and productive one than that of 1913, and will no doubt be a great benefit all round.

The rules under which the 1914 competition will be held are as follows:

1. The competition is open only to the councils of organized rural municipalities and the entrants will be grouped together in such manner as to form districts with from ten to twelve competitors each.
2. Only one entry will be allowed from each municipality.
3. The roads entered must be at least two miles and not more than four miles long.
4. Entries will be received up to and including Monday, June 1st, 1914. No entry will be considered if it bears a mailing date later than June 1st.
5. Any road which was entered in the 1913 competition will not be accepted for entry this year.
6. The competing roads must be kept clear of weeds for a width of at least 20 feet.
7. Returns on forms which will be furnished by the Highway Commission must be made regularly every month and not later than the fifteenth of the month following the one the report covers, and must be filled in carefully in every particular. Returns sent in a bunch will automatically disqualify the municipality from whom they are received in such manner.
8. The prizes to be awarded in each district will be as follows: A first prize of \$200, a second of \$150, a third of \$125, a fourth of \$100 and a fifth of \$75.
9. The judging will be done by points, and the competitor receiving the highest number of points in all the districts will receive a championship prize of \$400.
10. The awards will be made by disinterested judges appointed by the Board, the decision of said judges being final.
11. The competitive roads will be inspected from time to time during the season, and the conditions of the roads at the time of entering, the character of the soil, the amount of traffic and other general conditions affecting it, and the state of the road when the competition closes will be taken into consideration in awarding the prizes.
12. Every municipality entering the 1914 Road Drag Competition is required to put up a sign at both ends of the road entered bearing the following legend:

"This road is entered in the 1914 Road Drag Competition."

As sections 8 and 9 of the above rules show, one of the contestants in this year's competition will receive not only a first prize of two hundred dollars, but also a championship prize of four hundred dollars, making six hundred dollars in all, besides having the name of the municipality that has the best road in the province. No doubt there will be a keen rivalry for this honor, and the municipality that is declared to have the best road will have ample reason to be proud of its success.

The whole secret of a richly stored mind is alertness, sharp, keen attention and thoughtfulness.

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WINNIPEG.



The Poor Relation

A Christmas Mistake. Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

NOBODY wanted Uncle Roberts. But he turned up regularly every Christmas Day to the dinner that annually celebrated the reunion of the Harrison family. Uncle Peter Harrison, who gave the dinner, was looked on as the head of the family, because he had got on in the world, and for five years had kept his own carriage. Reckoning by seniority, perhaps Uncle Roberts was the real head, for all the

other diners were mostly nephews, nieces, great nephews and great nieces, and even great, great nephews and great, great nieces.

But Uncle Roberts was a very old man, quite respectable, of course, but shamefully poor. Nobody knew where he lived, but that did not matter, for nobody saw him except once a year on Christmas Day, when he turned up as regular as clock work. Uncle Harrison

did not send him an invitation to the family gathering, as he did to the rest of the connections. He used to laugh and say it was not necessary to send a card to Uncle Roberts; he would turn up whether he got one or not. As a matter of fact, no member of the family had ever been known to correspond with Uncle Roberts on any subject whatever. Everybody knew that he had an address which would find him in case he was wanted. "Timothy Roberts, c/o Messrs. Bunyan & Co., 41 Greek Street," was the address if anyone ever wanted it. But nobody ever did.

Bunyan & Company were the great merchants of world-wide renown in trade. Even Uncle Peter Harrison spoke of the firm with awe, and had done busi-

ness with it in a small way for some years. He said they were merchant princes, and it was a pleasure to work with them. But he could not understand why they put up with such a useless old fossil as Uncle Roberts. He supposed the poor old chap was a very minor clerk, or perhaps even a packer. Uncle Peter was glad that he did business with the firm by correspondence; it would have been awkward to call there and be claimed as a relative by the shabby old clerk. Such a meeting might have ruined his business connections for ever.

Christmas Day saw a very merry party assembled at Uncle Peter's. There were over forty of the family present, and all of them were getting on in the world. Everyone was in evening dress, and some of the ladies wore diamonds, and Uncle Peter had a new service of electro-plate. Really the dinner table looked very handsome.

And then Uncle Roberts came sliding in just as shy as ever. He had not even had the delicacy to borrow a dress suit; he wore his old shabby frock-coat buttoned tight and the old satin stock that everybody knew so well. He went up timidly to Uncle Peter Harrison and shook hands with him, wishing him a "Merry Christmas," and then looked round sheepishly at the other members of his family. Nobody else offered to shake hands with him. Most of the ladies sniggered, and the men gazed the other way or talked politics. So Uncle Roberts sighed, rubbed his thin hands together, and crept down the room to take his accustomed place at the foot of the table.

Uncle Peter, looking very handsome and very well-to-do, said if everyone was ready he would have the soup brought in. So all settled down, ring-ding went the bell, and in came the soup in a glorious new plated tureen. Everybody could see the Harrison's were prosperous, and so all the rest of the family reflected the glow of their riches.

Then suddenly the sharp voice of Aunt Matilda startled the whole party. "My dear man," it was saying, "do sit up. Such behaviour you know—!"

When the others looked they shared her just indignation. For that wretched creature, Uncle Roberts, was huddled up all in a heap, and was lying forward on the table actually into his empty plate. Some of the guests tittered, some of the men looked knowing. The gaiety of the season had evidently got hold of Uncle Roberts.

"Perhaps he's intoxicated," suggested young Hopkins Harrison, who is in a good position in a bank. It was a bold thing to say, but it certainly voiced the general opinion.

"Give him a shake, somebody," said Uncle Peter. "I've never seen him like that before."

No, he never had.

For old Rupert Roberts, who is a dispenser to the local doctor, having laid his hand on the shoulder of the poor clerk and looked upon his face said, "He's dead!"

Uncle Roberts was dead. The poor, old clerk was dead. The poor relation, who had attended the annual gathering of the family for goodness knows how many years, would attend no more. He had never been invited, never been wanted — and he would never intrude again.

But it was just like him to die at such a moment. It was just the idiotic unfeeling thing he would do.

"Take away the soup, James," said Uncle Peter to the servant, "and tell the cook to keep it hot. Then come back with some of the other servants and carry the poor old gentleman into the attic, and perhaps after that you had better send for a doctor and the police. Ladies and gentlemen," he went on, addressing the family, "we will adjourn to the drawing room. Dinner must be postponed for a quarter of an hour."

In the drawing room Uncle Howard came forward with a brilliant suggestion to pass away the time. He said that, after all, the poor old chap was a member of the family, though a distant one. Perhaps it was not his fault that his state was so lowly; perhaps he was not to blame because his talents had not raised him to the heights of ease and opulence enjoyed by some who were there present; but it was not for them to be hard on him on that affecting

A Letter from Buckingham Palace

Buckingham Palace
Sep. 8, 1912.
The Columbia Phonograph Co.
Tribune Building,
New York City, N.Y.

Gentlemen,
Please accept my heartiest congratulations on the remarkable excellence of your Grand Opera Records. Until a few weeks ago I should not have believed it possible that such artistic reproductions of the human voice could have been accomplished. To the student these records should prove invaluable, conveying as they do every nuance of the singer's art. Having devoted the past sixty years to the production of Grand Opera, both here and in the United States, I can only express regret that the Columbia Phonograph Company does not produce records of such comparatively recent origin. How many priceless voices are now but matters of history, whereas your records might have preserved them together already in your collection.

With best compliments,
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moment. As members of the same family, they could not allow the old man to be buried in a pauper's grave, so he moved that they, each and all subscribe together to provide a fund for the funeral expenses, with Hopkins Harrison, of the bank, as honorary treasurer.

The vote was carried with complacency, if not with enthusiasm, and Uncle Peter was asked to communicate with the firm of Bunyan & Co. to let them know that Mr. Reuben Roberts, their old clerk, would not come to business any more — though perhaps he would never be missed. The letter was written and mailed at once.

That explained how it was that Mr. Hargreaves, the manager of Bunyan & Co., arrived so early the next day at Uncle Peter's villa.

"It is very good of you," began Uncle Peter pompously, "to take such an interest in an old clerk."

"Clerk!" interrupted Mr. Hargreaves snappishly. "Mr. Roberts was the Firm!"

"Was — the — Firm?" echoed Uncle Peter like a man in a dream. Either the heavens had fallen, or the manager of Bunyan & Co. was mad.

"Certainly," said Mr. Hargreaves. "Mr. Reuben Roberts was Bunyan & Co., sole proprietor of the business, and has been so for the last forty years. And a good business it is, too. I expect Mr. Roberts has died worth nearly a million."

"Worth a million?" Again Uncle Peter was echoing the words of the manager.

"Why, we made up a purse last night to pay for his funeral."

"Then it won't be required," said Mr. Hargreaves with quite a savage smile. "You are only his relations and didn't know him. But I can tell you there isn't a man or boy on the premises of Bunyan & Co. who didn't love every hair on his head, and if money was wanted to bury him, they'd give their last cent. But it isn't wanted, you see. There's about a million left by the dear old Governor, and that's enough!"

As a matter of fact, Uncle Roberts only left about a fourth of the estimated amount on account of his secret charities; but the amount mentioned in his will was large enough to stagger the family.

He left the business of Bunyan & Co., including good will, stock and book debts to the manager, cashier, and head traveller in equal shares. There was a trifle of twenty thousand each in case cash was wanted to carry on the business at the start. Every man, boy and girl employed by the firm was to be kept on; a sum of money was allotted to each, and a lump sum was invested for a pension fund. "My only friends," said the will, "I found among the people I employed." To Uncle Peter Harrison he left \$15, having eaten fifteen Christmas dinners at his house. The rest of his personal estate, over a hundred thousand, was to be realized. One-half of the total he left to "My dear little great, great niece, Winifred Lucy Howard, because, when she was twelve years of age, she slipped her hand under the table at our Christmas dinner, and whispered, 'Uncle Roberts, I wish all my other uncles and aunts didn't look so funny at you. I'd like to love you, if they would let me, for I think you're a dear old uncle.'"

The other half of his fortune was left to various charities, not a few of which were societies devoted to good-fellowship and friendship. But the only member of "the family" to benefit by the unsuspected wealth of the Poor Relation was the little maid who proved, by a few words, that she kept a heart of gold in surroundings where only one lonely old man knew its value.

On The Threshold

When a man advertises for a boy the letters, which he receives in reply are quite likely to carry him back to the time when he made his own start in life, and indited similar epistles. There is the same undertone of down-right sincerity and willingness to work; there are the same marks of unimpressive dignity and unconscious humor. The general style does not vary much in

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BRANDON PRICE	\$4.00	\$7.50	\$14.00
CALGARY PRICE	4.25	8.00	15.00

	25 lb.	50 lb.	100 lb.
BRANDON PRICE	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$11.00
CALGARY PRICE	3.50	6.50	12.00

	per bu.	Over 10 bu.
BRANDON PRICE	\$1.25	\$1.20
CALGARY PRICE	1.50	1.45

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Celery, McKenzie's White Plumc.	5c.	70c.	

	Pkts.	oz.	lb.
Corn, McKenzie's White Cory	5c.	25c.	
Cucumber, McKenzie's Long Green	5c.	15c.	\$1.25
Lettuce, McKenzie's Prairie Queen	5c.	25c.	
Onion, McKenzie's Yellow Globe	5c.	20c.	\$1.75
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Seedsman to Western Canada.

each succeeding generation, the New York Sun says, although the spelling may.

There is the boy graduate of a business school who begins:

"Dear Sir. Referring to your esteemed advertisement in paper of even date"—and here boyish sincerity overcomes conventionality of phrasing, and the applicant continues—"I want to apply for the job."

Then there is the boy who starts out grandly in the third person: "The undersigned wishes to place his application on file." The third person suddenly becomes onerous, and he goes on: "I am sixteen and willing to work." His willingness to work is so inherent in him that he cannot estrange it by placing it in the distant third person.

The precociously experienced boy is in a large majority. These boys—usually about fifteen years old—have "profound knowledge of mathematics." Some have had "experience both wide and varied." Others "have given close and studious attention to all the branches of book-keeping." One aspirant, aged fourteen, referred with pardonable pride to his "absolute knowledge of men and affairs."

A New York lawyer who advertised for a boy some months ago received a letter in reply which is a masterpiece in its line. This care-free applicant wrote: "I am nearly sixteen, large of my age, but happily unmarried, nor do I touch rum in any shape or form."

A recent aspirant for a place with a firm of machinery exporters wrote, with unconscious humor and an evident belief in heredity, "My father is a successful horse-dealer, and I am by nature a very plausible talker."

Some of the boys are extremely cautious in their letters of application. These doubtless have positions which they are trying to better and are fear-

ful of falling between two stools. They inscribe their envelopes "Personal" and "Highly Confidential." One canny lad lately started out in this way: "This letter must be in strictest confidence and if you are not agreeable to the same kindly tear the same up without perusing another word."

Contrary to the usual belief, good spelling is the rule. Occasionally an exception is found, as this bears witness: "Wages to soot. Address your reply in a plane envelope."

The man who has sifted and classified such letters till he has selected a half-dozen boys to call at the office to be looked over realizes with a pang of regret that there is only one boy from among so many to whom he can give the eagerly sought start in life.

Looking on the Bright Side

A sanguine temperament which forecasts the best, and fears not the worst, is a great blessing to its possessor, and so is a cheery, sunny disposition, which sees the humorous side of things and can even enjoy fun at its own expense. Gloomy forebodings and a chronic habit of worry make life a weariness, and the melancholy victim of this physical and mental make-up spreads a pall over the brightness of others. If only the tired one would remember the words of the poet:

"A merry heart goes all the day:
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

How may one procure the blessed gift of the merry heart? It is not for sale in any market, nor can it be paid for with gems and gold, for its price is far above rubies, and earthly goods are as dross when compared with it. Our Heavenly Father sometimes bestows it on us at the start, and thrice envied

among men may he be who inherits the capacity for seeing the bright side, for laughing when things go wrong, and for springing up with new courage after every disaster.

It is magnificent not to feel one's self beaten, and never to acknowledge defeat in any right enterprise. This temperament is too mercurial to be often tired, and too buoyant to be ever crushed. And sometimes the merry heart, though not inherited, is won by him or her who overcomes obstacles and gains the victory over material odds through steadfast faith.

Opportunity

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;

And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords

Shocked upon swords and shields: A prince's banner

Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel

That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this

Blunt thing!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,

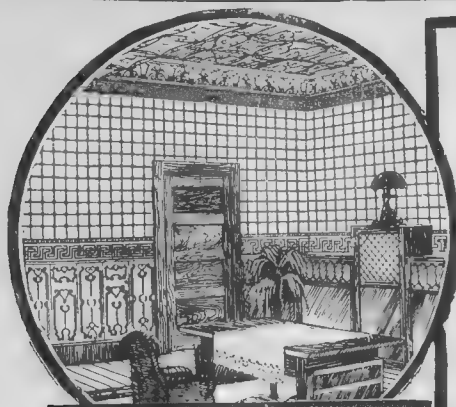
And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bested,

And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,

Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout

Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.



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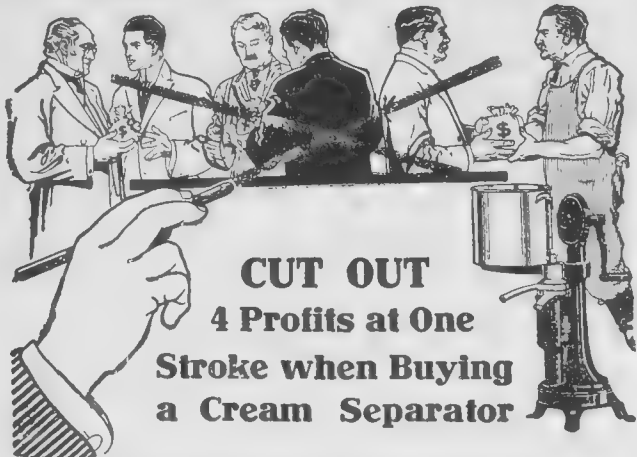
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Nature's Schooling

By A. J. R. Roberts.

THERE must have been a time when the old marsh was an unexplored country, when our hearts quaked at our own boldness as we trespassed upon it, but that was very long ago. The thrills of excitement which each fresh discovery must have called forth have faded away, leaving no trace, and only the charm of old acquaintance remains. Most people with matter-of-fact eyes would only have seen in it a small stream, winding its way between somewhat ill-defined banks down a broad valley, beautiful indeed, though not more so than many another, but to us it was the school where Nature taught us many a lesson and revealed many a secret—a little world of irresistible charm. Even now I cannot pass the marsh without an impulse to go and see if the moorhens have their nest in a particular clump of rushes, whether the descendants of some old water-rat, which defied our most persistent attempts on his life, still occupy the same holes, or to peep cautiously through a gateway to surprise a wary heron at his fishing.



England's new Lord Chief Justice, Lord Reading
(formerly Sir Rufus Isaacs)

Many a long day spent in following the stream to its source had made us familiar with every twist and turn, every pool and shallow. Each tree was a landmark, an old friend whose absence we should have sorely felt inseparably connected with some bird which once nested therein, or some burrow at its roots. There could scarcely have been a creature whose haunt we did not know, and with each fresh discovery, with every renewal of old acquaintances, the charm deepened till it laid hold of us, and changed our very natures. We came to it first as savages—boys filled with the primitive instinct of possessing things, and we collected birds' eggs and butterflies, captured eels, or with our catapults we shot some luckless bird or rat, and carried it home in triumph to skin and stuff. It mattered not that the law had thrown its protecting arm over our victims, for the average boy pays but scant attention to the invisible majesty of the law. A concrete policeman inspired far greater respect, and the glint of sunlight on his helmet in the distance would cause us to take cover like the wild creatures themselves, though, had we known it, the average policeman troubles little about that portion of his duties. The owner himself could not have known our marsh as we knew it, could not have said just where the banks were firm enough to make it possible to leap across, and place ten or twelve feet of water between oneself and the enemy, or where a tree leaned over sufficiently to drop from its branches on to the opposite side. And so, though frequently disturbed, we were never ousted from our property, and it was the marsh and not the policeman that changed us as

we grew older into more or less civilized beings with a deep and abiding love for Nature and a reverence for all her works.

A Book of Bird and Beast

The hills on either side were clothed with woods—larch plantations with misty avenues of slender boles, fir woods with russet carpet below and green canopy above through which the sunbeams scarcely filter and twilight reigns at noon, and cheerful woods of oak and elm with plenteous undergrowth. All these had their denizens which came to drink at the marsh and left their footprints in the soft mud which bordered the stream. It was a book in which bird and beast unwittingly wrote a record of their actions, a book which we learned to read and so reconstruct scenes which our eyes had not witnessed. Every page was marked with the network of moorhens' footprints and the dimpled trail of the water-rat. Here and there you could see the broad arrow of the heron's tread follow where he had waded into deeper water to obtain some prize, or mark the deeper impress of the toes, as he cumbrously took to flight with the great score, where he finally launched himself into the air. Sometimes, too, one found the track of a rabbit ploughing up the mud, and following the same line, the lighter prints of an animal which was not a water-rat. The latter track would stop at the water's edge, there would be a few indecisive footmarks and then a return trial. It was not hard to picture the mad rush of the frightened rabbit with starting eye-balls seeking the water, the one friend of the hunted which tells no tales, and we might as well have seen the relentless stoat following a minute later with deliberate certainty as far as the water's edge; we could imagine it raising its head, sniffing inquisitively in all directions, and then returning, with lithe sinewy bounds, baffled, but only to resume the chase elsewhere.

We grew expert in judging of the freshness of the tracks, for we knew when the last rains had swept the slate clean, and could approximate the drying influence of the wind and sun. We learned to put ourselves in the place of the various creatures, to think their thoughts in some degree, and we employed this knowledge in hunting down our quarry. The moorhen, as the commonest of the marsh birds, naturally had most to endure from our persecutions. We hunted them; and the huntsman, if he only gets to know one side of the hunted, at least gets to know that side well. We searched the spots where we should have nested had we been moorhens, and oftener than not we found their eggs. We knew how the moorhen trusts for protection to its powers of hiding rather than to its feeble flight, and we used our knowledge of how the birds would behave under certain circumstances to their own undoing. The favorite time to pursue them was in the evenings when they came out on the banks to feed, and as we proceeded upstream we would keep a look-out ahead, marking the spot where they ran to take cover under the banks. Then each would search the bank opposite, examining every nook which experience told us would be likely hiding-places—enlarged water-rats' holes, tree trunks lying athwart the stream, tufts of brushwood or masses of flotsam caught by some stick embedded in the mud. We had trained our eyes to recognize the red shield and beak with its greenish yellow tip, no matter how it harmonized with the fresh shoots of the water plants, and we were seldom at fault. It became a matter of professional pride to find them, and the more cleverly they hid the better we were pleased. Then came the stealthy approach, avoiding meeting the bird's eye, a sudden thrust of the hand, and the bird was captured, and usually, after a short examination, released.

The Secret of Stillness.

Gradually, however, we learned to take our pleasure in watching them going unconcernedly about their business. We discovered that the power of keeping absolutely still is the key which unlocks most of Nature's secrets, and thus we became spectators of their courtships; we saw them building their nests, counted their eggs, visited the parent birds from time to time during incubation, and finally shared in some degree the mother's pride when the flotilla of tiny black down balls was escorted to the shelter of a reed-bed, following the white triangular beacon of the parent's tail. We overheard the low clucks of command which kept the young from straying and realized how disobedience spells death in bird-land. For the period spent in the egg is not the most dangerous in the young moorhen's career. True, the screen of bent rushes which the birds often make to hide their eggs from the thieving crow as he flies overhead is not always availing, and the nests are an easy prey to any boy, but when the chick is hatched dangers threaten from every hand above and below. They are a sure mark for the sparrow-hawk in the open; they may be snapped up by an omnivorous pike as they scuttle over the leaves of the water-lilies and swim the intervening spaces; on the banks, rat, cat, stoat or weasel is ready and eager to devour them; or in their innocence they may too closely approach the heron that stands, like some grey post, motionless till a yellow beak darts forth like a dagger thrust. And there is seldom a reprieve in Nature; the full penalty is exacted for every mistake.

Water-Rats and Kingfishers

Water-rats emerged without fear from the banks honey-combed with their holes. They dived and brought some succulent aquatic plant to the surface, swam to their favorite seat, and, sitting on their hind legs, they gnawed their booty apparently unconscious that we were near enough to hear the rasping of their sharp incisor teeth. Others, like miniature beavers, cut down flags and floated them down stream to construct their platform-like rafts, or dragged the spoil into their holes. Kingfishers shot past like a gleam of blue light, or, abruptly checking their headlong career, poised themselves for a moment over some fish which had ventured too near the surface, splashed into the water, and resumed their flight with a glitter of silvery scales in their beak. Sly wood-pigeons came to drink where the bank shelved gently down to the water, and not far away a wild duck was sure to be brooding in the rushes. Sometimes we saw the newly hatched chicks creep from beneath the mother's wing, climb on her back, or make short voyages of exploration to her unutterable anxiety. But she would not stir from her post till all were freed from the prison shells, and then she led the triumphant procession to the water into which all plunged and swam without ever being taught how. No single hour of watching was dull, and every season had its special interest. In the swampy thickets we first heard the chiff-chaff's note foretelling the spring, and later on the first swallows, skimming over the marsh, dipping here and there to make ever-widening circles, revelled in the accomplished fact. One by one the summer migrants returned to their old haunts, the whitethroat, the melodious blackcap, and last of all the spotted fly-catcher. For three months the marsh teemed with the intensest activity of life, echoing with full-throated song. Tragically struggled with light-hearted gaiety, but could not master it, for memory is happily short. Many must die that other may live, and the stream of life flows ceaselessly on, careless of the individual in its inexorable laws for redressing the balance. Then first of all the cuckoo grew silent, leaving our summer at its height, and the swifts—the mad rollicking swifts screaming for every joy of life and pride of wing—prepare suds for the autumn exodus. The snipe returned to winter quarters, and battalions of plover executed their wonderful manoeuvres in the sky. Dense flocks of greedy starlings squabbled and fought in fever-

ish haste, storm-bound gulls mingled with the rooks in open order like pieces on a chess-board, and the wailing note of the curlew intensified the stillness of winter.

And thus, with the revolving cycle of our nature calendar, time went by. The tastes we had acquired in the marsh were carried into wider spheres, and when in later years we returned, it was not without a certain disappointment. The water had sunk below its former level, leaving high and dry the old under-water entrances and exits of the rats, some of the thickets had been cleared away, and straight ditches had been cut to drain the swampiest place. Many a tree had vanished, and those that remained seemed dwarfed, for we no longer looked on the world through the rosy-hued spectacles of our boyhood with their mysterious power of magnification. The wonder and immensity of our marsh had suffered by comparison, and the fairies of our fairy-land appeared to children alone.

Finding the Hay

An old deacon once received a visit from a friend who was loud in his complaint against their common pastor.

The sermons were poor and full of mistakes and blunders; he could get no spiritual food from them, and there must be at once a change of pastors. The deacon took his irate visitor out to the stable, where stood old Topsy, the deacon's cow. The deacon quietly placed some hay before her, and Topsy proceeded at once to munch her food with every sign of contentment possible to bovine existence. For full five minutes the deacon stood and watched the cow, and his guest stood waiting impatiently to know whether or not the deacon would join him in his efforts to secure a new pastor.

At last the old man broke the silence. "Don't you know as much as my cow?" he said. "She does not like thistles or daisies, or burdock, and there are plenty in the hay, but she simply noses these aside and goes on eating her hay. If

you find thistles in the sermon don't eat them; but I find lots of good hay." The visitor understood, and never forgot; and if in after years he felt tempted to find fault with his minister, he checked himself with a smile and the question, "Don't you know as much as my cow?"

A Gratiuous Protest

A Philadelphia commercial traveller, who was stranded in a Georgia village, sat on the porch of the small inn, patiently awaiting the announcement of dinner. At noon, says the Philadelphia Press, a ducky appeared at the door and rang a big hand-bell.

Immediately the "coon" dog, which had been asleep in the sunshine, awoke, raised his nose toward the sky and howled loud and dolorously.

The ducky stopped ringing the bell and scowled at the dog.

"Yo, shet up!" he shouted. "Yo' don' hafta eat dis dinna! 'Sides, whar's yo' manna's, dawg?"

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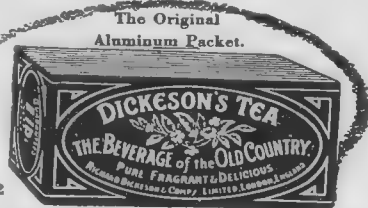
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"The Beverage of the Old Country"



The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

HER PROBLEM

A stenographer asks this question: "Is it right for me to work in the office of a man who is bad? He is gentlemanly to me and considerate. I have worked for him nearly three years and enjoy my work."

A girl who has to work in the business world has this difficulty to face and must be strong. If girls worked for good men only I am afraid many more would be out of employment than now are. If a girl feels that she is safe and no advantage of her will be taken, since she must earn her living, I think she is justified in keeping the position until she can find a place with a man of better personal principles. But a girl in this position must have strong will

daring the morals of men. Perhaps I am a bit old fashioned—but I ask my young women readers to take a few hours off to look through the old fashion books. I am sure the change in facial expression will be a surprise.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE

Our young men readers responded more promptly to my question on "The Engagement" than did our young women. Their letters were full of good suggestions. It is especially gratifying to know that they encourage high ideals to be placed before our girls. Sometimes I feel that I may dwell too much on The Ideal in a girl's life. Then when letters come to me from young men urging me to continue painting the ideal I realize that our young men want clean girls.

"Who sows in weakness cannot reap in strength—
That which we plant we gather in at length."

One young man states in his letter to me: "If a girl does not know right from wrong before marriage she will never know after. I quote this from his letter: 'Last winter I made the acquaintance of a young teacher and we enjoyed several drives together. On one of the drives she told me of the number of men who had proposed to her since she came West, and appeared rather put out because I neglected to follow suit. This spring I went with another girl who was engaged to a man in another town, but it did not seem to make any difference—she had a kiss for every fellow that would take her for a drive or to the show. She said she had to keep several on the string because some might leave her. These are only two examples—I could give you more. Girls are scarce in this western country and they have their own way. There are few farmers batching in this western country but would marry if they could, but who would want one like these I have mentioned?' Most men—I believe all men want clean girls. And besides, girls, you are all searching for happiness. Low ideals never reach happiness. A happy mind is a clean mind. The essence of happiness is honesty, sincerity and truthfulness. I do not like to hear girls talk about themselves. Ida M. Tarbell in her book—'The Business of Being a Woman' says: Chronic self-discussion creates ferment of the mind—it is a serious handicap to both happiness and efficiency.' The most conspicuous occupation of woman to-day is self-discussion. Think, girls! What experience in your life has given you most happiness? Ask yourself this question—then write me the answer. Do not lose sight of the simplicity of happiness—the treasures of the heart and mind make happiness. It is merely a result of your life work. An idle brain breeds impurity. No girl can be happy who has a narrow, uncharitable disposition. A girl who deceives a young man is a thief of the worst type, because she is stealing a human heart to throw away in a sorely bruised condition. She not only crushes the young man but she is a traitor to her sex because she judges other women by her. An unmarried man said to me: 'I am not married because I cannot find a girl as true as my mother.' Another reader writes me of a broken engagement. He refers to an Ontario girl who encouraged a Western man for seven years. He visited her recently at her invitation, and after his return home he learned of her engagement to another.



Smart suit hat in the New Watteau effect. Hand made in fine Tagel straw, edged with pleating of Maline, Sequin trimming now so popular, is here employed to good advantage.

power. Her manager must understand that she is pure-minded and intends to remain so. I think personal affairs have too much consideration in business offices. A girl in an office should discuss only things pertaining to the work of her position. Many girls do not know their place.

Oh—girls let us take a glimpse into the ideal world where coarse minded men do not try to wreck the lives of sweet girlhood and where treacherous feminine fascinations do not charm our men from their wives and little ones—this is the ideal world—a place where the air is charged with the oxygen of truth and sincerity—where the atmosphere does not poison the lungs of the soul—where Paradise is not lost. Close your eyes girls and imagine you are there then wake up and determine to create it.

THEN AND NOW

I have just been looking through the fashion pages of not so long ago—1907—and have been contrasting them with those of to-day. What do I see? The facial expression is decidedly changed. The 1907 model is modest and veiled entirely unconscious of bodily exposure because her person is decently covered. To-day the face of the model is bold and daring. How can it be otherwise? The neck of her dress is indecently low, every line of her body is boldly exposed to public view and she hobbles along the street in her tight slit skirt that seems to be designed for the purpose of

"If only we strive to be pure and true, To each of us there will come an hour, When the tree of life shall burst into flower, And rain at our feet a glorious dower Of something grander than we ever knew."

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NOTICE

What is your most serious problem? We want to know. A prize book will be awarded to the young woman who sends in the problem that will create the best discussion among a committee of ten young women appointed by the writer of this page. The best problem will be discussed on this page. All problems must be sent before the first of May to Pearl Richmond Hamilton, care of The Western Home Monthly.

RIVALS

The most terrible battles in all history are those waged by women rivals. Since the beginning of history we have stories of women who battled for the possession of men's affections. One of the most interesting is found in French history when Madam de Maintenon and Madam de Montespan tried to gain possession of the affections of Louis XIV.

The two women were so different that it is interesting to study the methods each used in the battle for a man's affections. Madam de Maintenon desired to reform a wicked court, she worked for the interests of education the elevation of men and genius, and the improvement of social conditions. She rose from a humble position to that of the companion of the most prominent monarch of the age, so far as splendor and magnificence are concerned. She possessed tact, prudence and patience and determined to gain the confidence of Madam de Montespan before she would undermine her in the affections of the king. She had to gain his respect and admiration without being improperly intimate. She determined to disarm jealousy, and try to win him by the richness of her conversation and the severity of her own morals. Little by little she began to exercise a great influence over the mind of the king. She was the opposite of the woman he loved.

Maintenon worked with the solid attainments of the mind—Montespan used physical charms. Maintenon talked about literature, art and learned subjects—Montespan talked of balls and court fancies and scandals. Which woman, think you, won the battle? Watch the battle. Maintenon reminded the king of his duties by complimenting him, by always being amiable and sympathetic. Montespan was exacting, had ungovernable fits of temper—was haughty and sarcastic. Maintenon was calm, modest, self-possessed, wise and judicious. Montespan was passionate, extravagant and unreasonable.

Maintenon always appealed to the higher nature of the king—Montespan to the lower. Maintenon tried to run mind from folly, ruled him through reason, was pure morally, preserved her self respect and tolerated no improper advances. She made him see that his future needed her. On the other hand Montespan demanded new favors continually, she ruled through passion, had no regard to his future—and thought only of the present. Maintenon became more attractive every day from the variety of her intellectual gifts. By superior radiance of mind and soul she discreetly ruled him for twelve years in the name of virtue and piety. Montespan's desires for the artificial life and physical pleasures finally disgusted and repelled the king. He realized that he could not live without Maintenon, for he needed a counsellor whom he could trust. He was not happy without her—a proof of love. At the age of fifty she was in the perfection of mental and moral fascinations and he married her.

THE FASHION OF HER COUNTENANCE

Last week while in a drug store I noticed a woman demonstrating cosmetics. A girl stopped at this table—for like most girls she was interested in the beauty doctor, and the demonstrator began to work on the girl's face. In a short time her pale pimpled complexion was changed to pink and white, and the girl walked away highly pleased—the fashion of her skin was changed. The demonstrator was selling the wrong kind of beauty helps. As I watched the operation I wanted to demonstrate at the same place a different kind of beauty helps—helps that would

last permanently—in fact, the longer they are used the better they are. I would like to demonstrate the value of beautiful thoughts in changing the fashion of the countenance. I would work on the face of that girl who comes in wearing the expression of selfish indulgence, and make it beautiful.

I would begin by cleaning out the refuse that has accumulated in the corners of the mind—mental possibilities that have turned green and stagnant from idleness—perverted ambitions that crowd out useful and worthy work, vain follies that eat up mental vitality like moths in a dark closet—yes I would give her mind a house cleaning, and would then fill it with beautiful thoughts—and the fashion of her countenance would be altered.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

Human weight is the measure of one's value to humanity. Every person we meet weighs us mentally. We are compared with other women. Perhaps a girl's eyes are darker or she may dress in better taste—her voice may be kinder, her influence more beautiful, her character cleaner than these qualities of her friends. One's intellect is weighed, her accomplishments are tested. A girl wants a position in house work—she cannot cook. Another wants a position as a stenographer—she cannot spell—a dressmaker starts a shop—she cannot fit—a teacher applies for a position—she uses incorrect language—these are girls who are weighed in the balance and found wanting. The joy of life is to put out one's power in a useful way—real misery does not do so. If a sportsman wants to shoot a bird on the wing he focuses his will on that bird and in like manner we must focus our will on that achievement which we desire. Most of the failures among girls happen because the scales tip the wrong way. On one side is diseased ambition—the desire to satisfy self—on the other common sense and so often the first over-balances the second.

Sarah—Duchess of Marlborough—had a love of power, and was unscrupulous in the gaining of her ambitions. She encouraged political corruptions, was indifferent to learning and genius, and exerted her great influence—not for the good of her country but to advance her own family. She was beautiful, bright, witty and intellectual, but on the other hand she was selfish, grasping, and vain. Wealth, fame and power often produce luxury, pride and selfishness. Sarah—Duchess of Marlborough, was not well balanced—she was intoxicated with power and the qualities wanting in womanly weight undermined her position. The very qualities that prevent one's character balancing are the qualities that pull one down in life. Sarah's restless ambitions were for external pleasures, and those do not satisfy. She was discontented and quarrelsome, and went into voluntary exile, because in her ambitions at the beginning of womanhood she did not cultivate a well balanced character. She was weighed in the balance and found wanting—wanting in womanly qualities.

In the biography of women I turn over the pages of history and find the name of Hannah More—the greatest woman who lived in England in the latter part of 1800. I weigh her qualities of character. She was beautiful, yet not vain; witty, yet never irreverent; independent, without extravagance; fond of the society of the great, yet spent her life among the poor. She was a woman whom everybody loved. She said: "Girls, educate yourselves for the home—not for the crowd—for usefulness, not admiration—for that period when external beauty is faded and lost, and when the internal makes the Woman Beautiful." There are those very human women in the Bible who were weighed in the balance and found wanting. Eve's desire for the forbidden fruit over balanced her sound judgment: Sarah was beautiful, but her beauty outweighed her devotion; and Potiphar's wife was his ruin. On the other hand, Ruth—the happiest woman in history—when weighed in the balance was not found wanting.

Is it difficult to find a well balanced woman?



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His Trial Trip

The Story of an Incident in the Life of a Young Railroad Man.
By Charles Michael Williams

I.

THE young man threw back his big
blonde head and laughed uproar-
iously. The little old lady in
black, who was sewing a button on the
young man's coat at the other side of
the table, looked up with a smile, and
said:

"What is it now, Hal?"

Her "now" denoted the frequency with
which she had to seek an explanation
for some ebullition of her son's amazing-
ly high spirits.

"Just listen to this, mother!" he
cried, and he began to read aloud from
the book he held:

as yet they don't know whether I am.
They know I am a college man; and
they are puzzled and suspicious. They
imagine that I must have what they call
a 'pull,' influence with the powers that
be, over us; when, as a matter of fact,
you know how hard it was for me even
to get a place in the shop. Instead of
the division superintendent being
prejudiced in my favor, it is all the
other way. He is a man who rose from
the shop, and he, too, is suspicious of
a college man who takes a place as a
mechanic's helper."

"Well, Hal," sighed the little old lady,
"you can't say I advised you to do so."



Tirriagarri Squaws

Says Cap'n Coffin, "Here we be!
Rived from cruisin' after whale."
"Glad you're back to hum," says we.
"What luck, cap'n?" was the hail.
Cap'n Coffin takes a chew,
Grins at his glum-lookin' crew,
An' ez cool ez me or you:
"Mighty little ile," says he,
"But a darned fine sail!"

"Hal!" protested Mrs. Moore, the smile
still visible, however. "Such language!"
"I know, mother"—with an apologetic
drop of voice—"but such a sentiment!
Isn't it bully? Nothing fazed that old
sea-dog of Nantucket. He wasn't going
to be down in the mouth because the
voyage hadn't panned out just as he
hoped. Not a bit of it! And, mother,
I like to read such things just now.
They are cheerful. You know things in
the shop aren't just what might be
called rosy."

The mother sighed. "I think it shame-
ful you should be so treated; to be
avoided and slighted, as if you weren't
fit company for those mechanics—"

"Now, don't, mother," cried her son,
with a laugh; "don't you slight my
work-mates. They are good fellows,
nearly all of them. The trouble is that

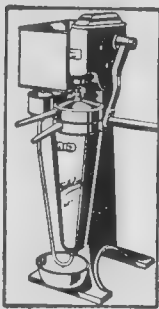
You might have found many other posi-
tions better suited—"

"No, I couldn't," said the young man
decidedly, putting his hand caressingly
upon her shoulder; "not when I felt I
was suited for a railroad career in the
mechanical branch; and you know that
after dear dad was gone, and our money,
too, there weren't very many things that
a former baseball champion, who was
not a class champion, could turn his
hand to. But he has found the very
thing now; and this place I've got on
the wrecker—"

"Hal, dear," said his mother, "I am
glad, of course, for your sake, but—but
I cannot help thinking how this vacancy
was made for you." The last time the
wrecking-train of the Sealand division
had been sent out there had been an
accident, and a member of the crew had
been killed. "You'll be careful, won't
you, my boy?"

"I will, mother," said Hal. "Don't
think of such things. There are
dangers in every trade. And I'll make
the dangers of railroading less before
I'm through with it. My safety brake
for freight trains will soon be ready.
It was my improvement on a derrick
cog that just made the shop foreman

SHARPLES TUBULAR CREAM SEPARATOR

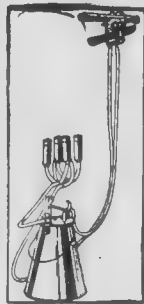


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put me on the wrecker. This work means more pay, for there will be overtime. It's a promotion, and the other men don't like it a little."

"But do you think it will be permanent, Hal?"

Mrs. Moore had suffered much from life's adversities. Fairer prospects than this now opened by her son's promotion had gleamed upon her path, only to be lost in clouds again, and vanish. For the first time since he had bounded into the little house on the outskirts of the railroad yard that evening, Hal Moore's exuberant spirits received a check.

"Oh, I am sure it will," he said, but there was a touch of hesitancy in his voice. "The foreman said no doubt I should be kept. The first time we are ordered out should prove me, he said; it would show whether I'm fitted for the work. It will be my trial trip, mother, and of course I'll come out of it all right. I'll remember old Cap'n Coffin. 'Mighty little ile,' says he, 'but —'"

"Never mind the profanity, Hal!" "No, mother; but I'll bear the spirit in mind—work, work, and be cheerful, no matter how things go. And now I must finish rigging up that electric bell in my room. It will save time when the call to man the wrecker comes. All the wrecking crew, you see, live near the roundhouse, and are called by special man when word of a wreck is received. Most of them don't even have a door-bell to the house, and have to be knocked up. I think I'll try to make a deal with the foreman to let me instal the Moore Patented Night Alarm. Eh, mother? And I shall certainly try hard to get my new brake tried on a wrecking car—the train is very badly supplied."

She looked at him fondly, wistfully, proudly. "You are wise, Hal, even if you are a laughter. You are ambitious, as your father was. But think a little of my anxiety, dear when your bell rings."

He bent and kissed her lips. "I promise, mother."

II.

Other men connected with the railroad had their contrivances to save time in emergencies. The chief despatcher of the Sealand division was one of them. On a small table at the head of his bed there was a telegraph instrument with a direct wire from the despatcher's office. The chief night despatcher was under orders to use this wire only when imperative necessity required the disturbance of his chief.

It was ten nights after Hal Moore had been appointed to the wrecking crew, and about one o'clock, when the bedside telegraph instrument began to "tap, tap—tap—tap—tap, tap, tap." The first tap brought the chief despatcher to a sitting position in bed; the tenth sent him flying out of bed, made him bend over the instrument in keen, nervous attention. Sleep was forgotten, and all the faculties came to attention like the soldiers of the will they are. The tapping was spelling out this message: "There will be a bad wreck in a few minutes near the bridge at Rigby."

The fingers of the chief despatcher—in his time the swiftest operator on all the road, and in this crisis the time was re-born—tapped back the question: "What has happened?"

The rapid clicks replied: "Special order to hold Number Six freight at Rigby not obeyed. Operator at Rigby says he forgot, and he let Number Six go by. Number Three, special freight, has already passed Jonestown. They will come together near the bridge, unless something happens to prevent the accident."

"Ask Jonestown if he has heard anything since Number Three went by. Order the wrecker out, to await orders. Notify the division superintendent. If the crash comes I'll run down and take hold. Keep your hand on the wire."

Then the ta-tapping ceased. Both Jonestown and Rigby were stations on a branch line, a single track road. In those days, on the Old New England lines, the normal signal spelled by the lights at stations was "safety,"

so that an engineer without orders to the contrary ran by them. Nowadays the normal signal is "danger," so that even should an operator for any reason neglect his orders, the engineer of an oncoming train would stop.

The strong face of the chief despatcher went grayish. From far off, a dull, intermittent roar, came the sound of train running and grumbling over their work in the yards. The clock on the mantel seemed to tick loudly. With the keen pain of suspense and dread shaking him almost physically, the chief despatcher hung above the little telegraph instrument—this mute, mechanical messenger of fate.

"Tap—tap—tap—tap, tap—No news yet."

It was the night despatcher. His chief cut in:

"Confound you! Do you have to tell me that? Wait for news."

But he said to himself: "Poor old Tim! I guess he's about as nervous as I am. I wonder if there is a chance the trains won't come together?"

He knew that the branch track was a bad piece of road, full of sharp curves and steep grades, and that the chances were much against the possibility that the engineer of one or the other train would observe the peril in time to avert a collision. There was nothing to do but wait, and—

"Tap—tap—"

"They've come together. Near the bridge, bad—"

"Any killed?" the chief interrupted.

"Clark, at Rigby, thinks not. No definite news as yet."

"Send out the wrecker. Tell Clark to hurry doctors to the scene. I'll be down right away."

The chief despatcher's face was no longer disquieted; no longer was it the mirror of his emotions. Pale, calm, steady, firm, he hastened to his post.

III.

Hal's electric bell thrilled out its summons as a messenger from the roundhouse ran from house to house arousing the members of the wrecking crew. Moore awoke with a shock; the blood in his veins tingled keenly. His chance had come. The trial trip was at hand.

Bounding from bed, he hurried into his clothes. He heard the retreating footsteps of the messenger; he heard his mother leaving her room. She met him at his door. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Now," she said energetically, "run into the kitchen for a minute. I left water on; it will boil in a moment, and you must have a nice hot cup of coffee before you go out—"

Hal laughed, but in a tender tone.

"No time for coffee, mother," said he. "Good night!"

She looked at him with dim, shining eyes.

"Be careful," she said; "do your duty; but be careful—for my sake!"

He embraced her for a moment in his strong arms; and then he departed at a run, the long-stepping, loping run famous in old college days. To his consternation he found every member of the crew on hand and in his place on the wrecking-train when he reached the roundhouse. The foreman flung him an angry glance.

"You don't begin well," he said; "you are slow."

The foreman had selected Moore as a member of his crew despite his knowledge of the other men's hostility, simply because he thought the lad a good mechanic. He did not like to be put in the wrong.

Moore almost hung his head, wondering how in the world these men could have got to the roundhouse before him. Then he chanced to catch a half glance at the face of the man who had summoned him, and the glare of the lantern light that revealed the man's face showed the glimmer of a smile. Hal jumped for him.

"You hound, you!" he cried. "Is this fair play? You called me last of all, although you must have passed my place before. Take that!"

"That" was a straight left hand, knock-down buffet, and the man dropped. He got up quickly, but showed no fight. His blood now thoroughly stirred, Moore glanced around at the other men.

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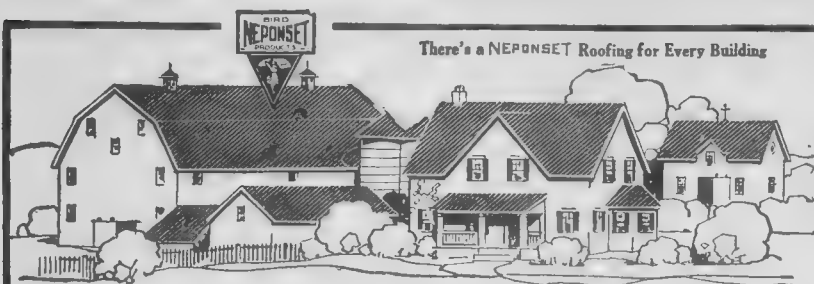
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"And I'll serve any one else who plays a dirty game the same way!" he cried.

There was a momentary stir, as if his challenge was to be taken up; but the foreman said dryly:

"Tobin got what was coming to him. That's enough o' that. You, Moore, jump on the derrick car."

Moore obeyed.

There were fifteen men in the crew, and three flat cars in the train. It was run out clear from the medley of tracks about the roundhouse, and there it waited. The wreckers rubbed their eyes; they yawned; they stretched their arms; some lighted their pipes, and some even lay down and caught a nap where they were. Not so with Hall Moore. Still agitated from his encounter with the messenger, stirred by the sense of all that this night meant for him, and by the feeling of danger, excitement, adventure in the air, his breath came quick and hurried, his heart beat fast. He stared into the darkness flicked with lanterns, red and white, and wondered why they did not start.

Ben Clarkson, the placid foreman, who was never known to hurry himself until he had arrived at a wreck, was smoking a very short pipe and talking with a watchman.

IV.

Three minutes later the order came. The trains had crashed together, head on, near a bridge three miles out of Rigby, and orders were flying all along the line to give the wrecker right of way. Although the line on which the wreck had occurred was but a branch, it was an important one. Many fast freight trains used it; and it was the line for several suburban passenger trains that began to run by six o'clock in the morning. Wherefore it was very necessary that the track be cleared as soon as possible.

Slowly through the maze of tracks in the yards the wrecking-train moved, and then faster and faster it pushed on when the main line was reached. The glare from the opened furnace door threw red in great, reckless splashes against the black of the night; and in the glare the eddies of white steam were as ghosts fantastically revealed in the wild light of a witch's fire.

Hal Moore found himself involuntarily clutching a bar of the towering derrick. He stared with wide eyes into the swirling dark; he was filled with a frantic excitement; he wondered how his mates could be so calm. So, doubtless, wonders the recruit in his first battle, the probationary fireman, the young sailor in a storm, at the apathy of his veteran companions when he, thrilling and quivering, is receiving his baptism of action.

Lights flashed out on either side, and flashed away as suddenly. Hal caught fleet glimpses of solitary operators at way stations bending over their instruments. The wind thundered in his ears, and there was the roaring of fantastic voices to which a train runs when racing through the night. At fifty miles an hour the train blared through the empty, quiet countryside; past stalled trains on sidings, mere blurred streaks of light; through woods, and loud echoing cuts; over shrieking bridges; under a sky without a star, low and black and thick.

At Blairton, a station about forty miles from the road, the wrecker left the main track for the branch. Moore felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked down into the friendly, ugly face of Foxy Jack McGrath, a man who had never shown the hospitality to Moore that the rest of his mates betrayed.

"Don't get excited, kid," said McGrath. "You'll be tumbling off, nex' thing you know; an' then the nex' you know'll be nothing."

Moore smiled back at him, gladdened by a friendly voice.

"I'll look out," he said; and he sat down. "I wonder if there were any killed or hurt?"

All their talk went in shouts.

"I heard old Ben"—the foreman—"say there warn't," McGrath replied.

Moore felt a glow of relief. He was to have his chance to make good, as he phrased it, without the accompaniment of tragedy. It was a joyful thought.

"Say, you're a boxer, sure enough," McGrath went on. "You downed Tobin

in fine style. You did right, too, an' the boys are with you. Tobin played it mean—that's his style."

Hall was making ready to respond frankly to this cheering message, but just then McGrath broke away from the subject with an instinct of reserve that Moore instantly respected.

"We're running by Rigby. We'll soon be at the wreck," he said.

The train was already slowing down. The brakes on all the cars except the derrick car, which was not so equipped, were applied, for at this point there was a steep down grade for the three miles that lay between the station at Rigby and the bridge near which the collision had occurred. Soon Hal could see a tangle of lights, moving and stationary, ahead. They grew bigger and brighter every minute.

They reached the wreck and stopped. The men jumped from their places. Ben Clarkson, the foreman, now active as a lynx, was in the lead. The next moment he was uttering imprecations upon the stupidity of some one in the chief dispatcher's office because of the order which had sent out the train with the derrick behind the engine. Ben always implicitly obeyed orders, and he had supposed that the wreck must be so situated that the derrick could be used more effectively in that position. As matters stood, however, the engine of the wrecker was close up to the mass of wreckage to be removed, and the derrick was practically useless.

Each of the wrecked trains had three cars derailed and more or less broken up. The engines had come together almost on the verge of the brook spanned by the bridge. One engine had tumbled over into the water; the other was lying on its side on the track. There was a curve in the road that had hidden the two trains from each other up to almost the minute of collision, but neither had been running at high speed, and the crews had escaped with a few bruises.

Clarkson quickly surveyed the scene, and still more quickly gave his orders. The engineer of the wrecker was told to run back to Rigby with three of the crew, switch the derrick car on ahead of the engine, and return "as soon as the Lord'll let you." The rest of the crew were ordered to seize upon their tools and go ahead with the work of clearing the smaller stuff from the track.

McGrath and Hal were two of the three men sent back to Rigby. McGrath was in command. About half a mile from Rigby there was a siding, and there he stopped the train.

In the position in which the wrecker ran back, the two flat cars were ahead; then came the derrick car, and lastly the engine. McGrath's plan was to run the three cars upon the siding, and then cut off the engine and send it to enter the siding on the Rigby end. Then the derrick car was to be uncoupled; the engine would give the cars a push sufficient to send the uncoupled derrick just out upon the main track, when the engine would return, couple on behind the derrick, and then connect with the two flat cars. The derrick would thus be where the full force of the engine could be applied when the time came for it to be pushed up against the wreckage.

The first part of the scheme of operations was carried through safely and rapidly; and the derrick car, disconnected from the rest of the train, was run out from the siding upon the main track.

"You stay by it to couple when the engine comes back," said McGrath to Moore; then he ran back with the other man to the cars on the siding.

Hal waited with the coupling-pin in his hand, and saw the engine move away from the far end of the cars on the siding to go to the main track. At the same moment he became conscious of a strong, insistent, steady pull upon the hand with which he held the derrick. He jumped around as if he felt the menacing hand of a stranger upon him in the dark.

The derrick car was moving. All this part of the track, beginning from the station at Rigby, and extending to the bridge across the brook, was a steep down grade. The push from the engine had been a trifle too hard; the car had not come to a standstill upon the main track, and it was now slowly running down this hill.

Hal shouted loudly, frantically, and waved a lantern in the signal for assistance. Then he jumped upon the derrick car and looked around for the brake—remembering in the same moment that there were no brakes upon the derrick car, which was of an old pattern. He had heard in the shop, months before, that it was soon to be laid aside.

"Why didn't I remember? Why didn't I remember?" he groaned aloud. "I should have chocked the wheels. Why doesn't that engineer hurry up?"

The speed of the runaway car increased. The light of the engine was already distant. Moore felt that his shout had not been understood. The engine would not have been of use even had it caught up with him now; it would have been impossible to have stopped the derrick car at the speed it had attained. The derrick alone weighed two tons; and irresistible gravity was hurrying every pound of it faster and faster down the hill.

Through Moore's mind there raced a confusion of thoughts, that swept on with speed greater than that of the car. Soon the massive derrick would crash into the wreck. It would not be seen by the men working below until it came thundering around the curve, right on them. They had been clambering on and through the wreckage even before he had left the scene. He was bringing down death or injury to many of his mates, because of his failure to take a wise precaution. What the crash would mean to him, his own death or injury, flashed into his mind, with the remembrance of his mother's words: "Be careful, Hal."

Yes; but also she had said, "Do your duty!" His duty—what was that now but to prevent, if he could, this descent of destruction upon his mates, without thought of himself? Through his fault was the danger; through him must come rescue, if rescue were possible.

He jumped to his feet, grasped a heavy chain, staggered with it to the front part of the car, and dropped it ahead of

one of the wheels. He would derail the car; hurl it from the track; destroy its impetus of death. But the chain slipped out of the full track of the wheels, and although there was a jarring tremor of the car that nearly threw him from it, it kept on.

An iron crowbar, next! It was spurned aside. A pair of heavy blocks! They, too, were knocked away. And downward, onward, ever faster the car sped; the tall derrick swaying as if gesturing in heavy rage against the sky.

It neared the curve by the bridge. Desperately Moore toiled to uplift a chain heavier than any yet. When the car took the end of the curve, not a hundred yards from the wreck, he knew its wheels would be straining upward on the left hand side, thus aiding his purpose.

"God help me!" he groaned. "God help me!"

He dropped the chain. It fell fairly before the wheel. There was a harsh, grating jar, a shiver of the massive derrick, and the car jumped the track.

Hal flew into the air—he fell with a heavy shock; soft darkness overwhelmed him—he knew no more.

V.

"And this was the boy you chumps wanted to run out of the shop!" said Clarkson to his crew, as Hal was lifted from the earth bank in which he was half embedded.

The superintendent of the Sealand division pushed into the group. A doctor bent over the young man.

"No bones broken," he said to the superintendent's question. "He'll do. Stand back, he's coming around!"

Hal looked dully up, and muttered: "Mighty little ile," says he, "but a darned fine sail." Aint that bully, mother? No coffee now. I'm off for my trial trip. Don't you worry; the boys in the shop are all right. "They'll get over their grouch."

His eyes gradually cleared, the confusion of wits passed as a slow cloud

passes; and Hal looked up at the superintendent, the foreman, and his mates.

"I should have thought to chock the wheels," he said sadly, "but I did my best."

"That's plenty good enough for me!" cried Ben Clarkson.

And it was good for all concerned.

A Fire that Taught a Town a Lesson

Dong-g-g!

Before I came to myself I was sitting bolt-upright in bed. Was it nightmare? I pinched myself. No, I was wide awake.

"Ding-dong, fire!" echoed through the midnight air. And with one bound I was out of bed. In another instant, dressed and on the street.

"She's a goner!" yelled Jim Wilson, as he shot by the house.

"Who—what—where—?" But he was gone; and like a flash I followed my natural instinct and the firelit heavens, to the other side of town.

"They're working like Trojans, but they can't save her."

"What is it?" I asked, as I caught up to Simeon Sheldon.

"The old mill. There! Can't you see the flames licking up the lumber shed this very minute?"

Sure enough, I saw them only too plainly.

"Serves 'em right—"

"Hold on Sim," I interrupted. "What do you mean by talking that way?"

"Yes, it does! They knew what a risk they've been running with those old 'tinder-box' shingle roofs—and right alongside the railroad too. Everybody says it was sparks from the midnight freight that did it—and I guess they're right. It started on the roof of No. 1 mill."

"Look at those houses opposite. Why didn't they catch fire, too?"

"That's easy. They're covered with Genasco. See those sparks dropping on 'em now! They burn out, and don't have the least bit of effect on 'em."

"What's that name, Sim? What kind of stuff is it?"

"Well, I'll be switched! Do you mean to say you've never heard of Genasco Ready Roofing, made by the Barber Asphalt Paving Company, Philadelphia? Where have you been living all your life—in the back woods?"

I was willing to be the "goat," and asked for more information.

"It's the greatest stuff I've ever seen for a roof," Simeon went on, "not only for resisting fire, but for lasting in all kinds of weather. You can let it pour pitch-forks, and it won't leak; or let the sun boil down on it all you've a mind to, and it'll never dry out like ordinary roofing. Even zero weather won't crack it. The farmers around here have taken to it like ducks take to water. You see it on all their buildings whenever you go out in the country. It's a wonder, I tell you. And by the way, it's made of material from what they call the Eighth Wonder of the World—Trinidad Asphalt Lake. You can find out more about it than I'll be able to tell you in a month of Sundays, if you write to them Barber people for their Good Roof Guide Book."

"Yes, sir, the mill people might have had their old shacks still standing if they'd used a little common sense before it was too late. Any fool can learn from his own experience, but I tell you it's a wise man that learns from the experience of others."

"You're dead right, Sim. I'm going to remember that. Meantime, I've got to turn in and get my sleep out."

Charles Kingsley was once talking of his wife to the mother of Canon Tetley, of Bristol Cathedral.

"She is the sweetest, kindest-hearted woman in the world!" he said, enthusiastically. "Why, Mrs Tetley, if my wife were going to be executed, her first anxiety would be that any one who wished to see it might get a good place!"

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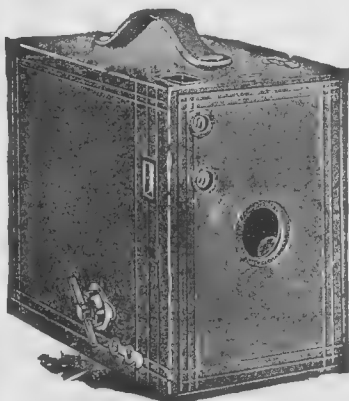
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Lord Minto

Former Governor General Dead

LONDON, March 1.—Lord Minto, former governor general of Canada and viceroy of India, who had been seriously ill at his country home, Minto House, Hawick, Roxburghshire, Scotland, for several weeks, passed away at 4 a.m. to-day. He was 69 years of age.

Like Lord Dufferin, the late Lord Minto was Governor General of Canada and also Viceroy of India. Elsewhere he had a wide and varied career and was known throughout all parts of the world as a fine sportsman. The family has figured largely in history having held many important posts in politics and diplomacy.

lay the situation before the government as to the necessity for reinforcements as it was then thought that the campaign would last much longer. Major Boulton, in his "Reminiscences of the Northwest Rebellions," thus speaks of his departure: "We were sorry to lose him, for a kinder or more gallant officer no troops ever served under."

Old News is No News

When a large part of a Southern city was burned, recently, there was great excitement in all that part of the state. From Vicksburg, Jackson, Meridian and Memphis newspaper men hastened to the scene. Only in the unburned office of a local weekly was there peace and contentment.



Lord Minto was Governor General of Canada from 1898 to 1904 and both he and Lady Minto were popular with all. In India too, all members of the family were extremely popular, both with Europeans and natives, although Lord Minto was called upon to use a strong hand in fighting the sedition which was spreading throughout the country.

His active participation with Canadian life began with his appointment to the post of military secretary to Lord Lansdowne, Governor General in 1883. In 1885, when the northwest rebellion broke out, he at once volunteered and went to the front as chief of the staff of Major General Middleton.

At the battle of Fish Creek he found himself about two miles from the scene of the encounter, with the river lying between him and the other members of the brigade. He improvised a ferry and landed his force on the other side, but too late to take part in the engagement.

He continued as chief of staff, taking charge of the general arrangements. Just before the decisive engagement at Batoche he was sent back to Ottawa to

When the paper appeared the next day it was eagerly scanned by citizens and visitors, but no mention of the fire was in it. The place of honor was given to a story of a fight between two deck-hands on a river steamer.

"Look a-her, Hiram," said a subscriber to the editor, "when are you-all going to give us something about the fire?"

"Why, Henry," replied the editor, "I didn't reckon to say anything about it. Every man, woman, child and dog in this town knows that there was a fire, saw the fire and was at the fire, and I reckon they're plumb tired of it. What I'm printing is news—and news is something nobody knows anything about until he reads the paper and finds out."

Oh! The gladness and the sadness
that came hauntingly to me,
Wi' the faces that glide quately
through my dreams!
Oh, the auld days and the cauld days,
and the things that use to be,
And the past that's no sae distant as
it seems!

—Scottish American.

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The End of a Dynasty

An Easter Story.

SYLVIA, when we were at school together, was the most docile and obedient girl there. Her respect for authority was phenomenal, though even at seventeen it by no means implied that she approved or respected the person holding authority. She seemed to think she was there to learn lessons and obey rules, a view that was not prevalent among us; and I must admit that she was a shining success in both respects. Yet I remember wondering, once or twice, what would happen if Sylvia ever had cause given her to cease regarding obedience as a virtue.

If mother hadn't decided, early one spring, some seven years after our school days were over, that I was out of health and in need of rest, I might have been wondering yet. Sylvia, hearing of my alleged ill-health, wrote asking me to spend a few weeks of my enforced leisure with her. I knew that I should enjoy myself, so I went.

Sylvia was housekeeper in her father's home, the only other member of the family, besides her father, being an invalid aunt. And Sylvia's house was exquisitely orderly, though the young mistress' authority was by no means supreme, her father being the head of the house in a most literal sense. I never knew what Sylvia thought of this petty autocracy, though I have too great a respect for her intelligence to suppose she saw much wisdom in it. She was evidently very fond of her father, and she was most scrupulously observant of all his wishes.

But I had not been long with her before I saw that there was a difference of opinion on one particular point, between her and her father, of recent beginning, but surprisingly well-defined. I felt certain that there never was an uncivil word between them; the old gentleman would have forgiven meanness sooner than incivility, and Sylvia would never have forgotten either. Yet the fact of their difference was apparent, even before I had any idea of its ground.

I learned that the first evening they were "at home" after my arrival. Sylvia's aunt, whose invalidism was of that obliging sort that interferes only with usefulness, not with pleasure, used to put on a silk gown and come downstairs on these occasions, and we really had better times than you would think.

It was the first of these evenings that I saw the cause of Sylvia's disagreement with her father, and it was nearly six feet high and quite nice to look at, and went by the name of Ernbridge. I had a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Ernbridge that night, and I obligingly spent the time in amiable chatter about something he didn't need to pay much attention to, so that he might watch Sylvia. With her he had little chance to speak, her hospitable duties, which I could see Miss Harcourt was purposely making onerous for her, preventing. But when he said "Goodnight" chance gave him a half-minute's isolation among the departing guests, and after that I could have told my worthy host to save his energy for some other dispute; his daughter wasn't trifling.

There was among the guests that night a young gentleman called Martin, one of the most rising young men that ever rose. I had known him for some years, and was watching respectfully to see him turn into a Premier, or a Cabinet Minister at least, some morning. He really was brilliantly clever, I believe, and his reputation, present and future, was truly lofty. Besides, his manners were charming, correct enough for the Spanish Court, and spontaneous enough for a mining camp. I wasn't surprised to see that Mr. Harcourt and his docile sister were very gracious to this young gentleman, and it was evident that he was not a frequent visitor; he was on somewhat more formal terms than the others.

I felt sorry for Sylvia that night; she seemed so friendless, with her father and aunt both bent on thwarting her

will, so I went in and sat on the foot of her bed, while she brushed her hair, and, because nothing else came into my mind that I could say, I repeated scraps of Mr. Martin's witty conversation to amuse her. She laughed appreciatively once or twice, but at last she said quaintly:

"Do you know, I think common sense is much nicer than that?"

"Oh, for everyday use, of course it is," I admitted.

"No, I mean for all conversation. Simple language seems wiser to me. But I know Mr. Martin has common sense, too, only it's not a lovable kind." As I had not heard of this kind before I said nothing, thinking that I might learn more about it when I had another opportunity for observing Mr. Ernbridge's character.

Sylvia turned from her mirror presently, and began an allegory, without preface.

"Once upon a time there was an imprisoned princess who desired her liberty, and she had only her bodkin. But she dug out some of the stones in her prison wall with the bodkin, and made a long rope of the window curtains and hangings, and let herself down to the ground. I always admired that princess."

"They must have been papier-mache stones," I commented.

"Those might be harder to move than some stone ones," she answered.

"Doesn't it look a little like a tale of a miracle, intended only for the faithful?" I queried.

"Assuredly it is intended for the faithful. Doesn't your Carlyle say that a miracle, instead of breaking a natural law, only reveals a deeper law, not yet known?"

"Then unrevealed law in this case being one by the working of which, if a princess intends to get out—and continue to so intend—the disproportion between a bodkin and a stone wall disappears."

"One might guess it to be something like that."

"And when the princess climbed down her rope, was the prince waiting below for her?" I asked. Sylvia laughed.

"No, he was pounding on the front door of the castle with both fists. The princess slipped round the corner, and pulled his coat to make him stop, and then he stopped and took her away with him."

"That was lovably sensible of him," I said, and Sylvia got up and began brushing her hair again.

"I think it's time we both went to sleep," I said, "and I believe you made up that fairy-tale; I don't think there was ever such a princess."

"Perhaps there hasn't been—yet," she answered. I said good-night and went away to bed, feeling not quite so sorry for Sylvia.

In truth, her allegory was not so very absurd, for she certainly would not reach the prince at the castle door—or Mr. Ernbridge with a wedding-ring in his vest pocket—by any means yet known to that gracious yet alert controller of her destiny, her father. Perhaps it is usual in some circles to coerce young women in that way, but to me, fresh from the liberty and openness of my own home, Mr. Harcourt's autocratic authority seemed unwarrantable, and Miss Harcourt's diplomacy detestable. He might have said, of course, that he was naturally interested in his daughter's marriage, though by what process of reasoning he reached the conclusion that his interest was greater than hers, I never understood. But I went some distance out of my way to be annoyed with Miss Harcourt for the petty drawing-room stratagems she employed to thwart Sylvia's pleasure, because I knew that at her brother's bidding she would just as readily have beamed upon Mr. Ernbridge and helped Sylvia select her trousseau. I cannot

help believing that there is some responsibility attached to the possession of an individual mind.

Between them, Sylvia was seldom allowed to have five minutes' speech with Mr. Ernbridge, either alone or in company. But Sylvia and he had probably reached an understanding some time earlier, before the watch-dogs had waked up. Mr. Ernbridge must also have attained his position as a familiar guest (and it was easy to fancy even Miss Harcourt's liking him unbidden) before Mr. Harcourt's opposition was aroused. Such favour it was quite impossible to withdraw from him now without good reason, and as he had

not yet formally spoken to Sylvia's father, no such reason was forthcoming, and he stood his ground with that admirable tenacity that sometimes accomplishes its object, and is always a pleasure to contemplate.

Sylvia's communications were meagre, but I gathered from the little she said that her father's opposition was growing stronger. She seemed unaware that this was owing to Mr. Martin's more frequent visits, and I didn't enlighten her, for that sort of ambition is not a lovely quality to contemplate in one's father. But if she had desired to cultivate Mr. Martin's acquaintance, her seniors would have given her plenty

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of opportunity. It was impossible for Mr. Harcourt to help coveting so brilliant and creditable a son-in-law; such a connection would have suited so well his own dignity.

This sorry game occupied only a few weeks, and the end came unexpectedly soon. It was drawing near Easter, and just the sweet, uncertain, fresh spring weather, in which Sylvia, if she had been treated properly, would have been wandering off for long walks with Mr. Ernbridge, and getting home late for everything. Mr. Harcourt decided that they ought to give

a party for me (I believe he wanted Mr. Martin to see Sylvia in a pretty light frock) and accordingly the party was given.

If Mr. Harcourt wanted to show his daughter to advantage, he succeeded. Sylvia never looked prettier than she did that evening. But it was evident enough that she wasn't looking pretty for Mr. Martin.

When the party was breaking up, and most of the guests had gone, I saw Mr. Ernbridge come hurriedly into the room where we had been dancing, through the door nearest Mr. Har-

court's library, and go straight to Sylvia, who was alone for the moment. He was saying more than good-night, I thought.

In a few minutes he came across the room and bade me good-night briefly, and went away. Sylvia came to me a moment later, the radiance gone from her face, and a little gleam of anger in her eyes.

"James spoke to her father just now," she said, beginning abruptly, "and father refused point-blank. He said, too, that James mustn't come here any more."

"Perhaps your father would listen to you more patiently," I suggested, not very hopefully.

"No I have spoken to him twice, and—of course, he spoke more kindly to me than to James; I think he was rude to him—but he asked me to give it up, that it was unwise, and I must not think of it, nor expect him to change his mind." I had often marvelled at Mr. Harcourt, but never before had I reason to marvel at his stupidity. Sylvia went on hastily:

"Gertrude, if I want you to do something for me, and the occasion for it arises suddenly, without my explaining what I want, you'll help me?"

"Count on my friendship for as much worth as there is in me," I said. "but don't put too great a strain on my intelligence."

"And if I am selfish or rude, you'll pardon it?"

"I shall be delighted to, when I discover it."

"You will discover it."

Just then Mr. Harcourt came into the room. Sylvia drew back a step as he came up. He asked if we had enjoyed the party, and I answered truthfully that I had. He was in a very good humour, and inclined to talk to us, I thought, though Sylvia neither spoke nor looked at him at all. I think he had under-estimated the effect of speaking rudely to James. But I'm not sure that he noticed her silence; he stood talking easily, telling us that tomorrow was Easter Friday, and recalling a number of Easter practices and superstitions, until he was interrupted by the "good-nights" of the last guests.

I had no chance for further talk with Sylvia that night, as she went immediately to help Miss Harcourt, whom the evening had fatigued somewhat.

The next morning as I passed Sylvia's door on my way downstairs, I knocked softly, thinking she might be later than usual after the party, but I received no answer. I was not surprised, for she was an habitually early riser, which I shall never be until I am completely reconstructed.

She had left me somewhat uncertain as to what part I was cast for in the coming drama, and the extreme doubtfulness of my recognizing it in time, if that were left to my own intelligence, made me hope uneasily for more explicit instructions. But it was a gloriously fresh morning, and the uncertainty was only pleasantly exciting—as my blunders were all in a vague and possibly blunderless future. So I ran downstairs, singing, and was crossing the wide, sunshine-flooded hall at anything but a walk when Mr. Harcourt appeared in the hall door. He bowed his ceremonious "Good-morning," then quoted, smiling,

"And oh, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so glad a sight."

I forgot the compliment in my haste to defend the climate.

"Then your poet never saw such an Easter sun as this, for nothing could be gladder."

"Yes, it is beautiful. Do you know if Sylvia is down yet? I haven't seen her."

"I think she is down; I knocked on her door in passing, and she did not answer."

Just then a servant came into the hall from the dining-room.

"Miss Sylvia has gone out, sir," she said. "She told me to give you this."

"Ah! thank you." Mr. Harcourt took the note from the maid's hand, and waited till she had gone, then, with a brief "Will you excuse me?" tore it open.

I went to the open hall door to get nearer the sweet weather, not dreaming how prompt Sylvia could be when once she had decided. But in a moment I faced about again, immeasurably startled by an exclamation more profane than appropriate from my host.

"Sylvia has gone to be married," he added. His voice shook, and his eyes were wide with amazement. I believe his first emotion was pure surprise. For my part I was only surprised by the suddenness, and I knew now that Sylvia, in withholding her confidence, had meant to leave me innocent of any complicity in her revolt, lest her father should be angry with me, not thinking how delighted I should have been to anger him in that way. Yet I was sorry for him, as I watched the amazement in his eyes fade, leaving room for hurt pride and wistful affection. It was only a few seconds, however, before he recovered command of himself and his own peculiar idea of what was proper took the dropped reins again. He picked up the envelope of Sylvia's note from the floor where he had dropped it, and opened the dining-room door.

"Will you pour out the coffee this morning, then?" he said, and stood aside courteously for me to pass. Then for the first time I admired him. It is inspiring to see a man stand to his guns, even if you think they are only toy-guns; perhaps you aren't such a good judge of artillery after all.

Events are slow in reaching me, like the light from distant stars, but by the time breakfast was over the fact of Sylvia's marriage had fairly entered my consciousness, and I was curiously beset by the thought that it was such a lonely way for an affectionate girl to be married. But I was credibly though obliquely informed later that no wedding is lonely, provided the bridegroom is there.

When we rose from the table, Mr. Harcourt asked me if I would look to the household a little, the servants might need some overseeing, and perhaps, also, I would be good enough to attend to his sister—she disliked servants' help. I undertook these duties readily; probably these were the things Sylvia had wished me to do, though I don't know another girl who would worry much about the small comforts of her family if she were eloping.

I knew Sylvia's clockwork household would run of itself for some time, but nevertheless I went into the kitchen as a matter of form, to make friends with the cook, and give her the impression, if possible, that I wasn't so very ignorant of matters in her department. These objects accomplished more or less successfully, I ran upstairs to Miss Harcourt's room, passing Mr. Harcourt on his way down. He had just left his sister.

I found her staring at the ceiling, her face a reproduction of what her brother's had been for those first three seconds in the hall. But in her eyes the amazement stayed, and she said not a word beyond the necessary civilities, while I assisted her to dress, and established her comfortably in her sitting-room, which adjoined the bedroom. Then I went down to the kitchen again to prepare her breakfast, her objection to hirelings extending even to hireling-made toast. When I took the tray up she ate her breakfast in silence, and when she had finished, she turned her still-amazed eyes to me and made her first allusion to Sylvia.

"This should be a warning to you, Gertrude, to regard your parents." The warning was not at all clear to me, as I thought Mr. Ernbridge a very nice young man indeed, and I longed to tell her that my parents would have reason to think I was lucky if I did as well. But it would have been as much as one's life was worth to be flippant in that house that day, so I merely said I thought it a girl's duty as well as her right to consider only her own will concerning her marriage. Whereat Miss Harcourt said her head ached, and would I draw down the blind, and give her the cologne, please.

Late in the morning I went into the drawing-room for a book I had been reading the day before, and found Mr. Harcourt prowling restlessly about, and looking out of each window as he passed it.

AN IDEAL BUST.

WOMAN'S MOST FASCINATING 'CHARM
NATURE'S GREATEST GIFT

Six inches bust development in thirty days guaranteed to any woman under seventy, no matter how flat, thin, bony, flabby, or shrunken her figure may be. How I accidentally discovered an almost incredibly simple means of obtaining a perfect bust.

My Grateful Message to all Womankind afflicted as I once was. Send today for everything I offer below absolutely Free, and begin developing your bust at once
SEND NO MONEY

No longer need any woman suffer the humiliation of a flat, scraggy chest, nor endure the thoughtless shafts of ridicule or pity which pierce the hearts of those unfortunate members of her sex who lack that distinguishing and essential hall mark of perfect feminine beauty—a Perfect Bust. For fifteen years I vainly longed for this alluring attraction, which Nature had denied me. Everyone's eyes seemed to centre upon my flat, scraggy chest, which plainly showed the outlines of the bones, and I keenly dreaded to wear a low-necked gown, for that only emphasised my glaring and humiliating defect. In my constant embarrassment I foolishly and vainly tried to disguise by means of false busts the shortcomings which completely overshadowed all other charms I possessed. But such an artifice deceived no one. Men even seemed to avoid me as a woman who looked like a man and one totally devoid of the feminine charms that attract them. I faithfully tried worthless and harmful pills and medicines, also massage, creams, exercises, vacuum appliances, electricity, prescriptions, and everything else I had ever heard of, but there were no beneficial results whatever, so I was finally obliged to give up in despair, and conclude that my condition was hopeless and must be due to hereditary causes, like being too tall or too short.

The miracle-working discovery which released me from this condition which I found so unbearable was purely accidental, and occurred as a climax to a curious train of events which I shall never cease to regard as providential. A dull, dreary world became gay and bright again. I felt like a butterfly newly burst from its cocoon. In a single month my busts were developed six inches, the hollows in my cheeks, neck, chest, and shoulders were quickly filled out and made marvellously smooth, graceful and fascinating in contour, and from a flat-chested, imperfect, angular, and masculine-appearing member of my sex I was transformed into the full-bosomed and sublime perfection of ideal womanhood. My secret is too good to selfishly keep for my own benefit alone, and I wish to share it with all womankind afflicted as I once was. I neither need nor desire the slightest profit for my trouble in explaining the method that did so much for me. I have nothing whatever to sell, and this offer is prompted by gratitude alone.

I found that the breasts, being the only organs in the human body which lie idle and out of use the greater part of one's lifetime, they positively can never be developed by treating them as though they were simple muscles or other organs in use daily with constant functions to perform. I firmly believe that the new and radically different method of development which I discovered is the only one in existence that takes this fact into consideration, and the utter failure of all the other methods, treatments, medicines, and appliances which I formerly used is thus fully

explained. Whatever may be the cause or causes of your undeveloped bust, or whatever your condition of health may be, you should find my method infallible. The first moment you feel the tingling, exhilarating action my treatment exerts, the forerunner of the splendid development soon to follow you will then be able to realize why it cannot fail to cause dormant tissues to rapidly develop as they awaken to new life.

Without knowing it, you already have the facilities for using the treatment in the strict privacy of your own home, unknown to your most intimate friends. My only caution to you is, do not use the treatment unless you really require at least three to four inches or more bust development. Do not use it to develop other parts of your body without developing the bust, for while it greatly improves the general health and fills out neck, shoulders, and chest, it is certain to act



These pictures show the wonderful bust development referred to in this article

primarily upon the mammary glands of the bust. As the development is permanent and cannot be reduced afterwards, be sure to discontinue the treatment as soon as your bust becomes exactly the size and firmness desired. Growth cannot continue after treatment is stopped, but on account of the strong stimulating action exerted, you may begin to gradually lessen the treatment as your bust begins to reach the required size and firmness.

Inquiries concerning my method have been so extremely numerous that, although many are letters from personal acquaintances, I have found it impossible to write a personal letter in reply to each. I have therefore decided to have a full description of my method printed in the form of a small booklet for free distribution to any ladies sufficiently interested to send me two 2 cent stamps for return postage. I have nearly a thousand of these booklets left, and this offer is made in the belief that they may prove of interest to the general public, as well as to my personal acquaintances. Simply send your name and address to Margarette Merlain (1038 L), Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., Eng., and while they last a regular copy of my booklet will be sent you by return post, sealed and in plain wrapping. Postage on a letter to England is 2 cents. Send me no money, for I have nothing to sell, and that is not my object in consenting to have this article published.

NOTE—On referring this new method of bust development to Dr. Colonnay, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, for a disinterested opinion of its efficacy, his report is as follows: "No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in this treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust." In view of this praise from the highest medical authority, rendered after careful examination of the treatment, there can be no hesitation in recommending it to every reader who requires anything of the kind.

"Stay here and read," he said. "It's the pleasantest room in the house at this hour." He pushed a chair into the sunshine for me, and I sat down and opened my book. I had hardly read three lines when I heard an abrupt movement, and looked up. Mr. Harcourt had just turned away from the window, out of which he had been gazing. I looked, and saw a florist's waggon standing at the gate. Mr. Harcourt had seen it, and drew a hasty inference.

"Martin is sending Sylvia some Easter flowers," he said. I stared at him, amazed at the bitter tone, and ambition never looked to me so mean a passion before. It was the most genuine expression I had ever seen on his face, except for those first unguarded moments that morning after he had opened Sylvia's note, and I forgot the ludicrous side of the matter, in pity for Sylvia and for him.

When the maid brought in the florist's box and gave it to me, his face changed immediately, and he put aside his trouble to appear interested in my pleasure.

"Ah, so you have admirers, too. I might have guessed in spite of your demureness." I don't strike myself as a particularly demure person, but I didn't expect him to talk wisely that day. Opening the box carefully, I gave him Mr. Martin's card, bending my face over the lovely white lilies, and almost forgiving Sylvia's father for wishing her to marry a man who had such good taste in flowers. At last I looked up, and held the box out for my host's admiration.

"Aren't they exquisite?"

"Yes, beautiful." He still held the card in his hand. "It was you, then, not Sylvia?"

"It was I, so far as it was anybody." His badly concealed surprise was amusing, though not complimentary. It seemed to me I could see his opinion of Mr. Martin going down like the mercury when one puts the thermometer outdoors on a cold morning. I could see also a slight modification of his views of Sylvia's conduct, and when I returned to the drawing-room with the flower-vase, I found that there was less tragedy and more expediency in the air than there had been since breakfast.

Scientific selfishness is strangely illogical in its working. Since Mr. Harcourt found that the brilliant marriage had never been within Sylvia's reach, and his own plan, undoubtedly the wisest for all concerned, had always been impossible of fulfilment, he was—well, in plain language, was in a much better temper. It was also open to him now to believe, if he chose to ignore a fact or two, that it was not his daughter who had defeated him, but circumstances.

"I did not tell you, I think," he said, as I sat my flower-vase down, "that Sylvia is coming here this afternoon?"

"No," I said surprised. "I supposed she had gone out of town."

"No, they are going at nine o'clock this evening. Sylvia's note said she would come this afternoon, if I would see her."

After luncheon, Mr. Harcourt went out into his garden—a love of flowers was one of his redeeming qualities—and he wandered about, contemplating the muddy spots where these would be in a few weeks, and finally he called me out to look at one particularly interesting spot. I was contemplating it with a polite show of interest when I heard the gate-hinge creak. Mr. Harcourt turned quickly. Mr. Ernbridge had pushed the gate open for Sylvia, but she stood just outside it, looking at her father. I believe he hesitated, but it was only for a second. Then he walked over several potential flower-beds, and took his daughter affectionately in his arms, and afterwards shook hands cordially with Mr. Ernbridge.

"You will stay to dinner, will you not?" he asked. "Gertrude, here, has been looking after your work, Madam Runaway, so I suppose there will be something to eat."

The old gentleman was very gracious to both all through that wedding-dinner, but I remembered the arrival of the flowers, and I gave him but small credit.

Katherine L. Johnston.

A Rural Church at Work

Its Existence Depends Upon Much More Than Sunday Service

By Ralph M. Pierce

Taking our country as a whole, the rural communities are largely provided with church buildings and organizations. But buildings do not produce results. Thousands of churches in the country districts are doing no effective work. The reason is that they have no power or program for reaching the people. In order to defend its right to existence, the rural church must accomplish more than the Sunday service. It must be the center of social activities for the whole community; in the words of days gone by, it must be "the country meeting house." A thorough going leadership, which appeals to and engages every part of the community life, must be employed, if the church is to maintain her place of usefulness in our rural districts. A preacher should be looked upon primarily as a minister, ministering to every need of the community. In no sense does this minimize his pulpit utterances; but the "personal touch" is being found to be the outstanding force in the work of our country districts.

A church in a small town in Southern Michigan may be mentioned as an example of the effectiveness of thorough-going leadership. Four years ago this church and society were nearly extinct. The minister's salary was \$400 a year, with a small broken-down house thrown in. To-day the church building has been enlarged and thoroughly renovated, the salary is \$1,200 and the membership has been trebled. The young man who was engaged to take up work in this important yet greatly weakened field set at his task by spending one whole year in educating his scattered forces to believe in extended work. He advocated reaching out everywhere and interesting every family in the neighborhood in some kind of useful work that could be undertaken every day in the week. After the first year he was able to do some very definite things that made the church indispensable to the life of the community.

An orchestra was organized among the young people. Though practice was never held in the church building, and the orchestra only occasionally played there, nevertheless the church rendered a substantial service as the promoter of the musical life of the people. Incidentally, many young persons who were previously unaffiliated with the church became faithful attendants at its services. A young men's club was organized. Strong speakers were secured from a near-by city—men who were interested in young men. This club did not confine itself to class or creed, but stood as an organization open to every young man of the neighborhood. Many young men became associated with the church because of the work of this club. The extension course of the state university was secured for the community, whereby lectures on agriculture, forestry, history and travel were given to the farmers with little or no charge. In many other places debate clubs, Bible-study and Mission-study classes, Boy Scout brigades and similar organizations have been successfully used to promote a widespread community work.

The country work department of the Young Men's Christian Association is a pioneer in the field of volunteer workmanship. Its theory for rural work is very little equipment, except in brains, energy and religious devotion. Every man and boy whom the association reaches is encouraged to become a "servant of the people." This principle has proved very effective as a stimulus for the association and has certainly made possible an extended work among the people.

It has been proved a mistake to "hitch" permanently a country church or school-house, where service is held on Sunday, to a town church. In almost every case where this plan has been followed the country work has failed. Because the town minister is not allowed to spend much time looking after the "out-appointment," and because nothing is ever attempted except the Sunday service, no appealing program is put before the people.



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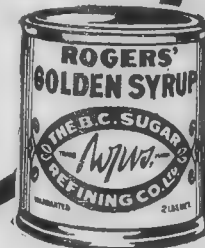
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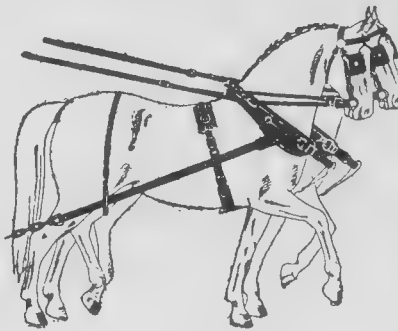
The flavor is full, rich and satisfying, yet not strong. The kiddies love it, of course, and it tastes mighty good to the grown-ups, too.

Just try Rogers' Golden Syrup yourself on griddle cakes, hot biscuits or bread. Use it in making Graham bread, cakes, gingerbread, puddings, candies or pop-corn balls. Let the children eat all they want of it—it's a wholesome, nourishing food as well as a delicious treat.

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Why Man of To-Day is only 50 Per Cent. Efficient

By Walter Walgrove

IF ONE were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire Canadian Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The Canadian man, because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The Canadian woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; makes the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent, to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon, and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it

distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so that it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at Room 251, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this article in The Western Home Monthly.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

Young People

The Story of a Broken Truce

My friend the trapper had spent half a year among the Crows when the noted Gray Bull was their chief.

"He was a man worth knowing," said Rayner, "and his son, Little Belt, who died shortly after I left their town, was an uncommonly bright young Indian. The two were captives of the Pawnees at one time, and the story of their escape will be told in their tribe, no doubt, as long as that tribe exists. Along with other Crows, Gray Bull and his son, then a lad of fifteen, attended a sun-dance down on the Running Water.

"Every four or five years one of the plains tribe would arrange for a big sun-dance, to which all the adjoining tribes, and many at a long distance, friends and enemies alike, were invited. The guests at this big fete were protected by a law which held every man's person and property sacred from the time he left his home lodge until he returned to it.

"Gray Bull had a sister among the Omahas who was not at the dance, but who sent him urgent word to come and visit her, as she did not expect to live very long. So the chief went with the Omahas, and took his son with him, to their town on the Missouri River.

"There the two stayed until the death of their relative, and then they set out to go home alone, relying for safety on the truce of the sun-dance. They would have avoided the towns of the Sioux and Pawnees, who were their enemies, but when they had reached the upper Loup, or Wolf River, they came suddenly upon a buffalo camp, newly pitched, of the Skidi Pawnees.

"We will go among them openly," said the chief to his boy, "for they will not dare to molest people returning from the sun-dance."

"Right there the chief was mistaken, for old Spirit Horse, his own worst enemy, happened to be the head man of this hunting-party. He listened to Gray Bull's story in sour silence, and then promptly told the Crow that he was a deceitful liar.

"You have," said he, "told us a pretty story, pretending to have had a sick relative among the Omahas, when you have been plotting with our deadly enemies, and have come here as a spy. Huh! You are a mangy dog!"

"He had his warriors strip Gray Bull of his arms and bind him fast. The Crow chief said nothing in his own behalf, but pleaded that his young son might be spared and allowed to go home in safety. With no little craft he admitted to the Pawnee some justification in taking his own life, but pointed out the serious consequences if they should kill a lad of tender years, who could not have broken the truce of the sun-dance by plotting.

"You cannot accuse the lad of stealing or killing," he said, "and should you take his life, the Sioux and the Crows and the Omahas will combine to avenge a broken law, which binds them all, and without which no one can safely attend our sacred dances."

"Over this question the Pawnees debated until after dark, then decided to let the boy go with his horse and his weapons. So Little Belt rode out of the buffalo camp crying and wailing for his father.

"This the cunning youngster did to excite the contempt of the Pawnees, who, indeed, shouted after him in the trade tongue, calling him a squaw, a coyote and a coward. When he was out of sight and hearing of the Pawnee camp, Little Belt wheeled and rode in an opposite direction, going in the teeth of a stiff wind, which had come up at sunset.

"He crossed the valley of the Loup, and near the foot-hills got off his horse, took his knife, and cut a heap of the long, dry grass of the bottom-land. Out of this cutting he braided a grass rope about the length of his picket-rope. Then he got out his flint, steel and punk, and after much trouble, on account of the wind, succeeded in setting the dry grass on fire.

"He mounted his horse, lighted an end of his grass rope, and rode in a wide circle, firing the tall, cured grass. In no time he had a broad sweep of flames racing toward the Skidi camp.

"This fire may burn my father," he said to himself, "but he will be glad thus to escape the torture of the Skidis. If I can't aid him to escape, I also will perish."

"And then he put the quirt to his pony, and ran in front of the big blaze he had set going. Down on the Pawnee village he raced, daring death in the flames which leaped after him.

"In the rolling smoke of the great fire Little Belt sought cover. He didn't need to use the quirt. His pony, hearing the roar of the flames at its heels, panting and coughing as it breathed the acrid smoke, strained every muscle to escape the terror behind.

"Blinded and sneezing, the young Crow worked frantically to effect a disguise of his person. He tore off his shirt and all his ornaments and flung them away, stripped himself to the breech-clout, and then untied his long braids and let his hair switch in the wind. His pony was a bay, with no distinguishing mark, and so, amid the smoke and excitement, he was prepared to play his part among the Skidi fugitives.

"His race was a desperate one; for the wind was now blowing a gale, and he felt the growing sting of the heat on his back. Twice his horse stumbled, and he believed himself lost; then the swift pony gathered its legs and sped on. The heat singed the hair of the animal's tail and rump, and blistered the back of the young Crow.

"But for a broad strip of ground over which the Skidi horses had fed and tramped, and which checked the swifter advance of the fire, Little Belt would never have reached the buffalo camp.

"The Skidis had seen the flames coming in time to rush out after their tethered ponies. When Little Belt dashed in among their lodges, the Pawnees had rushed their women and children into the river, and were frantically roping their rough teepees and dragging these also into the water.

"At home these Indians lived in towns of earth lodges, protected from fire, but on their buffalo hunts they carried rude skin tents not so well made as the teepees of the tribes round them.

"Several of these lodges were still standing when Little Belt found himself mixed with the crowd in a cloud of smoke. There was scarce an instant to spare, but the lad swiftly ran a noose, roped a teepee, and with the flames licking at his freight, dragged it into the river.

"There, in a slow current which ran to his horse's belly, the boy, with his mop of hair hanging over his face, was lost in a mob of Skidis of all sizes and both sexes, screeching and howling like a pack of coyotes.

"The cry of 'Omaha! Omaha!' frequently rose above the clamor; for the Pawnees believed for a few minutes that the Omahas were indeed upon them, and had set the prairie on fire to cover an attack. Their warriors crowded under the river-bank to be ready to repel the enemy.

"When the flames flared out on the bank in a terrific heat, the river channel was brilliantly lighted for a moment, and in that moment Little Belt's eyes searched for and found his father.

"Gray Bull was standing in mid-current, and a Skidi guard, with a rope round the chief's neck, stood beside him.

"A few seconds later the channel was darkened, only lighted dimly by the side fires which were reflected in the clouds overhead. Little Belt now rode boldly in among some horses which were being herded in the stream, held there by a cordon of boys and women. These could see him dimly, and yelled savagely at one whom they supposed to be of their own number, but too anxious to secure some animal of his own out of the bunch.

"In the midst of the herd Little Belt slyly jabbed pony after pony with the point of an arrow, and quickly had a

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THE LABEL

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mix-up where loose horses and horses with riders were plunging about amid flying spray and shrill maledictions.

"In this melee the young Crow selected a pony, roped it, and pushed out of the crowding bunch. His progress toward his father was impeded by no mounted horsemen, for the Skidi warriors were huddled under the river-bank or peering over it to watch for the approach of enemies, whom they expected to rush at them on the heels of the fire.

"Little Belt, apparently unable to control the horse he rode, now approached Gray Bull and the Pawnee guard. He so managed that his horse floundered in between them, and while the Skidi, shouting angrily, seized his animal by its muzzle and tried to force the pony back, the young Crow leaned over on the opposite side and swiftly cut the thong which bound his father's wrists.

"Gray Bull instantly divined all that had happened, darted under the pony's neck, seized the Skidi round his waist, and with an unexpected trip, bore him under water. In a twinkling the surprised Pawnee was strangled beyond the power of doing hurt. Gray Bull stripped him of his weapons and turned to mount the horse his son had dragged alongside.

"Some women close at hand had seen the brief struggle, and these tried to fling themselves upon the Crow chief; but he beat them off with his captured tomahawk, and while they yelled to raise an alarm, he jumped on a horse, and both Crows dashed away.

"So quickly had all this happened and so great was the general uproar that the Crows had climbed the river-bank before the alarm spread. Then, in a swift enlightenment, the mounted warriors went rushing in pursuit.

"The foremost of the Pawnees came out of the river not more than a bow-shot behind the two Crows.

"Ahead was a sweeping bend of the river; the fire had passed round this and had gained full head again. This head-fire reached the river at its farther loop just as the two riders came within sight of its lighted strip of water.

"The wind here blew a bunch of burning grass across, and quickly fanned into flames a new fire. Little Belt saw this, and with a wisdom born of recent experience, shouted in his father's ear:

"The fire has crossed! The fire has crossed! Let us ride before it!"

"Good!" cried Gray Bull. "The Skidi dogs will not dare!"

"In another minute they were racing their ponies alongside the jumping flames. Then hardily and gradually they bore in front of them. And now the two, with a fierce heat scorching their backs, raced with a peril no man would dare but for the imminence of Indian torture.

"This fire, as the other had done, gained headway and leaped faster and faster across the river-bottom. It was fairly upon the desperate Crows when they struck the higher ground and the short buffalo-grass. There they found a quick respite, and they rode under cover of the smoke along the spreading van of the fire until they could dart away over a hill and into the cover of darkness."

The best way to keep out of darkness is to keep the life filled with light. Opposite thoughts cannot occupy the mind at the same time.

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The Girl Who Was Impossible

Emily came in and sat down thoughtfully before the fire while Mrs. Phelps waited for her to take off her things and unburden her mind. At last she spoke.

"Mother," she said, "Margaret's impossible!"

"What do you mean?" asked her mother in real surprise. "I thought her charming; a little naive, it's true, but very genuine, and I was rejoicing that you had a cousin of your own age to be with you this winter. Just what is the matter? Don't the other girls like her?"

"Yes, and that's just what I don't understand. They're usually so exacting, yet I never saw any one so quickly popular as Margaret. But she makes no distinctions; she'll speak to any one. Why, this afternoon, on our way to the matinee, she helped some old woman with her bundles, found her a seat in the car, and then, I firmly believe, listened to the whole family history. It was just the same way when she hunted the city half over to find the address that stupid Swede wanted. She nearly made us late for the concert, and The Rogers"—Emily spoke the name in hushed Roman capitals—"were with us. They were amused, but then, she's not their cousin."

"You must remember," said Mrs. Phelps, gravely, "that Margaret was the minister's daughter in a little country town, and that it's always been her privilege to know every one, to speak to anybody, and to help in all ways."

"Oh, that's all very well for a little village like Neeleton, but in a big city she ought to understand the difference," answered Emily. "If she does anything gauche when we go to see Flora Barker to-morrow—well, she can just go alone after that," and the girl walked out of the room with her wraps and her grievance.

But at dusk the next afternoon a different Emily came into the room. She was laughing a little, yet somehow her whole manner was softened and a little apologetic.

"I'm a chastened spirit," she announced. "I'll tell you all about it, only don't laugh at me, please, and don't think me snobbish. We went, you know, and when we got there the hall was cram-jam full; not a seat to be had, just standing-room. And after we'd scrambled for places, the first thing Margaret did was to push me in front of her."

"You're such a little thing, Emily," she said, "that I can see right over your head." Then she actually took off her own hat because she was sure she was too tall with it on. Informal? Oh, yes, but she was so jolly and bright and inspiring that I couldn't feel cross or dignified; and at last one of the women we'd been talking to—yes, we did, and I didn't know them, either, and I'm not a bit ashamed—said to her, 'My dear, if you weren't here to alleviate the suffering of my poor, tired knees I simply couldn't stay.'

"Then at the intermission what do you think happened? Madame Bishop—her seats were next where we were standing—came out, and said to Margaret, 'Child, I've watched your eyes dancing with more pleasure than I've looked at the stage. My friend and I are going out now; won't you take our places? And haven't I seen you at our Altar Guild? Come and see me some Thursday.'

"Think, Madame Bishop, whom every one wants to know, and who, usually, wants to know no one. And yet, it isn't just because she is she, but it's that Margaret's Margaret," Emily ended, a little incoherently. "And that I'm beginning really to understand. Margaret's a dear."

Contrary English Language

We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes.
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
You may find a lone mouse on a whole nest of mice.
But the plural of house is houses, not hie.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?

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Price, complete with shafts and rubber mat, square corner box **57.00**
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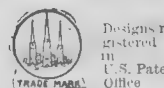
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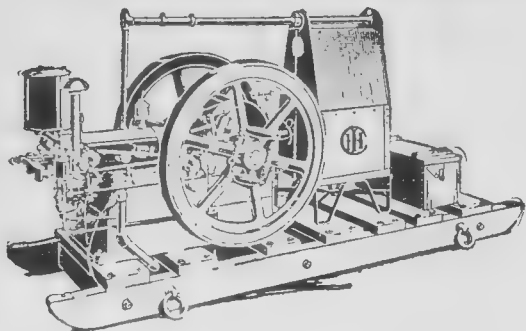
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The cow in the plural may be cows or kine.
But the bow if repeated is never called bine.
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.
If I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would the pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and the whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this and the plural is these.
Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese?
Then one may be that and three may be those.
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,
But though we may say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis, and shim!
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the funniest language you ever did see.

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The Box that Prairie Corners Filled

By Margaret W. Beardsley

THE missionary society was an innovation in the Prairie Corners church. Even the new minister, with all his energy and advanced methods of work, hardly believed it advisable.

But the minister's wife persisted. She had shown herself wise in her generation by forming a young people's society. The meetings, somewhat of a social nature, were held in the evening; and young men were even more heartily welcomed than their sisters, for the youths of Prairie Corners were not intensely interested in church affairs.

Indeed, an age qualification for activity in this line had become so fixed that even regular attendance at church for a boy between the ages of sixteen and twenty, in the eyes of his fellows presaged calamity—the breaking down of health, or perhaps an early death.

There were other attractions outside of the church where the age line was not so clearly defined, and there were some homes where at family prayers the petitions for the youth brought a quiver to the voice. Thus, when the missionary meetings flourished under efficient leadership, and grew popular beyond belief and to the exclusion of pleasures less wholesome, the minister's wife and her undertaking received the indorsement and hearty support of the older generation of Prairie Corners.

It was in the autumn, when the missionary society was approaching its first birthday, that the question of a missionary box began to be discussed. The minister's wife had a judicious way of introducing such matters.

The breakfast-table at Farmer Riggs's was fairly representative of a score of others the next morning after the decision to pack a missionary box had been made. As one's sympathy is naturally directed toward those differing in condition, it was not strange that a home missionary family in a Northern logging town had been chosen to be the recipient of Prairie Corners' generosity. "Do you suppose, mother," asked Dora, "that we have anything good to send?"

Mrs. Riggs, divided in attention between the pouring of coffee and the baby's demands for more sugar on his oatmeal, raised perplexed eyebrows. "I am sure I couldn't tell, dear. What do they put in missionary boxes?"

"Why, clothes and—"

"Good warm overcoats, that look like new," put in George, "nice black suits,—Prince Albert style,—and silk dresses just home from the dressmaker's. that didn't quite suit, but fit the missionary's wife to a T. Got a closet or two packed with articles like that, mother?"

"George!" protested Dora. "Of course we haven't anything of that kind, but there might be something that the children had outgrown," she added, doubtfully. "Our missionary has three children—a girl of eight, a boy of five and a baby."

"Let's take an inventory of available articles on hand—that's what the book said to do," proposed George, "and no more joking. Herbert, what is your last winter's overcoat like?"

"It's like a ragman, that's what it's like. The puppy tore it all up, and you needn't think I'm going to wear it, George Riggs!" cried six-year-old Herbert, who had been too engrossed with honey and muffins to grasp the drift of the question. "My mama's going to get me a spick-spacker new one, aren't you, mama?"

"No coat for the missionary there," announced George. "Myrtle, how's your last year's Sunday dress?"

"Mama let down the skirt, and I'm wearing it to school."

"Not a favorable chance for a dress for the eight-year-old girl," commented George.

"If we could get seamstresses whenever they were needed, we might get clothes enough ahead so that some would be outgrown," said Mrs. Riggs. "I'm afraid the missionary's family are no worse off in that way than we are."

"It seems to me," said George, "that what this man needs more than anything else is a horse and a cow, and feed for them. He walks eight miles to preach, and they can't get anything but condensed milk."

"Better charter a car and send them along," laughed Mr. Riggs.

"Dode," said George to his sister, with some abruptness, later in the day. "I don't see why we can't do it."

"Do what?" asked Dora.

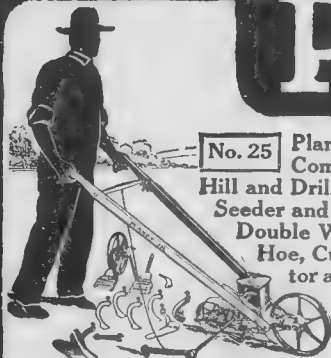
"Do as father said. Gather a car-load or so of stuff and ship it up to the missionary. We could do that easily, but the millennium will be here before we could get a respectable box of clothes ready."

"That's so," assented his sister. "It's as mother says. It isn't the getting of clothes, but the making of them that's the difficulty here. And there is not a family anywhere about that's a bit better off than we are."

"I guess we'd better talk it up among the rest before we mention it to Mrs. Brayman. She doesn't know any more about filling a car than we do about a genuine regular missionary box. When we find out exactly what we can do, it will be time enough to explain the situation to her."

"Filling a car" was a work in which the prairie people were at home. There was not a farmer of them who did not ship several carloads of cattle and hogs annually; and they joined together in sending many a load of fine horses to the Eastern market. There had been a

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No. 4 Planet Jr Combined Hill and Drill Seeder, Wheel Hoe, Cultivator and Plow

This is a practical every day time-, labor-, and money-saver. It combines in a single implement a capital seeder, an admirable single wheel hoe, furrower, wheel-cultivator, and a rapid and efficient wheel garden plow. Sows all garden seeds in drill or in hills 4, 6, 8, 12 or 24 inches apart.



No. 11 Planet Jr Double Wheel Hoe, Cultivator, Plow and Rake

The greatest cultivating tool in the world for the grower of garden crops from drilled seeds. It has steel frame. The plow opens furrows for manure, seed, etc. and can be reversed for covering. The cultivating teeth are adapted for deep or shallow work and for marking out. Crops can be worked both sides at once until 20 inches high.

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universal decline in enthusiasm attend ant on the breakfast conference in the various houses, and George Riggs's proposal brought a rise of spirits. Naturally the boys led the planning, although the girls were on hand with helpful suggestions.

"If we do this," said Tom Jocelyn, "it's going to cost considerable to run a car up there. Suppose we undertake that and see what our fathers will do toward filling it."

"I think we'll need two cars," said Ned Richards. "There's mighty little grazing in that country at any time, and a car-load of provender wouldn't do much more than run a horse and cow through until they could get more."

"That's a fact," acknowledged George. "But whew! I wonder if we are good for sixty dollars a car? It won't be much less, anyway."

"Ministers travel on half fare," put in Tom's sister Ruth. "Perhaps the company would take off on a missionary box."

"That's a girl for you!" cried George, admiringly. "Which of you fellows would have thought of that?"

"Well, now that Ruth has thought of it," said Ned, "why can't our secretary—Dode, there—write to headquarters and find out, straight from the general freight-agent, just what the cars could be had for?"

When the letter of inquiry from the secretary of the Prairie Corners Missionary Society reached the office of the general freight-agent, it made more of a stir than a proposition involving the handling of thousands of cars with their corresponding revenue.

"Talk about philanthropy," said an under-secretary to his assistant, as they sorted the mail. "Here's a little missionary society in Iowa that's going to send a box to the pinneries; and they want rates, not for a hundred-and-fifty-pound box, but for cars! Two of them, mind you!"

To the great man of the office the matter came as a refreshing breath in the dusty scramble for profit. He read the ingenious appeal twice, smiled over it, and took ten minutes to look up the locality of the writer.

"I think," he remarked to his stenographer, "that it will pay. Good deeds supposedly bring their own reward, but in this instance I believe there is certain profit from the sordid, money-making point of view as well. There isn't a richer shipping section in the West, and we are not the only line that taps it. Good-will in such a situation is invaluable."

And he dictated this letter:
Miss Dora Riggs,

Sec. Prairie Corners Miss. Soc.

Dear Madam. Your letter of the 1st inst. at hand. In reply we beg leave to say that we will place at your disposal two cars as requested, and deliver the same when filled at the destination named free of charge, providing the goods to be handled are of value warranting this expenditure. We have instructed our local agent in regard to this matter.

(Signed) A. P. McMillan,
Gen. Freight Agt.

In the meantime the members of the society had made a canvass in the interests of the box.

"We cannot afford to be niggardly in this matter," said one man, in a conference with several of his neighbors. "I don't know how it has been with you, but I know that my boy has been worth more to me this summer than ever before, in the way of being dependable; and I count it up to the missionary society, and the influence of our minister's wise little wife."

A man in the group turned and faced the other way. His boy was one of the most active members of the society, and was an officer and constant attendant of the Prairie Corners Sunday-school. The year before he had been burdened with the fear that this same son was growing away from him. There are values not to be counted in dollars and cents, but a channel for the expression of gratitude makes rejoicing easy.

"I have a horse," he said, turning about again, "that would suit a minister to a dot. Good driver, not too large, but sure-footed and strong, and so gentle that a baby could crawl over her; and

I," his voice shook a little, "shall be glad of the privilege of giving her."

So the stone was set rolling. Baled hay, oats, corn and ground feed, enough to fill one car, were quickly offered. A cow was given as freely as was the horse. Some one had a buggy that his family had outgrown, and another furnished a sleigh for the winter.

The housewives were not to be outdone. There was canned fruit, pickles, honey, vegetables, apples, cured meats, in quantities that no home missionary's wife had ever dreamed of. The principal grocer of the nearest town was allowed to contribute a bag of sugar, and a barrel of flour was received from the miller.

Everything was assured when George Riggs rose at the meeting of the society to say that after careful investigation, they found they could not send the regulation missionary box.

"But, George," interrupted distressed Mrs. Brayman, "we have already committed ourselves. We cannot do what a rich city church could, but in a small way—"

"No, we can't," said George, bluntly. "We found that out right off; but if the missionary would be satisfied with a cow and a horse and feed to last them all winter, and all the provisions his family could use—we have two car-loads promised."

"Two car-loads!" gasped Mrs. Brayman. "You don't know what you are talking about. I think they would be satisfied! But the cost of sending the things. You couldn't do it!"

But when they had assured her that they did know what they were talking about, and had told her of the railroad company's courtesy, she did what the missionary's wife might be expected to do later on—sat down and cried over the greatness of their scheme until Tom Jocelyn, to relieve the tension, said:

"Don't feel so badly, Mrs. Brayman. The girls are making some comforts, and we have a few blankets to go; and we thought the money we expected to pay for the cars would help out on clothes, if they didn't have other things to buy. It will make it a little bit like the genuine article, won't it?"

Then the minister's wife laughed, and declared she felt like kissing every one of them, boys and all; and the boys said they would not mind if the minister did not. The meeting was given over to rejoicings, until Ned said that if they did not come to order and make arrangements for the shipping, the thanksgiving would all stay at that end of the line.

The missionary at Plankville was standing by the window, looking out at a gray sky. The winter was coming, and the decision that he had kept ahead of him must be made soon. A fine fire was making the kettle hum on the stove back of him, and the drafts of the airtight heater in the room beyond had been closed to keep the temperature from rising too high. There was a bountiful supply of wood in the back shed. The family would not freeze. They would be able to keep quite comfortable in that respect, but—and the missionary drew his lips in closely—they could not eat fire!

"Dear," he said, involuntarily speaking the thought in his mind as he turned from the window, "a man has no right to marry if he has a calling to the home missionary field."

It had been a very serious buttonhole that the little woman in the low chair had been engaged upon the minute before, but she broke into a merry laugh at his words, and shook the small pair of trousers in his face.

"And don't you think, sir, that women have calls to the home missionary field as well as men? And I do think it is not kind of you to, want them to go off by themselves among strangers, with nobody to look after them, when they might marry a nice missionary, and," she quoted, opportunely, "live happy ever after."

He did not laugh back at her. He was a man, and could not do those things.

"I thank God that you have been happy so far," he said, huskily.

"You know we are to get a missionary box soon. Don't worry, dear."



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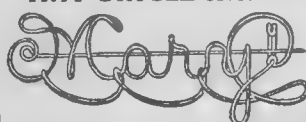
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"Oh, yes, a missionary box. I think I have some writing to do."

"A missionary box from Prairie Corners!" he repeated to himself, when he was safely behind the door of the study. He had been brought up in the country, and in imagination he filled what George Riggs called a regulation box from the surplus stores of the ordinary farmhouse. "We don't need clothes so badly, anyway. If we could eat them!"

He took up his pen and began a letter to the board. They were hopelessly behind on the amount scheduled for the year, and living was high in the logging town. He wrote that he thought it necessary to ask for the amount needed to send his family home for the winter.

In the other room a tear dropped from the little woman's eye, and fell on the solemn buttonhole. She knew exactly what he was doing. She could not bear to think of him coming back from those long tramps in the bitterness of winter to a cold house, and no knowing what kind of a supper! There was no question in either mind of giving up the work.

"Mama," asked little Theodore, regarding her curiously, "is papa sorry he married us?"

The laugh came straight back. "Sorry? I guess not! He's as glad as anything."

A knock at the door interrupted further assurances.

"Does the Reverend Edward Kennedy live here?" asked Ned Richards, from Prairie Corners.

"I came through with your missionary box, sir," he explained, when Mrs. Kennedy had called her husband to the door. "Could you come down to the depot and see about it?"

The missionary tried to be hospitably interested in the young man, as they walked back to the depot; but he kept wondering what his wife had in the way of food for a stalwart farmer lad's supper, and how long he would think of staying. The idea of bringing a box!

"It's these two cars on the side-track. I was glad to see you had a stable, sir. Dolly and Fan will be pleased to get into quiet stalls again."

The agent, curious and interested, bustled about, opening doors. Dolly put out a smooth nose and whinnied at Ned, and the cow and a huge coop of holiday fowls came into view.

"It's a good deal colder here than it was home," said Ned. "I was afraid the apples and potatoes might get frosted, but they are all right yet."

"You ought to get them up to the house before night," said the agent. "Bill Powers is in from the camp with one of the company's wagons. He'll be glad to help. I'll just step over and tell him."

The loquacity of the agent had not hidden the fact that the missionary had not spoken after Ned had pointed to the cars on the side-track; and he had kept his face away since the contents of the first car had been displayed. Ned was afraid.

"You see, we could not manage the right kind of a box, sir."

The missionary turned and put his arm round the boy, instead of taking his hand, as he thought he was doing. He had forgotten, too, that it is only women who weep over good fortune. "We hadn't provisions to last two weeks," he said, "and I was going to send my wife home for the winter."

Selecting Stories for Children

In selecting a tale for young children an important thing for the novice to consider is its length, and here the size of the audience must be counted with as well as the class of homes it represents. Your own child, for instance, who is accustomed to conversation, and has already some command of language, would hear and profit by a story twice as long, perhaps, as would a neglected street waif to whom the exercise is altogether new. It is generally conceded that children of five to seven years do not give close and voluntary attention for more than fifteen minutes at a time, and ten minutes will generally be found quite enough for a really finished tale, while the first essays in the art

need not occupy a third of this time.

The language in which the narrative is clothed must be conceded to be a subject of some importance if we believe that the child is learning the beauties of his mother-tongue as he listens. If, therefore, there be any member of the club who is conscious that early associations are stronger than education in her case, and that her expressions are not always absolutely correct, it would be well for her to memorize the tale entirely, lest she propagate her errors by trusting too much to her own method of speaking.

Telling Stories to Little Children

When we speak of telling stories to the little people, prose narratives seem to be commonly understood, and as commonly used, but there is no mistake greater than to suppose that children are not susceptible to the charms of poetry. They care more for it, on the contrary, than the majority of grown people, whether for the melody, the rhythm, the rhymes, the short lines, the simplicity and picturesqueness of expression, or for all these reasons together, which makes it a thing pleasantly different from common speech. Goethe advised that every child should see a pretty picture and hear a beautiful poem every day, and if we would not banish the charm of poetry from mature life it behooves us to follow his advice and subject the child to its influence at the time of greatest susceptibility.

We must beware, however, of giving a one-sided development by confining ourselves too much to one branch of literature; we must include in our repertory some well-selected myths, fairy stories which are pure and spiritual in tone, and a fable now and then, Nature stories, hero tales, animal anecdotes, occasional narratives about good, wholesome children, neither prigs nor infant villains, plenty of fine poetry, as has been said, and, for the older ones of the family, legends, allegories and historic happenings. These must be administered according to the age and development of the little ones under our care, and diversified to suit their several and particular needs. More explicit or fuller directions can hardly be given without knowledge of the special case in question.

All Children Love the Old Favorites

A large stock of stories is not essential for little children. They feel, as Bulwer said, the beauty and the holiness that dwell in the customary and the old; and they are well pleased—and it is best that it should be so—with hearing the same old favorites repeated again and again, in song or in story, from their mother's lips.

As to the sources whence our repertory may be drawn, the various kindergarten magazines are glad to furnish expert advice on the subject; the Literature Committee of the International Kindergarten Union lately published a long and well-selected list of books suitable for the purpose, and the National Congress of Mothers has lately sent out a pamphlet on children's literature which is very carefully classified.

There is no lack of material; there is no lack of advisers; there is certainly no lack of hearers, for, failing children of our own, there are always the waifs of the hospitals, asylums, shelters, refuges and foundling homes to whom every right-minded woman's thoughts must go out in love and pity. No, there is no lack but one—that of desire to enter upon a work that blesses him that gives and him that takes, and only one place to find it—in your own heart.

William had left home at the tender age of thirteen to be a grocer's clerk. This was his first day. Mrs. Blaine came into the store and asked:

"How much are these chickens?"

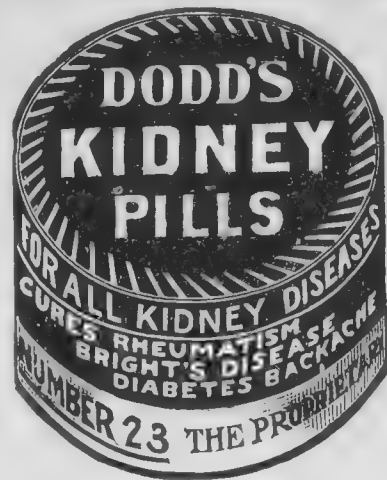
"We sell them at twenty-five cents a pound," William replied.

"Certainly, ma'am. They were twenty-two cents yesterday."

"Do you raise them yourselves?"

Laughter is the honey on the dry bread of care and toil.

—Mark Twain.



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The Deacon and the Oracle

By Hugh Pendexter

SOME of Deacon Sprout's neighbors contended he withdrew from the fields of industry shortly after his marriage; others, forming the stronger faction, firmly insisted he had never earned his keep. The deacon was oblivious to such gossip and followed an unhurried path with his complacency benignly framed in a silvery white fringe of chin whiskers. Despite the occasional ruffling of his placidity by domestic breezes it would be conservative to estimate his contentment at ninety-nine per cent. This high average was made possible by his ever maintaining the role of non-combatant.

On this particular morning he tarried, patiently, until Mrs. Sprout should finish her complaint. He had heard it so many times that he could gauge within a few words, the conclusion of her remarks. But for some reason she was now unusually prolix and his false start for the door incited her to repetition.

"I slave and slave," she bitterly reminded, flinging a fan of water from the sink. "And with the chickens and Hetty's money we manage to worry along. If she didn't teach school I guess we'd hear them talking on the poor farm mighty plain."

"The Lawd will—!" he experimented, soothingly, his left foot developing a tendency to retreat.

"The Lawd ain't a fool," she shrilly obtruded. "And He ain't going to work any miracles here in Peevy's Mills for the benefit of a man who don't do nothing but hang around Tibbetts' store, smoking terbaccer he can't pay for."

The deacon's blue eyes winced in pain as he feebly protested, "My dear, you're harsh on me. You know I'm trying to sell the stump-plot and must go where I may find a buyer."

"Huh!" she sneered, rattling a pan. "Stump-plot! Why, Otis Sprout, you can't git more'n twenty dollars for it if any one was fool enough to buy. You've spent more'n a score of years trying to sell it. If I was a man I'd hate mortally to have folks say my wife and daughter supported me!"

"Some times I wish I'd been a human wolf," he lamented. "Mebbe you'd be happy then, with your lap full of ill got gold."

"A decent dress once a year would seem masterly comforting," she sniffed. "I ain't heard of any one begging you not to be a wolf, or any other varmint that can bring home the cost of the victuals he eats."

The deacon frowned and made a double chin; then, more carefully weighing her watchful eye, his expression changed to one of self-pity, and, sighing, he gently observed, "When I'm dead and gone—"

"Your wife and child will have to grub and pay the funeral bills," she snapped. He did not pause to light his pipe until around the curve in the road.

Some time, he bitterly promised himself, he would let out a notch and forget all kindly impulses and be a wolf; and his amiable, weak face took on the determination of a rabbit. Then he would take his place as head of the house and have done with fault finding. For nearly a minute his thoughts followed this heroic trend.

Then, his short, stocky form straightened, and the whisker was elevated as his bespectacled eyes became alert in their daily search for trifles. For his quiet quest for a purchaser of the stump-plot left him much leisure, and he employed it in seeking out odd bits of village life. As Peevy's Mills was small and his opportunities unabridged, he was often reduced to considering the immaterial; such as an extra hinge on the parsonage gate, a new plank in the post office platform, or a load of sand before the lawyer's office. He derived great pleasure in the serene contemplation of these minutiae and was, undoubtedly, the best versed man in trifles of all in the village. He could tell, off-hand, how long it took Tibbetts to distribute the mail on any night, how many nails the carpenter used when working for the town, the ratio of sugar to tobacco, as purchased by the

overseer of the poor, and so on, to the exhaustion of all matters of utter insignificance. So radical a discovery as a stranger in the village would furnish him exciting food for reflection for several days.

Thus, it was not surprising that on reaching the Binker block, a two-storey frame building, and on beholding a placard in several colors, his eyes should pop very wide and he should remove his pipe in concentrating his gaze. It was not an advertisement for liniment, or baking powder, and the immensity of his find caused him to fall back a few steps. No; it was something with a human personality behind it, something not to be rashly wasted. And he gazed anxiously up and down the street in apprehension some one had preceded him. Then, with fears allayed, he enjoyed a conjectural scrutiny for nearly a minute. Next, as his curiosity clamored for more, he cautiously advanced until he could spell out even the small type.

He read: "Professor William Feather. Palm Reader, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium. Past and Future Revealed for 25 Cents. Horoscope 5 Cents Extra."

The deacon's eyes sparkled. Here was entertainment for the entire day. The broken pane of glass in Tibbetts' store, the shingling of Mott Stacey's barn, and such like, might do for a rainy day, but now the placard demanded his undivided attention. It might surpass the Indian doctor's visit of a month ago. He thrilled with new enthusiasm as he carefully inventoried the possibilities. Like rare old wine, it must be slowly sipped.

The "Professor" evidently occupied a room on the upper floor, the one lately vacated by a disgusted physician. The physician had fallen a victim before his modernism; he had introduced the speaking-tube. The innovation remained. Toward this the deacon slowly moved, combing his whisker meditatively.

As he deliberated, the sound of some one whistling filtered through the tube, and the deacon, applying his lips to the mouth-piece, ejaculated, "Hey!"

* * *

The deacon ignored the porch to indulge in the unusual offense of entering by the front door. Then before Mrs. Sprout could assemble her resentment he tossed his hat to the sofa, and instead of sidling to the dinner table—like one about to steal second-base—he stepped forward brazenly and criticized the board with no attempt at concealment. Mrs. Sprout was so confused in her assortment of possible rebukes that she made the best of none, and only spluttered inarticulately.

The deacon paced to the other side of the table and pursed his lips in disapprobation. Then he asked, "Is this all you've got?"

His inquiry was epic. Never in all their married lives had he presumed to comment, except flatteringly, on her cooking. The situation was too vast for immediate reply; she could only shudder. Perhaps she had misunderstood.

"I was saying, is this all you've got?" he repeated. Before her emotions could garb themselves in fitting language and rush forth and overwhelm him, he continued: "Because, if it is, I shan't have much heart to attend to my real estate business."

Her pulsing tongue now prepared to speak, and her gaze, recovering from astoundment, was explosive. But before she could manoeuvre her words he thrust her back in a bewilderment by producing a roll of bank notes and tossing them on to the sewing machine, and explaining "Merely a hundred for the stump-plot. Now hustle around and warm up these victuals."

On leaving the house after dinner he lighted his pipe in the front hall and left the screen door open. "Have some cream biscuit for supper," he directed over his shoulder. "I'm off to sell the south meader."

The verdict of Tibbetts' store was to the vernacular effect that the deacon was getting to feel too big for his shoes.

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1914

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Just why he should take on extra caste no one pretended to say. It was sufficient to know he no longer counted his change before buying tobacco. Instead, he had grown into the rakish custom of slamming down a quarter on the counter and leaving it unwatched while he loafed over to the whip rack.

"Where does he git so many dimes?" repeated Mott Stacey, after the loungers had argued a vain circle in search of a clue.

"Tibbetts bought his stump-lot," began the blacksmith.

"And he ain't spent a penny of it," informed Tibbetts. "He was counting it in here this morning and he had it all."

"Wal, it gits me," surrendered Mr. Stacey.

"What gits me the most is that Tibbetts should buy the danged lot," mused the blacksmith, with an undercurrent of sympathetic regret. Tibbetts hesitated, and then confessed: "Say, fellers, I bought it on the strength of what that fortune teller down in the Binker block said. I paid a fancy price. You'd say I was crazy, but wait till I can tell everything. I'll have news inside of a week that'll make you all set up and hark."

"Fortune telling is all lies," sagely declared the blacksmith.

"No, siree! Not by a long chalk!" cried Mr. Stacey, his face very sober. "Lem me say this, and laff if you will; but my woman give that professor a quarter, and by Judas! he told her things about her past that I'd swore I and she knew alone. What d'ye think of that? And say, he told me—in a dreamy sort of a way he has when he goes into a tramp—he said he could smell shingles."

"Shingles!" muttered the blacksmith.

"I said so," coldly assured Mr. Stacey.

"What more, he said, he could see 'em."

Then he said he couldn't see so many as he could smell. Then he gives a sharp cry and bleats out that he can see the shingles on my barn and that the carpenter is holding back a few bundles. Don't ye see? He could smell what ought to be there. And, dang it, fellers! I found I'd ben cheated out of three bunches."

"He told Amanda Holly she was going to marry Jim Peters," contributed Tibbetts in a low voice. "Of course, I went in there for fun. But when he up and said he could see a stump-lot covered with gold and could even see a sign, telling who wanted to sell it, I hiked out mighty quick to buy. Darned if I didn't find Otis lolling by the door. We dickered."

"He told the milliner," added Mr. Stacey, "that her father had a wart on his nose and prayed in his sleep—which we can vouch for—and how her uncle was run over by a mowing machine."

"Wal, if you fellers crack him up so high I guess I'll go down and investigate," pompously announced the blacksmith, rising.

"Want me to go with you?" asked Mr. Stacey.

"No," cunningly decided the smith; "he don't know me from Sam Hill, and by going alone I'll see if I can't cut his comb."

The blacksmith was skeptical by nature. The one thing that incited him to waste a quarter was the knowledge that hard-headed Lem Tibbetts had been influenced to throw away considerable money on a worthless stump-lot.

"Hello, Whitten," greeted a lazy voice, and the smith looked up to behold Deacon Sprout leaning carelessly against the side of the Binker block.

"How d'ye do, Otis. Professor in?"

The deacon yawned, and shook his head, saying: "I dunno. I don't keep track of him. Guess he's up there."

"Thought I'd go up for a joke," grinned the smith. "Jest to bedevil him, ye know."

The deacon resumed resting his left shoulder against the building and by his silence seemed to have lost all interest in his townsman's purpose. The smith paused a few seconds, expectantly, and then slowly mounted the stairs.

It was fully fifteen minutes before he descended, and his flabby eyes contained a new light. He passed the deacon without speaking, but paused, once clear of the steps, and turned and laughed awkwardly.

"Queer cuss, aint he, Otis?"

"I din'no," sniffed the deacon, dropping listlessly on the steps. "I ain't got no money to fool away on fortune tellers."

"But, Otis," reproached the smith, gravely, "we shouldn't be in too much of a hurry to cry a man down jest because we don't understand his powers."

The deacon conceded this with a weak, bored nod, and began filling his pipe. "Ye see," earnestly continued the smith, "he may be a seventy son of a son, or some sort of stuff like that."

"Tell ye anything?" drowsily asked the deacon.

"Told me my full name and said I was named Amos, after my father," whispered the smith in an awed voice.

"Said I was troubled with sciatic rheumatiz and was trying to git a bigger pension. Deacon, it was simply amazing the way that man prowled around in my past life."

"What did he say as to the future?" murmured the deacon, critically examining a dead match before flipping it away.

The smith coughed several times and then explained: "I was so much took up with the past I plumb forgot to ask about anything else. Wal, hm! huh! so long." And whistling in a false key, he turned and walked up the street. The

deacon removed his pipe and stared after him intently.

As though there was something hypnotic and all compelling in the gaze aimed at his stooped shoulders, the smith began to walk more slowly, pausing at every other step and evidencing indecision by half facing about. At the corner he halted and wheeled and began retracing his steps. Simultaneously the deacon became oblivious to things mundane and huddled his white head over his knees.

"I say, Otis," said the smith, stopping and rocking on his heels; "I was thinking last night about that south meadder of you'n. What's it worth?"

The deacon raised his head and eyed his questioner vacuously, then replied, "South meadder? Oh, the south meadder, eh? I dunno as I care to sell. Guess I'll throw it into the west field."

"You was asking two hundred last spring," ruminated the smith.

"And upwards," mildly corrected the deacon.

"Wal, I'll give the two hundred," heavily breathed the smith.

"No, Amos," gently returned the deacon, "I've been feeling right along it would bring me good luck some day. I ain't superstitious, but it seems even now as if I heard voices whispering, 'Don't sell!'"

"What'll ye take?" feverishly barked the smith.

The deacon cautiously elevated his gaze for a moment and slowly replied, "Jest four hundred dollars, and not hankering to sell."

"It's a bargain," snapped the smith, mopping his brow. "When can we sign the papers?"

"As I'd prob'ly change my mind if I slept on it, I'll go along now and we can git Lawyer Peasely to settle things at once."

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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

As they walked up the hot, dusty street, the smith several times turned and gazed anxiously back. As they breasted Tibbetts' store he muttered, "Wonder if that feller can tell the future?"

"Some things he tells comes true," murmured the deacon.

At the end of the second week Mrs. Sprout's sharp face had collected several new wrinkles of worry, and the fact that her husband had brought home the fruits of the south meadow was no alleviation. For the advent of much money was coupled with domestic defying traits in the deacon that hurt. Whereas, he had been meekly thankful for whatever was set before him in the way of viands he now developed an exacting, irritating streak. One day he went so far as to stop at the village inn for dinner. This undreamed of precedent not only set Peevy's Mills by the ears, but influenced Mrs. Sprout to the angry belief it was a direct impeachment of her cooking.

"Otis, when is this to end?" she demanded one noon, as he, after superciliously inspecting the raisin pie, lighted his pipe in the dining room.

"I ain't sure," he genially replied between assertive puffs; "but probably after I take advantage of a rising market and sell the pasture."

"I don't care about money," she wailed.

"Ain't I give it all to you?" he defended.

She laughed in a bitter intonation and countered, "Where does the money come from you spend for tobacco and high-faluting living at hotels?"

"I only spent a quarter for that feed," he sheepishly deprecated.

"Oh, Otis Sprout!" she continued, rolling her eyes; "to think there should ever be secrets between us!"

His good-natured face for a moment displayed a flutter of apprehension, as he mumbled, "Ain't done nothing to be ashamed of."

"You say so," she sighed, "but if there was some power that could bare our secret thoughts and doings—Hm! Did you know Hetty has been galavanting up to see that palm reader?"

"All the girls in the village has been up," he reminded. "Jest their fun, you know."

"Can he really reveal the future and the past?" she inquired, speaking more gently.

"Oh, I daresay he's a fair guesser," muttered the deacon, making a curious noise over his corn-cob pipe.

As he walked slowly up the street, with his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes oblivious to the new sign over the meat-market, his passage created no little comment and some envy. For Peevy's Mills, like Mrs. Sprout, now viewed him from a different perspective. Reaching the Binker block he paused and filled his pipe anew, and finally sank on the steps. A disappointed faced woman, who was standing irresolute before the doorway, avoided his inquiring gaze by tripping into the hall.

"Beulah Weeks," confided the deacon to the side of the building. "Can't git a beau. Don't drop my money out the window again as I come near being caught—"

"Deacon Otis Sprout!" ejaculated an amazed voice.

He faced about slowly, and, despite the intense July sun, shivered. "Land sakes! What be you muttering to that building for?" cried Mrs. Sprout.

He removed his hat and frowned at it, and tardily explained, "I was trying to remember one of them school reader pieces we use to recite."

"Out here in the blazing sun?" she cried.

"I—I like it," he faltered. "It soothes me. Huh! how did that verse go?" And leaning his head against the tube he scowled feebly.

He could hear the professor upstairs fighting for time by desperately informing Miss Weeks she would receive a letter and that she had a friend who was her enemy, and that her lucky days were Friday and Sunday—then more clearly came the words, "Can't you tip me something, Deak?" It was obviously an aside, an appeal for help.

"Beware! beware, my wife!" choked the deacon, beneath the smother of a cough.

Mrs. Sprout, wide of eye and drawing nearer, whispered, "What in sin be you up to? Have you had a stroke?"

"Only humming," he soothed.

But unfortunately for her peace of mind, the professor, at this juncture grown desperate for effects, loudly cried, "Excuse me, lady, while I burst into song to strengthen the charm. Ahem! No dime, my friend, lest thou attend and tell me something-la-la-la-la."

"In the everlasting land of mercy! what was that?" shrieked Mrs. Sprout.

"Ha! ha!" hoarsely laughed the deacon, hunching his shoulder into the mouthpiece. "Fooled ye, eh? Do it in my throat. I'm a ventriloquism." Then fiercely, as she took to tossing her hands in incipient hysteria, and with lips close to the door-jamb, "Beware! my wife!"

In shifting his position he forgot to again mask the tube, and was promptly horrified to hear the professor gravely warn, "Madam, my good angel tells me to warn you against the wife of Deacon Sprout. She is your enemy."

"It's the work of the evil one," whimpered Mrs. Sprout, clutching her husband's arm. "How can you say such things about me, even in your throat and for fun? Can't you stop it?"

"Not when there's a 'crowd around," he groaned gaining his feet hurriedly, and pulling her away. "Now, Alzaida, you go home," he continued once beyond the danger zone. "I'll be along in a minute."

"You come with me," she commanded, her voice still fearful.

"I'll follow you in a jiffy," he promised, moving from her; for despite the exigence of the moment, he knew he should return and warn the professor of his absence.

For fear she might follow him he concealed his purpose by hurrying into the blacksmith shop. The first time he peeped out she was still standing apparently dazed in the spot where he had left her. Then he waited fully three minutes before reconnoitering, when to his relief he found the coast to be clear. With a considerable display of caution he stalked the doorway before finally regaining his old position.

"Anything doing, Prof?" he hastened to call up the tube.

"Excuse me, lady," he heard the professor say, "while I repeat my mystic formula. Then in a sing-song voice came the cue, "Strange woman—very nervous—mentions trouble-tra-la-la-with husband."

"Bill Snamby's wife," confidently coached the deacon, settling into an easy pose. "Lam it into Bill without calling any names. Jest say her husband is a villain. She ain't got much use for Bill."

He smiled in sleepy content, as he pictured Mr. and Mrs. Snamby's meeting that night. The memory of the time when Mr. Snamby cheated him in an apple deal had never withered; and from the length of Mrs. Snamby's stay upstairs he was convinced the old score

was about to be wiped off. As the insistent sun continued its soporific flood of heat and the deacon was about to surrender and drop into a doze, a cold voice at his shoulder, with the hideous abruptness of a nightmare, aroused him by informing, "We'll go home now."

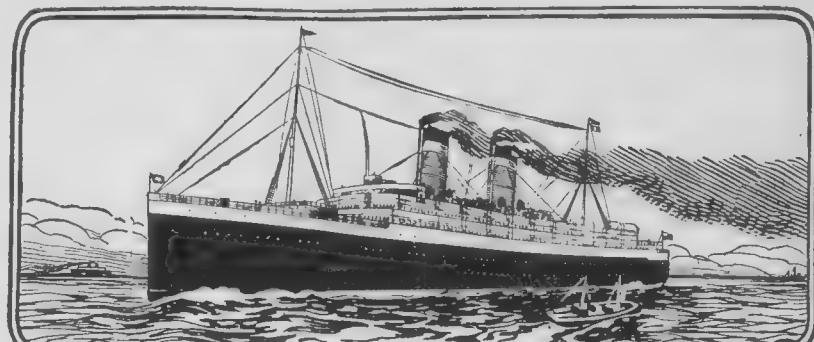
"Alzaida!" he choked, tottering uncertainly to his feet. "What you been

up there listening to a mess of lies!"

"We'll go home," was Mrs. Sprout's metallic rejoinder. Then scornfully, "Home? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Silently he walked beside her, his head bowed and empty of any means of defense, until opposite the blacksmith shop. Then in desperation he laughed derisively, and informed, "That feller

(Continued on page 45).



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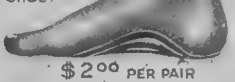
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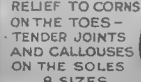
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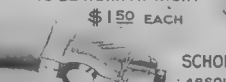
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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

YOUR THINKING CAP

Put on your thinking cap. Try and see through things. Every material thing has a spiritual meaning. Try and grasp that meaning. Ask the stars to sing for you. Ask the flowers to speak their thoughts. Ask the birds why they chirp and sing—are there no bird-worries? Remember that everything has a message for you. A famous literary character remarks: "Tennyson writes of the boy who was following his father's plow when the share turned up a human skull. There, where the plow stayed, the patriot had fallen in battle. Sitting upon the furrow with the child upon his knee, the father caused his boy to see a million men in arms fighting for some great principle; to see the battlefields all red with blood; the hillsides all billowy with graves; caused him to hear the shrieking shot and shell; pointed out the army of cripples hobbling homeward."

CONCENTRATION

The secret of success is concentration. Concentration means the power of converging all the elements of strength, personal and collective, upon one particular idea, plan, scheme or endeavor. There is no barrier in the way of progress which will not give way if you can bring to bear upon it a superior force. If the water is heavier than the strength of the wall, the dam must break. If you can converge a superior force upon the weakest point of an inferior force—you must win. Concentration is simply a question of wisely applied pressure. Emerson says concerning Napoleon: "Bonaparte was right in making it thorough. 'The grand principle of war,' he said, 'was that an army ought always to be ready, by day and by night, and at all hours, to make all the resistance it is capable of making.' He never economized his ammunition, but on a hostile position rained a torrent of iron—shells, balls, grape-shot—to annihilate all defence."

COVER IT UP

Hide the weak spots in the character of your friend and ignore the physical blemishes in all whom you meet. If a man's right arm is gone, make no remark about it. If a man has a glass eye do not study his face too closely. If a finger is missing from a man's right hand, do not remark upon the fact when you greet him. If your neighbor has a mole upon his physiognomy, do not refer to the same sort of a noble blemish on the stalwart face of Oliver Cromwell. Remember that every man is apt to be sensitive about a physical defect. Be careful. Be wise. Exercise tact. The artist who painted the Emperor Philip, who had a hideous scar upon his cheek, caused him to rest his head upon his hand and stretch out his finger until the scar was covered by it.

EMOTION

The difference between man and man is very largely a matter of feeling. A man's feelings are more intense than his neighbor's, therefore, he is more plain, explicit and outspoken. George MacDonald was a lay reader in the Anglican Church as well as an author of considerable ability and fame. He thus records the sensations and emotions which swept over him as he sat in a cathedral and listened to a sermon which had neither point, power or application: "The thoughts began to burn within me, and the words to come unbidden. I had almost to restrain myself from rising in the pew and ascending the pulpit stairs. I felt like asking the man in the pulpit, who evidently had nothing to say, to make room for one who had." Did you ever feel that way? Thank heaven if you have—for the sensation if not for the occasion of it.

NEVER BEATEN

You are never defeated until your spirit is broken. So long as you have courage, enthusiasm, spirit and determination you are the master of your soul and stand a fair chance of winning in the conflict of life. Fortify your soul. Strengthen your will. Garrison your spirit. Rein in your emotions. Inside victories prepare the heart for outside conquests. Remember that you are stronger than your environment and mightier than all your difficulties. When Phil Sheridan found his army retiring before the victorious Early, the general in command said: "Oh, sir, we are beaten." "No, sir," said Sheridan, "you are beaten, but not this army." Then, seizing his army, as Jupiter his thunderbolt, he hurled it upon the enemy, and snatched victory from the jaws of defeat.

GET THERE

When you once start out to do a thing—do it. Let nothing stand in your way. Use every legitimate method. Exercise every personal gift. Exhaust every known resource. Think out new inventions of thought. Leave no scheme untried and no plan untested. Because others have failed is no reason why you should fall down. Because the thing has never been done is no reason why you cannot do it. Achieve the improbable and then all things are possible. Achieve the impossible and then you are crowned with appellation of genius. Succeed and let your enemies explain how you did it. Grant was great as a general. When he had been so badly criticized, towards the close of the war, he said: "I have never had to explain why I did not conquer."

VISIONARY

The grandest hours of life is that which brings the first vision, dream and inspiration. Then the thoughts of life are bright and rosy hued. Then all things seem possible. Then the gates of destiny seem to be opening. Hours of visions! Hours of dreams! Hours of inspiration! Oh, youth, dream your dreams and meditate upon your visions. They are heaven sent and can be realized. Life would be empty without its inspirations. Phillips Brooks once said: "I am not ashamed to be called visionary. I am thankful that I have attained to this. If I am never to see above the level of the average, then in pity let me die."

YOUR FACE

Your face is an index to your character. Thought sits on the face as flowers bloom on a tree. You generate the fire which flashes in your eye. You write the lines which spell out beauty or ugliness in your physiognomy. You make your own profile and curve your own lips. Your face reveals the fundamental convictions of your soul and also the passing emotions of your spirit. If it is a fair question, and I am persuaded that it is, what kind of a face are you growing? The dying Bunsen, looking into the eyes of his wife bending over him, said: "In thy face I have seen the eternal!"

I STILL LEARN

Life is a university. We are here to learn ten thousand lessons which will be of advantage to us when we have passed over into a larger sphere. The lessons which you learn on the last day of your life will be just as necessary and important as the great incidents and events of your career. You cannot know too much. Every material fact has a spiritual meaning. So keep yourself in the teachable mood. When Michael Angelo, old and blind, passed his hand over the torso of Phidias, he said: "Great is this marble; greater still the hand that carved it; greatest of all the God who fashioned the sculptor. I still learn! I still learn!"

PERSONALITY

Napoleon stood over the coffin of Frederick the Great and wrote the initials of his own name—"N. B."—on the dust which had silently fallen on the casket containing the remains of one of the world's greatest warriors; and then he significantly remarked: "If Frederick the Great were alive I would not now be standing here." I should think not! Frederick the Great, is dead, therefore Napoleon can make a plaything of his coffin. Personality is life. A strong personality indicates a superabundant life. Charles Lamb wrote to the poet Wordsworth saying: "Coleridge lives about four miles from here, and the presence of such a man is equal to the influence of fifty persons of ordinary culture and ability." A living man standing before living men will always be mightier, for an immediate effect, than black ink on white paper.

A BOOK

A book introduces us into the world's best society. Wordsworth remarks: "There is one great society alone on earth, the noble living and the noble dead." That society is very largely represented by the names and productions of great writers, dead and alive. I like to go out for an evening of social enjoyment, but I am always happy to return and get into the society of my books. Oh what treasures are these for hours of loneliness. A man who loves books can never be absolutely miserable. A novel by George Eliot, an essay by Macaulay, a history by Parkman, a poem by Browning, an article by John Stuart Mill or a play by William Shakespeare. And if I ever should lose my sight and hearing memory would recall many exquisite phrases, beautiful lines, noble epigrams, superb passages and not a few marvelous paragraphs photographed by the kodak of the brain.

CANT

Remember the words of Doctor Samuel Johnson, that splendid old English philosopher—words addressed to Boswell his biographer—"Young man, clear your mind of cant!" The trinity of insincerity is a double mind, a double face and a double standard. Beware of the man who is the incarnation of these three. Of course a man may have a double standard—a phase of thought which he has accepted from the social environment which he has inherited—without necessarily having a double mind, but the man who begins with a double standard, inherited or inherent, will probably end with a double mind. So, young man, clear your mind of cant. Remember that right thinking is the mother of right doing and wrong thinking is the mother of wrong doing—you cant think crooked and live straight.

PRINCIPLE

Henry George affirmed that so fine a man as Herbert Spencer, when young and honest, defended the principle of the joint right of all men to the use of the land, but later, when fortune smiled upon him, he turned completely "right about face" and supported the monopolies and property rights which formerly he had so eloquently and so bitterly opposed and attacked. Prosperity and social recognition (whatever that is) had killed the genuine instincts of his heart. How often we have seen a man surrender his soul for a bubble, a ribbon, a button, a plaything.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat.

RECORD

How would you like to have your record for the past week written across the sky? Admiral Nelson in writing to Lady Hamilton, said: "I wish you would burn all my letters to you; one of them would be enough to set the world on fire." Record! Record?—yes—your record. Remember the dying words of John B. Gough: "Young man, keep your record clean." Said Charles H. Spurgeon in his dying hour: "You can write my life across the sky; I have nothing to fear."

BE ALL THERE

Concentration is a big word. It means the application of personal force at one point. To be there and to be all there—that's the idea. As John Wesley said, in giving it a collective application: "All at it and always at it. Wherever thou art be all there." Bishop Simpson's great compliment to Mr. Spurgeon was that, when he heard him, he felt that Mr. Spurgeon thought himself "foreordained of God to preach that particular sermon, on that particular day, to that particular congregation."

BE FAIR

Be fair. Be honest. Let your motto be "a square deal" for every friend, neighbor and acquaintance. Put yourself in his place. Look at the bargain from the far side of the counter. You have sold yourself unless you turn your purchaser into a customer. The best advertiser is a buyer who is pleased. Better make less and gain a commercial friend. The man who is pleased and satisfied will come back again. The man who returns again and again to your store is making a business habit in your favor. So be fair. In Success it is related that Nathan Strauss, the great New York merchant, was once asked what contributed most to his remarkable career. His reply was: "I always looked out for the man at the other end of the bargain."

HIGH IDEALS

The high ideals of youth are God-given. They dawn upon the Soul just when the poetical instinct begins to assert itself and when beauty begins to speak to the Soul with a peculiar charm. Religion, Conscience, Music, Beauty and Love are the five angels of our early days. They will never forsake us unless we refuse their celestial society. Here is a message from one who forgot the ideals of his youth and followed the strange spirits of greed and unholy ambition: Abe Reuf, the famous convicted grafter of San Francisco, in his confession and repentance, says: "With others I co-operated in selling out the city of San Francisco, and so I am in a prison cell. It has taken these stone walls, this area six by ten, where the only light or air is that which comes from a narrow wicket to bring me to the full realization of this betrayal. I started life buoyantly. When I left the university I had the usual high ideals of that period. How and why my life flew so wide of its goal I am determined to trace and to write in detail, in the hope that it may prove of public benefit and may make amends for what society has lost by my work."

Wood-Workers

In the big lumber-mills of America they think nothing of reducing great pine sticks to kindling-wood in a few minutes, and the millman is merely required to see that the stick is secured straight in the carriage. Such a man, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine, would be bewildered if compelled suddenly to follow the Philippine method of lumber reduction. There the largest sticks are sawed by hand.

Even woods as hard as teak are set up on a frame, and two laborers monotonously pull a big saw through its tough length for days and days, until they have produced the slabs of which Eastern furniture is made. Yet, in spite of the length of time necessary to

achieve such a result, these woods are exported to civilized countries at good profit.

After the lumber is cut into comparatively small pieces, it is sold to the native carpenters and builders to be erected into houses. But the native carpenter has a task before him that calls for the exercise of greater skill than is required of his fellow craftsman in Canada. The modern carpenter is little more than a joiner of parts. The intricate moldings and beadings used in our houses are made in mills by machinery, and come ready finished to the joiner's hand. All he has to do is to put them together.

The carpenter of the far East receives the wood in the rough, exactly as it is left by the Sawyer. He, or a fellow

tradesman, must carve his moldings before they can be placed in the houses. In India, China, Turkey, Syria and adjacent countries these clever artisans may be seen working with tools as primitive almost as those used in the days before America was discovered. Occasionally an enterprising native will introduce a small piece of Western-made machinery, but not often. Lathes are everywhere employed, but they are not the steel article exported from the United States. The wood to be turned is secured in a spindle; a cord attached to a flexible stick is given a turn or two round it; the other end of the cord is drawn taut, and the resulting bow is worked backward and forward. The effect of this is to whirl the wood rapidly, when it may be easily shaped by means of knives and chisels.

Are We Doing God's Will?

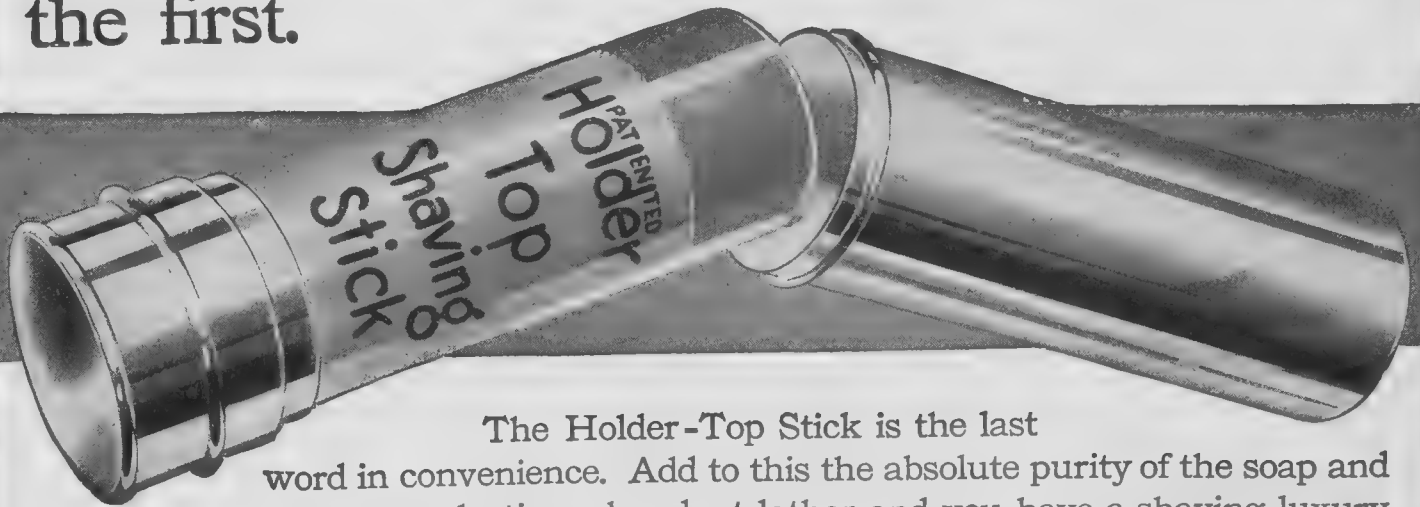
Henry Drummond asked this question long ago, but it is as pertinent as ever. "Are we doing God's will?" He says, "I do not mean, Are we doing God's work?—preaching, or teaching, or collecting money—but God's will. A man may think he is doing God's work when he is not even doing God's will. And a man may be doing God's work and God's will quite as much by hewing stones, or sweeping streets, as by preaching or praying. So the question means just this: Are we working out our common every-day life on the great lines of God's will?"

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Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek

ARTIFICIAL incubation is so generally used by the majority of farmer folks nowadays, as well as by all poultry fanciers, so I think if I draw attention to a few important points in operating an incubator, and the ample directions sent out with all machines, should suffice, enabling the mere novice to run an incubator with success. When a machine has once been used, great care must be taken to thoroughly clean and disinfect it before again putting in a hatch of eggs. Clean up the lamp, using a new wick, and boil the fixtures in soda water. Light it, and get the machine warmed a little; then wash and scrub with a small nail brush. Flush out with cresol, dissolved



First prize pullet Winnipeg Poultry Show, 1914. Strictly modern in her dark, snappy barring and a marvel in underbarring. Property of Forrest Grove Poultry Yards, Winnipeg.

in boiling water — a spoonful to one quart of water. Shut up the glass door and let the disinfectant do its work. To run the machine, open and air well; see that the regulator is perfectly adjusted; refill the lamp. When the thermometer registers 102, put in the eggs—the best and freshest to be procured. Shut the door, and in a few hours the temperature should again register 101 to 102 if the machine is in good shape.

A point of importance is running the incubator where the air is somewhat moist; a good cellar is excellent. Never having a cellar available, I have always run my machine in a kitchen or living room with marked success. Of course, I make a point of having a kettle of water steaming on the heater night and day in the living room; but in a kitchen there is usually enough steam to make a humid atmosphere from the daily cooking.

The moisture question is one to be carefully looked into. When operating a machine in our dry western climate a handy little tester called the



S. C. Rhode Island Red cock. Property of J. Willis, Mt. Hamilton, Ont.

Hygrometer, to test the air cells in the eggs while incubation is going on, is made by a Winnipeg firm which costs two dollars. Its use saves some anxiety and fussing, as the amount of moisture is daily registered and can be seen at a glance.

The proper cooling of eggs is most important. Much stronger chicks will hatch out if the cooling process is properly attended to. I begin to cool for

five minutes at the end of the second day, when I turn the eggs, keeping them, of course, out of a draught. Each day the time is lengthened until the eggs are cooled nearly sixty minutes before being turned on the seventeenth and eighteenth days. After this date it is well to listen for the faint "peep" of the chicks. When the first "peep" is heard, cease cooling and turning at once and keep the temperature as even as possible. There is no cause for alarm if it mounts a little high. The operator must not allow himself or anyone else to open the machine, or meddle at all with the eggs, once "pipping" has started. Darken the glass front of the machine, and when the chicks are ready they will drop down into the waiting nursery chamber, where the temperature will be ninety degrees. There the little fellows will gain strength, and are safe for a day or two.

At the end of twenty-one days I usually open the door long enough to remove some egg shells, and pop in a flannel wrung out of warm water. It will be noticed that the extra moisture will sometimes enable later chicks to hatch out in a few hours' time. Never under any consideration allow the temperature to lower during the whole time of actual hatching—that is after "pipping" is noticed.

The proper cleanliness of the lamps is most necessary, and if care is taken there is no danger whatever from explosion. Only the best oil should be



First prize pen pullet. Bred and owned by Geo. Wood, Holland.

used, and the wick needs frequent trimming. Nothing is more disagreeable than the stale smell of an incubator lamp in the house.

The raising of baby chicks for immediate sale is a most important industry in the East and also across the border. It is rather wonderful that boxes of these wee mites of chicks twenty-four hours old can be shipped almost across the continent without mishap; perhaps the loss of one or two chicks only. Of course, young chicks never require food for forty-eight to sixty hours, hence the safety in transporting them long distances by train. The baby chick business has money in it without doubt when conducted by an expert—one who thoroughly understands how to secure fertile eggs and the art of incubation. On the other hand, a muddler would lose money with every hatch. Certainly it is a convenience to the busy man to have his spring chicks shipped to him all ready-made. The parcel post, which we can now so freely use, will be a grand thing here in the West where freight and express rates are so high. For instance a setting of eggs for hatching (that is fifteen eggs), suitably boxed up, to travel safely weighs about two pounds. The cost for postage anywhere in Manitoba beyond the twenty-mile zone is fourteen cents; express rate from twenty-five cents to forty cents. Within twenty miles of any post office in Manitoba the postage is only six cents on two pounds; postage to Saskatchewan, anywhere beyond twenty-mile zone is sixteen cents

for two pounds; Alberta postage is twenty cents. Personally, I feel certain that sending hatching eggs by post will prove a great deal safer than shipping by express. After long experience I have come to the conclusion that expressed eggs, no matter how carefully boxed, must be put through a hard racket en route to present the battered appearance they invariably do at the end of even a short trip. How handy this parcels post will be for shipping fresh eggs to market now that eleven pounds can be sent through the mails.

No doubt farmers will make great use of the post as a shipping medium for chickens, but the man who posted a dressed turkey to a friend in Winnipeg the other day from some out-of-the-



First prize pullet.

way burg where the mail was dispatched but once in eight days made a mistake. A most unpleasant package came to hand after being in transit a week, and the post office clerks cursed the sender roundly.

No eggs will be allowed in the post that are not properly packed in a wooden papier mâché or other box of rigid material with a well-fitting, tightly-adjusted lid. Wrap each egg separately in newspaper or other protecting material; place the eggs on end, and fill the vacant spaces in the box with newspapers so as to prevent eggs from striking together or against the sides, top or bottom of the box. Mark the parcel "eggs," so reads the Post Office regulations just to hand.

A few hints in regard to ducks and the hatching of their eggs will prove timely this month. The Pekin duck is thought the best all-round duck for the West, and they are certainly beautiful birds with their snow-white feathers. The farmer who has a nice pond or small slough near the farmyard should really raise from twenty-five to a hundred ducks which will pay him well. Though ducks do not actually require the water to swim and puddle in, I notice the duck crop is a great deal more prolific under these natural conditions. Dry-land ducks do not lay a large percentage of fertile eggs as a rule. Ducks should be shut up until ten o'clock or thereabouts so the eggs can be secured, as they just drop them anywhere. When ground nests are provided in their pens they will usually lay in them. Ducks commence to lay at the



Prize Leghorn from the Baird farm.

end of March or early April, and will lay a good number of eggs before getting broody.

Hens will hatch out duck eggs well giving a large hen nine duck eggs and taking care to moisten the eggs during the fourth week of incubation, as duck shells are very tough. The mother duck that can go out and feed and paddle in the handy duck pond has no trouble in hatching her eggs, as she daily moistens them. Mate five ducks with one drake for best results in fertility of eggs.

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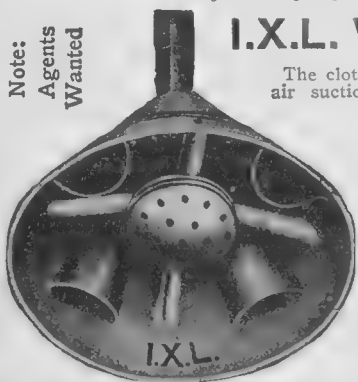
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The Women's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

All signs are pointing to the coming of spring, and with the women on the farm homes that means that "quiet hours" will be few and far between. Let us hope all the more precious Spring is when found. Tastes differ Coming widely, and make it hard to suggest what is the best

method of spending a quiet hour. If a woman is intensely tired physically, possibly the best thing to do is to take off the shoes, loosen the clothing and lying flat on the back absolutely relax, close your eyes and let the mind drift, banish thought. If this can be done daily for even fifteen minutes it is amazing the sense of rest and recuperation which it gives. To banish thought, more especially when there are many problems to solve and many worries over the making of ends meet, is a very difficult thing to do. The habit can be cultivated, and probably every woman can do it to some extent. It is certainly a habit which should be carefully and diligently cultivated. There is, no doubt, that this ability to let the mind float without thought comes more easily to some than to others. If you find it utterly impossible to prevent your mind going over and over again the difficulties to be faced when you get up, read a book. For this purpose do not try a new book, that means putting forth an effort, take a book that is an old friend, one that you almost know by heart. A bright book, humorous if you are fond of books of that order, but a book that deals with life, a human book. Some will find special comfort in devotional books, though honestly I think that for the majority a lighter book is better. Books that have got me over many a hard spot and made it possible to banish unwelcome thoughts are Blackmore's Lorna Doone and Owen Wister's Virginian, with Alice in Wonderland as a good third. You want a book which opens easily, is light to hold and often falls open at a favorite passage. Fifteen minutes or half an hour with such a book will often send you back to the daily round with fresh zest to battle with the difficulties. It really does not much matter what book it is so long as it is not too stimulating and really requires little effort. One friend of mine always refreshed herself, in periods of stress and fatigue, with Kipling's "Soldier's Three" and another with Robinson Crusoe. The important thing is not what rests you, but that you do rest.

"There is absolutely nothing new in this. I hear some one say, of course there is not. Why say it then? Just lest the women of the West forget, that they owe something to their bodies and their minds, and that sometimes the kindest and best thing they can do for their families, as well as themselves, is to lie down and sleep, lie down and read, or go out when the weather is warmer and swing in a hammock for half an hour and let the world and all things in heaven and earth go by and not give it a thought.

In the course of my life I have known very few people actually take sick from too much physical work, but I have known a very great many men and women who have broken down under a prolonged strain of physical work and worry combined, and it has nearly always been in cases where the people kept doggedly on all day long, and every day without cessation and without change. It is as much the monotony as the strain that kills, and this, by the way, is true of buildings as well as people.

One time it chanced that I complained, in the presence of an architect, of the, to me, tiresome custom of departmental stores changing departments that are in very general demand, from one part of the building to another, sometimes from one floor to another. To my surprise the architect said promptly they do it to relieve the strain. He then went on to explain that a department to which many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people thronged every day caused a special strain on that section of a build-

ing, and that if it were permitted to continue day after day and year after year there was danger of even the most scientifically constructed building giving way. When you consider it, this seems reasonable, and it seems equally reasonable as to human buildings also.

One of the outstanding features of the month of March was the extremely successful woman's section of the Brandon winter fair. There were three afternoons devoted to it. The first afternoon the attendance was 550, the second 750 and the last afternoon, by actual count, 1,000 women gathered to hear the address and witness the demonstration.

While there were many women from the city of Brandon there was a gratifying attendance of women from the farm homes, for whose entertainment and benefit the section was primarily instituted. Mrs. Gray, who came from Chicago to give the demonstrations in cooking, and who has had wide experience in addressing such gatherings in the states of Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, stated that she considered the arrangement of the programme almost ideal, as the addresses by such women as Lillian Laurie and Nellie L. McClung furnished both entertainment and instruction, along lines away from the daily round of the woman who does her own cooking and housework generally, while the cooking demonstrations furnished instruction in how to make the work of cooking meals three times a day easier, and the results better and more economical.

The whole programme occupied the time from 2 o'clock until 5. A number of the city women have, I understand, taken advantage of the request made by President McGregor in

Say what opening the section this you want year that women send in suggestions for changes they would like made, and have suggested that the whole time be given to cooking demonstrations and all addresses by well known speakers be cut out. This no doubt is all right for Brandon women who have opportunities to listen to addresses, lectures and concerts every week, if they wish, but with the women from the farm homes it is different. The opportunity for suggestion is still yours, and I would advise all who are anxious to have the programme of the woman's section of the winter fair continued in its present form to drop a postcard to W. I. Smale, manager, Brandon, Manitoba, and say so. Or if you have something you think would be better than anything they have had why give them the benefit of your thought. As President McGregor very aptly said they could not tell what the women wanted unless they were told. The time to tell them is right now, while the whole matter is fresh in your mind and theirs. This section of the Brandon winter fair should become one of the events of the year for the women of the province, the only thing which can prevent it doing so, now, is a lack of interest on the part of the women themselves.

All of the women who attended the cooking demonstrations received a little handbook on meat cooking, prepared by Mrs. Chas. Gray, and printed by the Brandon winter fair board. This Good is a costly part of the programme, for booklets of this stamp are very expensive to print. Many of the women who were not able to attend will be interested in this book, and for their benefit I intend to produce portions of it from time to time in this page. Mrs. Gray very properly laid emphasis on the need of becoming familiar with every cut in a carcass of beef, if the best results in cooking are to be obtained. This month I will give what she has to say on the cuts contained in a forequarter of beef, and how they should be utilized. This is the list:—

Neck—Used for stews, pot roasts, hamburger steaks, mince-meat, broths and beef loaf.

Chuck—Fifth rib roast; chuck steaks (inferior steaks); pot roasts. Shoulder steak is cut from the chuck. Mince meat.

Shoulder Clod—Pot roasts; Beef a' la Mode.

Ribs—Sixth to the Twelfth Rib Roasts.

Brisket—Excellent for corning or boiling, pot roasts, stewing and mince-meat.

Foreshin—Soups and broths; also stews. Plate—Corning and boiling.

Navel—Contains the rib ends and is used for boiling and corning.

Best methods of cooking sections of forequarter of beef: An interesting thing worth knowing, is that beef loaf from the neck of chuck is a cent or two cheaper than that from the plat or flank, and is just as good.

used for croquettes, meat pies or meat loaf, and should not be served as part of the roast.

Another recipe which was contributed during the meetings and which may be especially timely just now, when in quite a few farm households there are pieces of frozen beef left over from the winter supply, is also given. The piece spoken of is a round, but very good results can be obtained with shoulder pieces also: Large round of beef, 15 to 16 lbs., remove bone, rub well with 1½ cups salt, 1½ tablespoons salt petre, rub in well, place on deep platter for 2 days, then rub well with mixed ground spices, 1 tablespoon of every kind of

Spiced Beef



A particularly effective dress hat in medallion effect Chantilly lace, novelty un-curved ostrich mount, ribbon draped and roses in old pink. While the effect may appear rather extreme, the hat is really very wearable. Shown by the D. McCall Company.

The chuck contains the fifth rib roast, which resembles very much the prime ribs, but it is much tougher and is an inferior roast. The chuck is best used for stews and beef loaf.

The shoulder clod is boneless and therefore excellent for beef a' la Mode or pot roasts.

One of the finest pieces of corn beef comes from the breast or brisket.

The plate and navel should be used for nothing but corning and boiling.

As the ribs give us our roasts, we ought to know something about them. Ask for the sixth rib, that is the sixth counting from the head backwards, as it is the most economical at a given price. This rib contains the greatest proportion of lean meat and the smallest proportion of fat. The most tender roasts are the eleventh and twelfth ribs, or that part of the animal nearest the porterhouse. These ribs are very popular and consequently are the highest priced of rib roasts. However, the sixth rib is good, and has the advantage of being cheap compared with the other ribs.

A "standing rib roast" has the ribs left on during the cooking, and is consequently a juicier roast than the usually used "rolled roast." Ask your butcher for a "standing rib roast" and see how much better it is than the "rolled." The long strip of tough meat that comes with all roasts should be

spiced. Mix spices with one cup molasses (New Orleans), pour over meat, turn every day for two weeks, wash off, puncture meat well and stuff with chopped spiced suet. Tie meat and bandage well with strong cotton, put in pudding bag and steam 3 hours. Do not remove cloth until next day. Keep meat in a cloth, moistened with the liquor in which meat was cooked.

The Hopeful Spirit

I have ships that went to sea.

More than fifty years ago;
None have yet come home to me,
But are sailing to and fro.

I have seen them in my sleep
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls,
Flying low, flying low.

Ah! each sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the waves and winds the sport,
And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And, contented, watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail;
And some day, when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.
—Robert B. Coffin.

Vitalize your roofs

Your roof must have power to resist the blazing sun, the forceful wind, the pouring rain and the driving snow.

Real life and resisting power come from *natural* asphalt. We use the natural asphalt from Trinidad Lake to make

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THE TRINIDAD-LAKE-ASPHALT
Ready Roofing

The natural oils of this asphalt stay in Genasco and make it proof against rot, cracks, and leaks.

Be on the safe side—get Genasco for all your buildings.

The KANT-LEAK KLEET makes seams watertight without cement, prevents nail-leaks, and gives an attractive finish. Ask your dealer for Genasco—smooth or mineral surface; several weights. Write us for the Good Roof Guide Book and samples.

The Barber Asphalt Paving Company
Largest producers in the world of asphalt and ready roofing.

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DOMINION PIANO

Guaranteed for Ten Years

Every Dominion Piano is guaranteed, under fair usage, against defects in material and workmanship, for a period of ten years.

Truly a remarkable guarantee, and yet made in absolutely good faith, because it is based upon the experience of thousands of users, not only in Canada, but all over the British Empire.

The Dominion Piano is built to last a lifetime, not merely to sell. Its tonal quality increases with age. The sonority of its bass and the sweetness of its treble are unexcelled in any piano.

The Dominion Piano is like the Dominion Organ. It has a world-wide reputation for all-round good quality.

Moreover, you save \$50 to \$100 when you buy one, because we refuse to purchase artists' testimonials, the cost of which has to be paid by those people who buy professionally recommended instruments. We put the value into the piano, believing that that is where you want it to be.

Where we have no agent, we shall be pleased to sell you a piano direct from the factory.

ESTABLISHED NEARLY HALF A CENTURY.

The Dominion Organ and Piano Company, Limited
(Makers of Pianos, Organs and Player-pianos),
BOWMANVILLE, CANADA.

Western Representative: Geo. H. Rife, No. 1, Alexandra Block,
Brandon, Man.



How to arouse a sluggish skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, use a flesh brush, scrubbing it for about five minutes until the lather makes it feel somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then cold water. Now rub your skin five minutes with a Lump of Ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This treatment with it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the face and stimulates the fine muscular fibres of the skin. You can feel the difference the first time you use it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c. a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. As a matter of fact it is not expensive, for it is solid soap—all soap. It wears from two to three times as long as the ordinary soap.

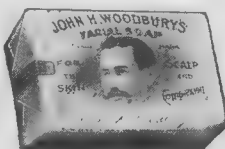
Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and try this treatment.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For Sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland. WRITE TO-DAY FOR SAMPLES.

For 4c. we will send a sample cake. For 10c., samples Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c., a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and hair and samples of the Woodbury preparations.

Write to-day to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 101-G Sherbrooke St. Perth, Ontario.



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RESTORE and GUARD your HEALTH with

OXYDONOR

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We want to send you a FREE BOOK containing complete information on

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It may be the means of saving some DEAR FRIEND'S LIFE.

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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Sunday Reading

A Song of Faith

When your mind is filled with bitter doubt

And faith from your soul has fled;
When your high resolves are put to rout
And your cherished hopes lie dead;
There may come to your heart a keen desire

For a hand to lead you through
The dangerous ways of life's deep mire,
To a higher and better view.

Perhaps the years, as they come and go,
Will bring their measure of pain;
Still into your life some joys must flow
To make you strong again.
Your way may lead through bitter strife
And battles which never cease;
But God on high, who watches each life,
At the last will give you peace.

—Maurice B. Allison.

How to be Spiritually Perfect

Our Lord did nothing superficially or imperfectly when He was among men. Did He feed the multitude? He fed them bountifully. They were filled. There was enough and to spare. Did he heal the blind? He healed them perfectly. No shadow clouded the vision when He had dismissed them. Did He cleanse the leper? He did not leave the work half done. It was well and thoroughly done. Many persons who profess to have been healed by modern healers look like walking corpses. They drag out a miserable existence. But when Jesus healed men no trace of their ailment remained to torment them. This is His method.

Fulness of spiritual life is found in Jesus. He came to give life, and to give it more abundantly. If one will measure up to his privilege in Christ Jesus, he shall "come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Some men shall never reach perfection in the physical body. But the spiritual man may be complete. All the elements of the inner life are provided in rich abundance. There is abundance of peace — peace which passeth all understanding. There is abundance of joy. "In whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." There is fulness of love. "Perfect love casteth out all fear." There is abundance of righteousness. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

Converting a Desperado

While Mr. Albert B. Lloyd was on a tour of exploration in Central Africa he met with many interesting adventures, which he has noted in his book of travels, "In Dwarf Land." The conversion of a notorious desperado is thus graphically described:

Soon after I got to Uganda, while talking to the crowd, I noticed a strange fellow standing outside. He was tall, with very long hair, quite unlike the ordinary Uganda man. In his hand he held a huge spear with a blade two and a-half feet in length, and five inches wide in the centre.

When the people caught sight of him they moved away in fear. Full well they knew him; the whole district was conversant with his bloody deeds; his notorious life was spoken of by old and young. By the roadside he was wont to lie in wait for harmless travellers, spear them and rob them of all they had. Time after time attempts had been made to capture him, but so strong and active was he that he evaded every effort.

As soon as I had finished speaking he disappeared. A fortnight afterward he came to me, and he still carried his huge spear. I greeted him heartily, and he told me that he wished to learn to read, and to hear more of the "beautiful words," as he described them.

I conducted him to the church, where reading classes were going on, and, beckoning to a little boy, instructed him to teach my new friend to read. Day after day he came, and diligently sat grinding away at the reading-sheet, with the little boy at his side.

He finally succeeded, and became a changed man from that time.

It was wonderful to notice the change in this poor fellow. To-day the man is as true and loyal and earnest in his simple faith as he was when he first decided to give up all his evil practices and become a Christian. Surely this is yet another proof of the glorious truth "The gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

No one can be a true Christian and be a small man. One may have a liberal education and a narrow mind. One may have great riches and small manhood. But no one can be in Christ Jesus without being enlarged in spirit and life.—Mark Guy Pearse.

Worshipping Together

People say they can worship God at home as well as in church. No doubt they can, though it may be doubted whether those who urge that excuse for "forsaking the assembling of themselves together," do actually worship God at home. Besides, that does not fulfil the Word of God, nor meet the necessities of spiritual life.

You know that when several chemical substances are put together in a jar, properties appear in the combination which were not found in the separate elements. The color, the taste, the quality is different. What was latent in the elements becomes apparent in the compound; what was dormant in the parts is active in the whole.

So, when we worship together as members one of another, the uniting of hearts, and minds, and voices is not merely the mechanical summing up of so many separate capabilities; rather it is the chemical development, as it were, of a new and different power; a joy, a peace, a light, a warmth, an inspiration which the risen Lord imparts only when He stands in the midst of those assembled in His name.

In the By-Way

That life is most holy in which there is least of petition and desire and most of waiting upon God; that in which petition most often passes into thanksgiving. Pray till prayer makes you forget your own wish and leave it or merge it in God's will.

If we would endeavor, like men of courage, to stand in the battle, surely we should feel the favorable assistance of God from heaven. For He who giveth us occasion to fight, to the end we may get the victory, is ready to succor those who fight manfully, and do trust in His grace.

Three Measures

Of all things far, I love the best
The distance from the east to west;
For by that space and all within
God's mercy parts me from my sin.

And best I love, of all things high,
The space between the earth and sky;
For by that height beyond all ken
God's love exceeds the love of men.

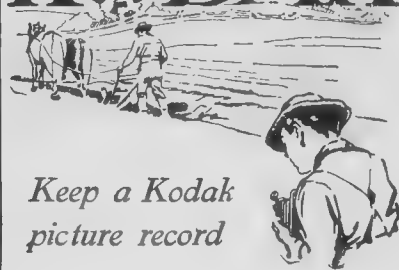
I love, of deep things undefiled,
A father's pity for his child;
For by that depth, so far, so clear,
God pities all that faint and fear.

O Father, Father, endless, kind,
I thank Thee for my human mind;
But chief of all my praise shall be
That mind cannot encompass Thee!

—Amos R. Wells.

It pays to be habitually courteous.

KODAK



Keep a Kodak picture record

of your methods of drainage and tillage and of your growing crops — with and without fertilizers. Such a record will enable you to study and improve the conditions governing their growth and will help you to better profits next year.

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Wishes to tell you FREE

How She Stopped

Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her and Learn how She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 496 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N.Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a

hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly.



A Severe Cold

Settled On Her Lungs.

Mrs. Geo. Murphy, Spence, Ont., writes:—"I have had occasion to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and can say it most certainly is a wonderful medicine. Last winter my little girl, just a year old, took a severe cold which settled on her lungs. I tried everything, and was almost in despair, when by chance I read of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and decided to try it. I got two bottles, and as soon as I started to use it I could see it was taking effect. I gave her three bottles in all, and they completely cured her."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a universal remedy for sufferers from all bronchial troubles. Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and Throat and Lung Troubles, disappear quickly after a few doses have been taken.

It will stop that distressing, tickling sensation in the throat which causes coughing and keeps you awake at night.

Price, 25c; large family size, 50c. Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Refuse substitutes

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Let Me Prove That I Can Rid You of it Quickly, Easily, Without Pain or Injury
Free Coupon Below Brings You My Help.



"From deep despair to joyful satisfaction was the change in my feelings when I found an easy method to cure a distressingly bad growth of Superfluous Hair, after many failures and repeated disappointments."

I will send (absolutely free and without obligation) to any other sufferer full and complete description of how I cured the hair so that it has never returned.

If you have a hair growth you wish to destroy, quit wasting your money on worthless powders, pastes and liquids, or the dangerous electric needle: learn from me the safe and painless method I found. Simply send your name and address (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and a 2 cent stamp for reply, addressed to Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 384, B.P., No. 623 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

FREE COUPON This certificate entitles any reader of The Western Home Monthly to Mrs. Jenkins free confidential instructions for the banishment of Superfluous Hair, if sent with 2c. stamp for postage. Cut out and pin to your letter. Good for immediate use only. Address Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 384, B.P., No. 623 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICE: We earnestly advise every lady who wishes to be rid of the disfigurement of Superfluous Hair to accept above offer at once. This remarkable offer is sincere and genuine, the standing of donor being unquestioned.

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FREE WATCHES

BOYS AND GIRLS' YOUR CHOICE

for your spare time. Watches guaranteed, highly finished, stem set and wind, neat cases, engraved gold cases, new models, elegant chain free with boys' watch. We have not space here to describe them, but be sure to appreciate them. No money required until goods are sold. Boys' watch free for selling 24 of our dainty handkerchiefs at 10 cents each. Ladies' watch free for selling 48.

CHIEF MFG. CO.

LADIES' SIZE 6

Scotch Column

The young may, but the aul maun.

Ye canna pit auld heids on young shoulders.

Wae's me! There are some Scots men that hae na the Scot's heart.

I met an aul man whose ear couldna tell the difference in the sound o' "clock" and "cloak."

Mr. Duncan Gordon, of Montreal, sends every year to his native town of Dingwall £70 for the poor. Well done, Montreal!

How is it that Scots folk are far mair "Scottish" here than they are at hame? O, the thing is true eneuch! It's juist the forwarnder't bairn greetin' for its mither.

Scott's Proposed Epitaph for Tom Purdie: Here lies one who might have been trusted with a purse of untold gold, but not with a barrel of unmeasured whiskey.

In Dumfries. In a house-to-house visitation, promoted by sixteen Protestant churches, of 5,000 families visited, all but 160 reported themselves as connected with some church.

Aberdeen. During 1913 the catch of whitefish landed at Aberdeen was worth £1,455,000. Fishing has been very successful and remunerative all along the East coast of both kingdoms.

Hawick. The "Common Riding" in June this year will be of historic character, being the 400th anniversary of the capture by the "Terries" of Hawick of a battle-flag from an English force near the Border.

No Liquor. There are sixty-nine abstaining provosts in Scotland this year. Temperance is spreading. We ourselves were at a Burns supper this year. The "Haggis" came in with the kilts and bagpipe accompaniment—but there was no liquor on the table.

Public School Teachers. The very low salaries paid to teachers in many cases have provoked talk of a "general strike." Whatever comes or fails to come, Scotland must keep up her schools. An uneducated Scotsman has always been an anomaly and a disgrace to his country.

"The Bush Aboon Traquair"

They were blest beyond compare When they held their trystings there, Among the greenest hills shone on by the sun!

And there they wan a rest, The lownest and the best, In Traquair kirkyard when a' was dune! —Prof. Shaipr.

Death of Prof. Blackie

O mony a gurl winter nicht 'll slither into daw,
And mony a smilin' summer sun in mirk and weat gang doon,
Afore anither heart like his by death wede awa',
An sic anither straik fa' on Edinboro' toun!

—Robert Reid (Montreal).

The Border Poet

He was a man mangither men,
Yet not the same as they; ;
But fashioned wi' a wiser ken
Frae out the common clay!
The laird is born to wealth and land,
But his a nobler goal—
For he was born on Teviot's strand,
With music in his soul!

—W. Wye Smith

Tweed. The business of the Border Tweed manufacturers has, on the whole, been very satisfactory for the past year.

"Donald, my son, what is slander?"
"A slander, mither? Aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be an ower-true tale that ae gudewoman tells anither!"

The Romans in Galloway? This question has again been raised by a number of Roman coins found in a quarry in the Parish of Stoneykirk.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
For night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnel lea!

O, Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee!

—Old Ballad

Hout yer dogs and bark yersel'!
Let them care that come ahint!
Nae equal to you, but oor dog Sorkie—and he's deid!

He wad lose his lugs if they were not tacked till him!

He that lends you hinders you to buy!
They were scant o' bairns that brought you up!

Ye wonder at your auld shoon when
Ye hae gotten your new!

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' muckle faucht an' din;
"O, try and sleep, ye waukerife rogues!
Your faither's comin' in!"

They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froom—
But aye I hap them up, an' say,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"
"The Surface Man" (Alex. Anderson).

First sang to her the blythe wee bird
Frae aff the hawthorn green;
"Loose out the love-knots frae your hair,
Ye plaited sae weel yestreen!"
And the speckled woodlark 'mang the clouds
O' heaven, cam' singin' doon;—
"Tak' oot the bride-knots frae yere hair,
And let thae lang locks doon!"
—Allan Cunningham.

Thomas Aird, the Poet. His biographer, Rev. Jardine Wallace, of Traquair, has a delightful picture of the old man, and his feathered friends: "Robin fed from his hand, and his pet Chaffinch took crumbs from his mouth." When asked for his secret of the taming power over birds, he replied, "A true conscience and a steady eye are the only lures! They will know at once if you mean to harm; and disguises are useless!"

The Ettrick Shepherd. When the Township of Dumfries, Ontario (Galt and Paris are both in it), was being settled, between 1820 and 1830, a Scotsman was sent to the Scottish "Border" to drum up "volunteers" for the bush. Among others, he had a kind of a half-promise from James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd." But when it came to the point—"Oh, man!" he said, "the Ettrick couldna want me." It would have been a "want" to the Ettrick and the Yarrow, however much it might have been a gain to Canada.

Cannot Be Hid. Going East on Queen Street, Toronto, at a stop I asked the man next me, "Is this Spadina?" for I wanted to change there, and had not been taking notice of the streets. "No!" he said. I put on a pleasant smile, and said, "You're a Scotsman." He burst into a great laugh. "What makes you think that?" he said. But he confessed he was a Scot. The fact is that any man who leaves Scotland after he is twenty can be "spotted" as Scotch all his life. And a pleasant thing is that they are not offended at being found out.

Deaf Friends

Would You Believe It?



Did you see a few weeks ago a notice in this paper of Advice on Deafness, to be given FREE by a prominent Ear Specialist?

You would hardly believe it, but the requests have simply poured in. This is true not only of readers of this paper but of other papers where the offer has been made. From every part of Canada many of the people who received advice have followed it and are now entirely cured of this most pitiful of all afflictions; many others are well on the road that leads to that happy ending.

One man says, "Your method worked like magic on me." Another writes, "My head is as clear as a bell. I can hear every natural sound distinctly. Those ear noises have left me." And so the letters come, one and all, telling of the benefits received.

Here is YOUR opportunity! Deafness Specialist Sproule (Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, and formerly Surgeon of the British Royal Mail Naval Service), 117 Trade Building, Boston, Mass., who made the previous offer of a Book and Advice on Deafness FREE in this paper, now offers again to Western Home Monthly readers

ADVICE FREE

You can also have his famous Book on Deafness FREE by just asking for it. All you have to do anyway is just to get a postal card or a piece of notepaper, with a pen or even a pencil, write "Advice and Book on Deafness-Wanted," address the card or letter and mail it.

Join your neighbors in taking advantage of this generous offer. Learn for yourself about this new method. Many people right around you, whom you never suspected, have written. They are on the Road to Good Hearing. Why don't you join them?

Don't wait, therefore, or hesitate, but write for FREE ADVICE and a BOOK, if you wish it. Remember it won't cost you a cent and many of your acquaintances have already accepted the offer. They are very grateful for the help received and you won't regret it either, if you write right NOW.

Deafness Specialist Sproule
117 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

GREY-HAIRED AT 27 NOT A GREY HAIR AT 35

I Am One of Many Living Examples That Gray Hair Can be Restored to Natural Colour and Beauty

I SEND YOU THE PROOF FREE

Let me send you free full information that will enable you to restore your Grey Hair to the natural color and beauty of youth, no matter what your age or the cause of your greyness. It is not a dye nor a stain. Its effects commence after four days' use.

I am a woman who grey and old-looking at 27, but through a scientific friend I found an easy method which actually restored my hair to the natural color of girlhood in a surprisingly short time. And so I have arranged to give full instructions absolutely free of charge to any reader of this paper who wishes to restore the natural shade of youth to any grey, bleached or faded hair without the use of any greasy, sticky or injurious dyes or stains, and without detection. I pledge success no matter how many things have failed. Perfect success with both sexes and all ages.

So cut out the coupon below, and send me your name and address, (stating whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and enclose two cent stamp for return postage and I will send you full particulars that will make it unnecessary for you to ever have a grey hair again. Address Mrs. Mary K. Chapman, Suite 384 N. Banigan Bldg. Providence, R.I.

THIS FREE COUPON entitles any reader of The Western Home Monthly to receive free of charge Mrs. Chapman's complete instructions to restore grey hair to natural color and beauty of youth. Cut this off and pin to your letter. Good for immediate use only: 2 cent stamp for postage required. Address Mrs. Mary K. Chapman, Suite 384 N. Banigan Bldg., Providence, R.I.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Every reader of this paper, man or woman, who wishes to be without grey hair for the rest of their life is advised to accept above liberal offer at once. Mrs. Chapman's high standing proves the sincerity of her offer.

A Typical Great-West Life Result

The Policy matures this year for \$1,000 on the 20 Pay Life Plan. Age at issue 44. Premium \$43.20.

OPTIONS:

1. Take paid-up Policy for \$1,000 participating in profits, and either
Withdraw PROFITS IN CASH\$ 573.00
Or use them to purchase bonus addition of 847.00
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Guaranteed Value 648.00
Profits 573.00
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Hundreds of other maturities are given in the pamphlet "PROFITS 1914". Ask for a copy.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company
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\$15.95 AND UPWARD SENT ON TRIAL AMERICAN SEPARATOR

Thousands In Use giving splendid satisfaction justifies your investigating our wonderful offer to furnish a brand new, well made, easy running, easily cleaned, perfect skimming separator for only \$15.95. Skims one quart of milk a minute, warm or cold. Makes thick or thin cream. Different from this picture, which illustrates our low priced large capacity machines. The bowl is a sanitary marvel and embodies all our latest improvements.

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Shipments made promptly from Winnipeg, Man., St. John, N. B., and Toronto, Ont. Write today for our catalog and see for yourself what a big money saving proposition we will make you. Address,

AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO., Box 1196 Bainbridge, N. Y.



BOYS—Don't spend several dollars for a baseball outfit, but write us today and you can get **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, this magnificent, big league baseball outfit consisting of a high-grade leather catcher's decker, extra well padded, with raised heel and web thumb; a dandy all leather fielder's glove; a jim-dandy full size baseball and the handiest score-card you have ever seen. It looks just like a baseman's mitt and with it you can keep accurate tally, either as a spectator at the big league games, or as umpire for your own team, of all the runs, hits, and innings, etc., of both teams, and no pencil is required. In addition to these, every boy who earns the outfit can also receive the finest pair of rubber-soled baseball shoes you could want.

BOYS, GET THIS DANDY OUTFIT AND YOU WILL BE THE PRIDE OF THE TEAM.

Address:— RECAL MANUFACTURING CO.,

Just write us today and you will receive by return mail, postage prepaid, only 25 Hearts of Flowers, our delightful new perfume, to sell at only 10 cents each. There are eight different, lovely odors: Beauty Rose, White Lilac, Wood Violet, Carnation, etc., and as everybody always wants two or three, you will sell them in no time. Return our \$2.50 when the perfume is sold and you will receive at once the complete baseball outfit just as represented, and when you show the boys your outfit get just two of them to earn one as you did, and the fine baseball shoes are yours as well. They are guaranteed to fit well and give you satisfaction. Boys, write us today. It's as easy as wink to sell only 25 of these delicious perfumes and this grand outfit will be yours in no time. Don't pass this chance by. Write today.

DEPT. BB 1 TORONTO, ONT.

Temperance Talk

The Empty Whisky Bottle

Specially Written and Composed for
The Western Home Monthly
By Chas. W. McGee, Moose Jaw, Sask.

There was an old Whisky Bottle,
And its mouth was open wide;
All its contents had passed away,
Leaving only the odor inside;
The wind was gently humming,
Up and down the sides it flew
And through the tube-like hollow neck
The most curious sounds it blew.
I placed it out on the window-sill,
Where the blast was blowing free
And fancied that its dark mouth said
The strangest things to me:—
"They tell me—puny conqueror's!
That disease has slain its Ten,
And war its Hundred Thousands
Of the very best of men;
But I"—twas thus the bottle spoke—
"Have conquered more than all;
I've made men rob both wives and home,
And caused the maiden's fall.
Men 'crave' a drink from out my cup,
The liquor that dulls the brain;
And burns their last hope right up,
And drives them plump insane.
I've put to shame great armies,
That have slain their scores below;
For I have deluged Millions
With the lava-tide of woe.
Though on the field of battle
Darkest waves of blood may roll;
Yet, while I've killed the body,
I have also, "Damned the soul,"
Disease and sword, train and ship-wreck
Such ruin has never wrought;
As I—in fun, in toast, and malice,
On the innocent one's have brought.
And still, I breathe upon them,
Though they shrink before my breath;
And, year in, year out, my thousands
Tread the dismal road to death."

The Reform of Thomas

Mrs. Niblick was skilled in a kind of martial alchemy, an art possessed by a few of her sex, by which Niblick's defects were converted into something like virtues. The Chicago News tells of this transformation, which was so easy that Niblick's family thought that it was spontaneous. As soon as the Niblicks returned from their honeymoon trip Niblick's mother took the bride aside and spoke to her confidentially.

"Perhaps I should say nothing at all, my dear," she said, "but my motherly affection for Thomas doesn't blind me to his faults, and there's no doubt about it, he's the most disorderly of men. I don't want to assume the attitude of an adviser, but if I were you I'd accept the fact philosophically, and not try to reform him. I've been trying to do that ever since he was old enough to run alone."

The bride looked thoughtful. "I'm glad you told me," she said. "I hadn't noticed that he was careless."

"He'll soon show it," said the mother. Shortly after, Niblick's carelessness began to manifest itself. He came in one evening and left his hat on the dining-room table. When he sat down to dinner the hat was still there, between the soup-tureen and the fern dish. Mrs. Niblick, at her end of the table, looked sweetly unconscious of the odd decoration.

"Hello! What's my hat doing there?" "I was wondering."

"I should think that girl would know enough to hang a man's hat up where it belongs!"

"I told her never to disturb any of your personal belongings, dear. Didn't you want it there?"

"I meant to hang it up on the hall-rack as I came in."

"That does seem rather more suitable for it, doesn't it?"

Niblick laughed and hung up his hat. But when he changed his linen that evening to go out, he tossed what he had discarded on the floor of his dressing-room. When, on the evening following, he found it in the same place, he told his wife that the floor had not been swept.

"Certainly it has," said Mrs. Niblick. "Oh, is that why you thought so? How absurd! Have you never seen that hamper in the closet? That's for soiled clothes, dear."

Niblick picked up his things and threw them into the hamper.

After that a cigar stub remained a fixture on the library clock for two weeks before Niblick removed it. Meantime articles were accumulating on all sides—newspaper clippings, theatre-seat checks, burned match-ends, torn envelopes, golf sticks, and so on. Finally, when his smoking-jacket was found only after a long search, Niblick declared that the domestic's ideas of tidying up were those of an idiot. "The apartment looks like a dump-heap," said he.

"There's a division in your closet for your smoking-jacket," said Mrs. Niblick, "but if you prefer to hang it on a door-knob I've nothing to say."

Niblick immediately owned that he was an untidy brute. "But why haven't you spoken to me about these things? I just forgot, you know."

"You'll learn to remember, perhaps. You are systematic enough at your office."

"I have to be," said Niblick ingeniously.

"As for speaking to you," said Mrs. Niblick, "your mother tried that for a number of years, I understand. But don't let that worry you, dear. You shall put your things exactly where you please. Only no one will pick them up after you."

Niblick is now learning fast.

A Contrast

In reviewing the National Drink Bill for 1911, Mr. G. B. Wilson, B.A., writes: "The child-suffering which resulted was appalling in its volume and intensity. In the year 1910-11 the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children alone dealt with cases of proved cruelty affecting 158,206 children, resulting in 1,229 deaths, and implicating 74,265 offenders; 90 per cent of these cases were due to the intemperance of the offenders."

In the air a song ascends
From the children with their friends,
Whom a loving mother tends.

They were born to be caressed,
Fondled, trained in all that's best,
Put to sleep in softest nest;

Born for laughter, love and play,
Born to sing the hours away,
And at eve to learn to pray.

Born to rest in Love's strong arms,
Sheltered, safe from all alarms,
Born to weave a thousand charms.

From the depths a cry ascends
From the children without friends,
Whom no loving mother tends.

For 'mid human sin and strife
Babes are born to blighted life,
Born to dread the whip and knife;

Born to blows, and tears, and care,
Born to breathe a poisoned air,
Born to live without a prayer!

Ah! not Poverty alone
Turns the human heart to stone,
Stifes Childhood's piteous moan—

But a poverty drink-cursed
Rids the devil do his worst,
Till Hell's thunderbolts have burst.

Burst above our little ones,
England's daughters and her sons,
Red the stream of sorrow runs.

Children! Glory of our race!
Jesus gave you pride of place
In the kingdom of His grace.

God in Heaven! make us strong
To redress the children's wrong,
Till, beneath Thy glorious reign,
Childhood wins its own again.

—Evelyn C. Strang.

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In Lighter Vein

Supported By Scripture

The story goes that a certain college president in Indiana, a clergyman, was addressing his students at the beginning of the college year.

He observed to them that it was a "matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that the year had been opened with the largest freshmen class in its history."

Then, without a pause, says Lippincott's Magazine, the good man turned to the lesson for the day, the Third Psalm, and began to read in a loud voice:

"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

Restful Vacation

Miss Van Cott's mind was much disturbed by the apparent monotony of the lives of the country people round her. She was spending some weeks in the mountains, and had met a number of the inhabitants of the neighboring houses. "They are fainting for the stimulus of variety, poor things!" she exclaimed, one day. "They are eating their hearts out in this terrible treadmill existence! I know it, I feel it!"

"Have you ever talked with any of them about it?" inquired a friend who had many more years to her credit than had Miss Van Cott.

"No, I don't like to. They must be very sensitive about such limitations."

"Oh, I don't know. Try it some day."

Miss Van Cott began her investigations with the driver of the old mail coach. He had made that same round daily, he told her, for the last twenty-three years.

"With no respite in all that time?" in a tone of deep commiseration.

"No vacation—no holiday?"

"Oh, yes, miss, they give me two weeks every summer. Pay runs on all the same, an' I don't have to do a thing day nor night."

"Oh," with a sigh of relief, "that is something! And of course you spend it in town?"

"Stumpville? No, siree."

"Oh, no, I mean the city—seeing the sights and keeping in touch with the great world; or reading, maybe, or—how do you spend those precious fourteen days?"

The old man's face brightened at the direct question. He had been evidently somewhat puzzled over the preface to it.

"Oh, well," he returned, in placid reminiscence, "there ain't much to do around home. Jimmy, he looks after the chores, mostly. So I don't mind taking my own pleasure, an' I generally go over the route with the other man. It's wonderful how it rests a body to see his work done for him like that, an' before his very eyes, too!"

How the House Happened

"Yes," said Mr. Mutt, "it was rather odd, the way I came to rebuild my house. You see, Mrs. Mutt was in town one day and happened to buy a very handsome hall lamp—one of the kind that stands on the post of the stair banisters," and then, says London Tit-Bits, he went on to describe the development of the house:

"Well, as soon as she got the lamp home, we saw that it was too large for the style of the stairs, so I had to get the carpenters to come in and widen them and put in new balustrades and posts, and set them over more toward the center of the hall. When that was done the hall didn't look like a hall at all, and I had to have the carpenters tear out the walls and make the old dining-room into a new hall.

"Then, of course, the kitchen had to be torn away and rebuilt at the back of the house, so that the old kitchen would do for a sitting-room, and there had to be a new dining-room built to match the finish of the hall. And when things got so far we saw at once that we had to

have a library off the hall, and then the veranda had to go to make room for the library, and my pet rose-bushes came up to give a chance to build the new veranda.

"Well, to make a long story short, I had to remodel the second story to match the first, and put a third story on in order to take care of the rooms that were crowded out by the changes in the second. And so I had a new house all round."

"And was your wife pleased?"

"Only partly. You see, just on the last day, when the carpenters had completed the third story and were finishing work on the whole job, one of them dropped his hammer through the skylight, and it fell to the hall and smashed the lamp that had started the whole thing."

Could Do Her Part

"Naw, I don't think Timmy'll be staying long on this new job he's took up wid," said Mrs. Herlihy. "'Tis too harrrd fer him. Sure he gets no rist at all from Monda' mornin' till Sathurda' night, and 'tis not what the man's used to."

"He has his Sundays to rist in," hazarded the caller, boldly.

"An what o' that?" said Mrs. Herlihy. "On Sunda's he has to go to church, an' take the children to their grandmama's, an' visit wid his coosins an' all—'tis no rist at all."

"'Twas wan day out of ivery fortnit he had wid the ould pob wan't it?" queried the caller.

"It was," said Mrs. Herlihy, "an' 'twas a grand vacation he had. I'd save ivery bit o' washin', an' he'd wring it out fine, an' hang it on the line for me; thin he'd saw an' shplit wood enough to last till the nixt vacation day, an' he'd bate ivery mat in the house an' shine up the faucets an' the b'iler, an' wash the windys, an' there'd always be some little extrah help, drivin' nails or the like, he cud give me."

"An' whin he'd go to his bed at night he'd niver fail to say to me, 'Well, Celia, my vacation day is over, but I feel like it's made me ready to go back to wurrrk to-morrer,' he'd say."

After Many Trials

He was a sad-faced American tourist, and as he seated himself in a London restaurant he was immediately attended by an obsequious waiter.

"I want two eggs," said the American—"one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Ow is that, sir?" asked the astounded waiter.

"Two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Very well, sir."

The waiter was gone several minutes, and when he returned his face was a study.

"Would you please repeat your horder, sir?"

"I said, very distinctly, two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

Oppressive silence, and then a dazed "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone longer, and when he returned he said anxiously:

"Would it be awksing too much, sir, to 'ave you repeat your horder, sir? I cawn't think I 'ave it right, sir, y' know."

"Two eggs," said the American sadly and patiently—"one fried on one side and one on the other."

More oppressive silence and another fainter "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone still longer. When he returned his collar was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled and his face scratched and bleeding. Leaning over the waiting patron he whispered beseechingly:

"Would you mind tyking boiled heggs, sir? I've 'ad some words with the cook."

Head On, Only

Any remark which might possibly be construed into unfavorable criticism of his old master or any of his belongings is instantly resented by Pomp, an old

Southern negro. A young grand-daughter from "up Norf" was looking over the family portraits and commenting freely, while Pomp stood, a sable image, at her side.

"I don't think much of that horse's tail," said the girl, nodding her head toward a portrait of her spirited ancestor seated on the horse which carried him through the Civil War. "It looks rather moth-eaten to me."

"Dey wasn't nobody from de Norf eber saw dat hoss's tail in wah times," answered Pomp, his voice charged with indignation.

An Off Day

There are people in England, as elsewhere, who do not believe that the civilian is greatly benefitted mentally, physically or morally by a few weeks' service in the militia; but surely as long as such stories as the one below can be told of any man, his military training is not an unmixed evil.

An officer in charge of the bath parade at a garrison near the sea, where the amateur soldiers were mainly from the inland and mining counties of England, reports that the first day, as he was watching the men getting ready for their dip, he noticed one who looked very dull. A comrade noticed him also, and said, "Jack, you're pretty dirty!"

"Yes," said Jack, simply. "I was not out for last year's training."

"To Write to Your Mother!" A celebrated Scotsman was going to India. An old woman begged of him to tell her son, John Macintosh, "to write to her." She knew nothing more of him, only that he was "in India," and had never written to her. Sailing slowly up the Hoogly River toward Calcutta, the learned doctor saw a man, in a ship they were meeting, lazily leaning over the bulwark. "Is your name John Macintosh?" sung out the new arrival. "Yes!" called out the man. "You're to write to your mother!" called the doctor. No more was possible. But the man did write to his mother. This is said to be authentic.

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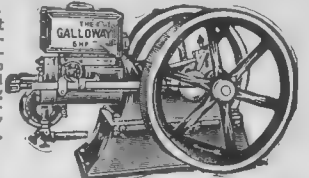
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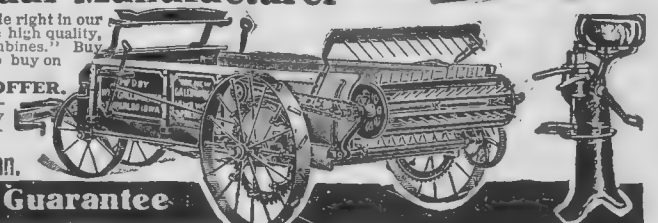
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The 27-inch centerpieces illustrated come already lace edged, and after being embroidered are ready to use. Three designs are illustrated: No. 6416, Roses; No. 6425 Violets; No. 6426, Conventional design. The scrolls on these designs may be carried out in any preferred manner, and the scallops need not be buttonholed, as the lace finishes and protects the edges. Outlining the scallops will be sufficient. These as well as the other scrolls in the designs are effective worked with one row each of gold and black.



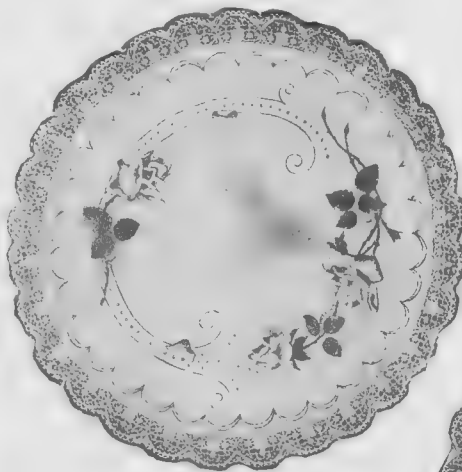
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Cushion front and back 75 cents
Silk to embroider 75 cents
Fringe to finish 60 cents



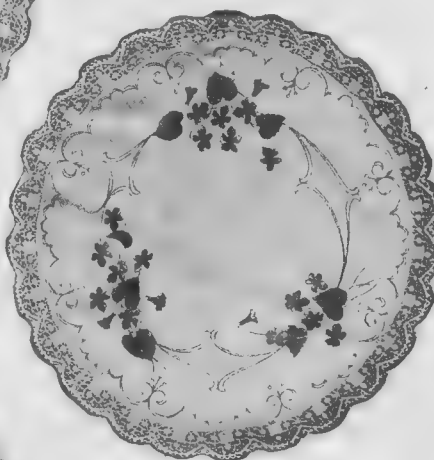
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No. 6416

Roses, Lace Edged Centre..... 75 cents
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No. 6425—See No. 6416



No. 6426—See No. 6416

Any further information regarding the working of designs illustrated in this column will be furnished on receipt of a stamped envelope.

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So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

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It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

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The Home Doctor

Prevention of Pneumonia

Pneumonia was, for some reason or other, especially prevalent and especially malignant last winter and spring; whether it will be so again this season no one can tell. It not improbably will depend a good deal upon the weather. If it is cold and stormy, so that people keep their windows shut tight and confine themselves in stuffy and unventilated rooms, there will doubtless be a great deal of pneumonia.

The poison of pneumonia is given off in the moisture of the breath, and especially in the matter coughed up from the bronchial tubes; consequently great care should be taken to destroy such matter before it has a chance to dry and be spread about with the dust. Paper handkerchiefs, which can be burned at once, should be used, or special receptacles for sputum, such as are advised in the case of the consumptive.

As the chief danger lies in the concentration of the poison, special care should be taken to ventilate the sick-room.

For this purpose nothing is better than an open fire, the heat of which draws the microbe-laden atmosphere up the chimney, and at the same time purifies it.

Many cases of pneumonia are caught in churches, theaters, cars and other places where crowds collect and the ventilation is not of the best; and it is a wise precaution for all who are not in good physical condition or are temporarily depressed in body or mind to keep away from such places of assembly.

There is another element in the production of pneumonia besides the germ, as is made evident by the fact that all persons at some time or another, and some persons nearly all the time, harbor the microbe of pneumonia in their bodies. This element is the natural resistance of the individual. The tissues of a healthy man do not furnish a fertile soil for the growth and multiplication of the pneumonia microbe. It is only when there is an invasion by a host of germs, which by sheer numbers overcome the resisting power of the attacked, or when the system is depressed and normal resistance weakened, that pneumonia develops. To keep the body in a condition to resist invasion, plenty of pure air, pure water, temperance in eating and drinking, a cheerful mind, exercises for the lungs and muscles, and all those aids to health so frequently spoken of in these articles are essential. They are the surest means to prevent pneumonia.

Cold Bathing

The application of cold to the surface of the body by means of the bath is a powerful agent, the value of which in the treatment of disease as well as in the preservation of health is being increasingly realized.

The action of a cold bath (from fifty to sixty degrees) is stimulating and tonic. It acts powerfully upon the nervous system, making the nerves more prompt in their response to the needs of the organism, and freshens the mental faculties to a wonderful degree. It banishes the dull and listless feeling which one who is not in the robust health of youth is so apt to experience on first getting out of bed. It exercises and strengthens, also, the muscular walls of the arteries, upon the normal action of which the proper distribution of the blood throughout the body in great measure depends.

The first contact of the cold water with the body causes a sharp contraction of the blood-vessels of the skin, as shown by the pallor of the surface; but as soon as one leaves the bath the arteries dilate, the skin becomes pink, and a warm glow is felt that amply compensates one for the disagreeable shock of the first plunge.

This flushing of the surface, which brings with it warmth and a sensation of vigor and well-being, is the test which shows that the bath is doing good. If this reaction does not occur, and one feels cold and depressed, and the skin

remains of a bluish hue, it is a sign that the bath is harmful, and then one must be content with a cool sponging, followed by a brisk rub with a coarse towel. After starting in this way, and after consultation with a physician, it will generally be possible to proceed cautiously to the shower or tub bath. Elderly people and those who react badly can often take a cool sponge bath while standing in warm water half-way to the knees.

The devotee of cold bathing seldom suffers from cold in the head, provided, of course, he does not violate the ordinary laws of hygiene as regards eating, sleeping and ventilation; and if he does take cold, he is in condition to throw it off before it invades the bronchial tubes or lungs. Sufferers from poor circulation, which shows itself by cold feet and icy fingers, are benefited by the morning cold bath, and this, in the case of one who habitually has cold feet, may be profitably supplemented by a cold foot-bath at bedtime, followed then, as always, by the brisk rubbing with a coarse towel.

Out of Doors

We are fast becoming a race of outdoor lovers. The tendencies of the times all point in that direction. The Boy Scout movement is training the youth how to follow in the paths of their ancestors and live in the open air successfully. Their fathers are taking the same direction by the advice of their physician seeking to overcome the effects of high eating and drinking by burning the poison out of their systems through the bracing ozone of the forests. Thus for reasons of health, development and recreation we are, young and old, taking ourselves into the great outdoors and striving to place ourselves as near to nature as possible to the comfort of our corporal systems.

To many the physical value of the outdoor life lies in withstanding the rigors of rough weather without having made any special preparation for so doing. They have heard of frontiersmen of former days and some guides of the present who, wrapped in but a single blanket, lie down under a little kennel, constructed of bark and limbs, with their own hands, during the previous half-hour, and pass the night in supposed comfort. These old-timers were said to have lived such lives and remained hardy and strong, dying of old age at ninety.

But these men lived and were strong rather in spite of such exposure than because of it. Of course with bodies fully inured to the hardships of outdoor living they could endure cold and storm with less discomfort than men whose lives are chiefly passed indoors. It was the active exercises in the pure fresh air, the body supported on the most frugal foods, that built up the physical man and gave the body power to endure when held to suffering of any kind by an equally strong will. The writer's father as a young lad rose many a morning in the loft of his father's cabin home, threw back one or two quilts or lightweight blankets, and with them rolled off two or three inches of snow which had sifted through the chinks while he slept. He was one of the hardiest, healthiest men the writer ever knew, yet he never brought up his own children to endure similar discomforts, thinking to give them the same hardness and strength.

Physical exposure is never a means to an end, but rather the sign that certain ends have been attained. Until the body has been physically developed and inured to the exigencies of the weather, the objects of the outdoor life are far better attained by dressing and sleeping in the proper garments and by giving all possible attention to comfort in other ways. When one is thus prepared for all possible occasions, the outdoor life, summer or winter, instead of being one of suffering and hardship, will be physically pleasant to the body and as comfortable as could be anywhere during similar weather, leaving the mind free to perceive and enjoy.



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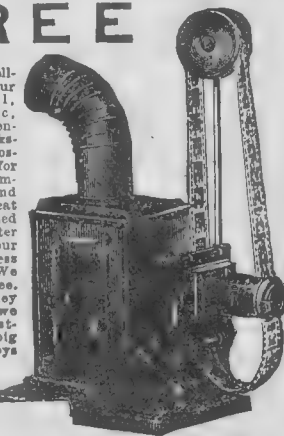
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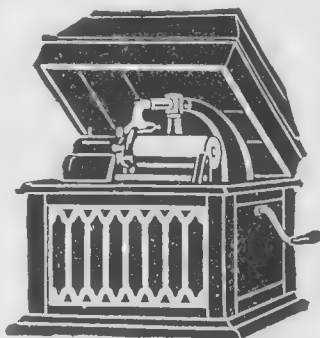


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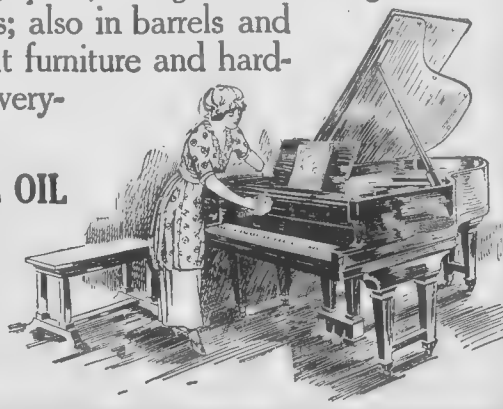
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The Baby's First Danger

When a child first comes into the world its hold upon life is very slight and may be, and often is, broken by any one of several possible accidents. Fortunately, nature tries to take care of and strengthen this feeble grasp of existence.

Life at first depends mainly on the immediate establishment of the breathing process. The first impulse of some babies, born pessimists, seems to be toward a determined attempt at suicide. They hold the breath until they are black in the face, and have to be quite seriously disciplined to bring them to their little senses. Generally, however, nature does not require any assistance in these matters. She simply impresses upon the little citizen a realizing sense of all that is before him in this vale of tears, and the foretaste is too much for him. He bursts forth in a lusty yell, and then he cannot help taking deep breaths, even if he would. The same thing is accomplished by a little slap in the case of the breath-holding would-be suicide just referred to. The thought of the indignity of such treatment from a nurse makes him gasp, and then the spell is broken, and he, too, sets up a shout that leads, willy-nilly, to normal breathing.

Certain accidents may interfere with this natural process. The air tubes, for

facilities, forces and means at their command, races are to-day spending more on vices than necessities; criminality and disease are increasing at an alarming rate; ambition, avarice, the struggle for supremacy and the thirst for luxury and pleasure are becoming dominant propensities, benumbing the soul and dwarfing the higher powers till the stamp of moral and physical degeneracy is upon a vast proportion of the inhabitants of the civilized world. Plainly the great need is to get back to the Divine order of life, to simple and natural living.

And what is simple living, this regime so essential to making the most of life? In general it may be understood as plain and healthful food; clothing to which is given only that attention sufficing for health, neatness and suitability; a dwelling place, wholesome and unostentatious in its appointments; reasonable hours of repose and recreation; with a general wooing of nature's own forces, sunshine, water, and fresh air. In short, it is temperance in all things, life in harmony with all God's laws. All persons in every profession are benefitted by plain living, but to no one does a life governed by simple needs prove a greater boon than to the housekeeper and mother. The more elaborate the style of living the more numberless are the petty cares and responsibilities which



The morning rush

instance, may be choked with mucus which the child cannot expel. Or it may be such a weak baby that it cannot make the muscular effort necessary to inflate its lungs. This is why that first feeble squalling is so welcome a sound, for it means that baby is fully alive and asserting itself. If this crying is not promptly heard, it is safe to assume that something is wrong, and the baby must be looked to. If it is lying motionless, and evidently too feeble to bear a gentle shake or a spat, the best thing to do is to take a hint from nature and stimulate the nerves of the skin. This can be done in several ways. One good plan is to rub the surface of the body with a little brandy poured into the palms of the hands. If this fails, alternate applications of heat and cold to the skin will sometimes excite the needed gasping. This is done by having one basin full of warm (of course not too hot) and another of cold water, and plunging the baby first into the warm water for a moment, and then into the cold. This may be repeated if necessary.

Living the Simple Life

The trend of life in this age is toward complexity. With the world's developing resources there has come a corresponding increase in desires and appetites, reaching far beyond that which is essential for man's best health and well being, into the realm of mere sense gratification. As a result, civilized people have, as races, greatly deteriorated and as individuals largely failed of fulfilling the highest human destiny.

Instead of the betterment of humanity and the progress in happiness, healthiness, and virtuousness, which it might be supposed should result from the added

fall to her share, and the more meagre the allotment of time and strength at her command for her own progress and culture. Innumerable women there are whose lives are literally buried beneath social and domestic burdens, the half of which are really non-essentials, the results of our complex system of living. As another has aptly said, "We are frittering away our lives on things while thoughts get the go-by. We are bond-slaves to conveniences and serfs to luxuries. We spend so much time and energy getting the material aids to enjoyment falsely though necessary, that we leave neither time nor strength for the enjoyment itself. If we had less in our houses we could have more in our heads. If we shortened the list of our desires we should lengthen our lives."

A Clear Coast

Irving was playing "Macbeth," so runs the story in "Impressions of Henry Irving," and he had reached the place where Macbeth orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet board.

"Hence, horrible shadow—unreal mockery, hence!" said Irving, in his most tragic tones, and with a convulsive shudder he sank to the ground, drawing his robe about his face.

On Banquo withdrawing, a voice came from high up in the gallery:

"It's all right now, 'Enery; 'e's gone."

Miller's Worm Powders are complete in themselves. They not only drive worms from the system, but repair the damage that worms cause and so invigorate the constitution that it speedily recovers from the disorders of the digestion that are the result of the work of these parasitic intruders. They do their work thoroughly and strength and soundness follow their use.

An Income For the Farmer's Wife



THE wife of every farmer should have her own income and her own bank account.

And it does not matter how busy you are in the home, or how little time you have to devote to the raising of poultry we can show you how you can make a good income and build up a substantial bank account by poultry raising the Peerless Way.

We can show you how to be independent of the money your husband gets for his crops and other farm produce, so that when you wish to buy clothes, or take a shopping trip to town, you can just stop at the bank and draw all the money you will require.

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"I bought a Peerless machine from a friend. It was the first machine I ever have seen. I brought out three hatches; the first hatch I got 137 chicks from 196 eggs, second hatch I got 143 chicks from 204 eggs, and the third hatch I got 134 chicks from 210 eggs. Intend starting another hatch this week."

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(Sgd) Mrs. Sol. Richet."

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About the Farm

I'm Feelin' Fine

There ain't no use in kicking, friend, if things don't come your way;
It does no good to holler 'round, an' grumble night and day;
The thing to do's to curb your grief, cut out your little whine,
An' when they ask you how you are, jest say,
"I'm feelin' fine."

There ain't no man alive but what is booked to get his slap;
There ain't no man that walks but what from trouble gets his rap.
Go mingle with the bunch, old boy, where all the bright lights shine,
And when they ask you how you are, jest say,
"I'm feelin' fine."

Yer heart may be jest bustin' with some real or fancied woe,
But if you smile the other folks ain't very apt to know.
The old world laughs at heartaches, friend, be they your own or mine;
So, when they ask you how you are, jest say,
"I'm feelin' fine."

—Selected.

house is that it must be inexpensive. The average annual net income of a farmer to-day, after deducting five per cent interest on his investment, is less than \$400. This does not mean that the houses may not be attractive. They may, if intelligently planned with the help of vines, shrubs, and trees, become the prettiest spots in the landscape, and more beautiful and inexpensive than the crowded city houses.

Certain features are often overlooked in providing economical arrangements for the household when they might be easily provided for. One of the specialists of the office of Farm Management learned from a woman in Pennsylvania, who had broken down from overwork, that she had been carrying coal from the barn for years. When the husband was asked if there was any reason why a coal bunker could not have been provided near the cook stove and filled directly from the wagon, he answered that there was none, but that no one had ever thought of it. This one detail has been found neglected in other cases where it could have been easily remedied, if only someone had thought of it.

After economy in the construction of the building and in the house work has



Rock Cut, on G.T.P. Ry.

Planning Farm Homes

The importance to the farmer of having an economical farm house has been emphasized by the farm architect of the Department of Agriculture, who states that the mental and physical fitness of the laborers both within the house and in the fields are vitally affected by the building that affords the family shelter. The average American farm home has failed to share in the improvements that are every day being made in agricultural conditions and, according to the architect, is a rebuke to our boasted civilization. Relatively, he says, the housewife of a century ago, with her fire-place cooking and log cabin, was better provided for than is the housewife to-day.

The most important building on a farm is the home. The health, comfort, and happiness of the family are dependent upon its construction and equipment, and unless these matters are looked after the sanitary dairy barn or the economically constructed buildings for stock are of little value. Happiness and contentment in the family are as essential to efficient service as improved tools and outbuildings.

Although the housewife spends, in many cases, a lifetime in her "workshop," the kitchen and family rooms, she is not, as a rule, capable of planning a house in the highest degree serviceable and comfortable without assistance. Her help, however, is essential to the farm architect, as the result of his plans most vitally concerns her.

One of the most important details regarding the average American farm

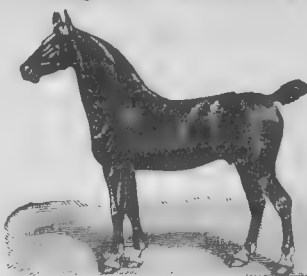
been attained, attention will be given to developing beauty. Simplicity in line and good proportions are meant by the use of this word beauty, and not so-called applied "ornaments." This simplicity is entirely in keeping with a general plan of economy.

Economy, however, is not a synonym for cheapness. Double strength glass may even be more economical in a tenant house than single strength, notwithstanding its greater first cost. A kitchen sink may be a paying investment, although it excludes a bay window, or a fireplace, which has been the pet notion of the housewife. Screened-in kitchen porches, sleeping porches, double or triple windows and kitchen conveniences are fine economical features which even the smallest house plans may well consider. Separate dining rooms for families that generally eat in the kitchen are less important, as are "parlors." These separate rooms may have complete systems of plumbing, heating and lighting which involve additional expense. The kitchen is the most important room in the farm house.

It may not be found practicable for the Department of Agriculture to furnish plans and specifications of farm houses worked out for particular individual needs. However, it is believed to be desirable to work out plans and specifications for the general needs of farmers and to illustrate and explain the plans so that the farmer may understand the principles involved and apply them when he remodels his present house. The Office of Farm Management is endeavoring to help the farmer and the farmer's wife along these lines.

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Farm Lands For Sale

No. 63. Quarter section with 54 acres under cultivation, 50 acres of best of wheat land, balance hay land with groves of poplar, situated in the Arclee district northwest of Asquith. Log house 14 x 20, log stable 14 x 20, good well. Price \$2,500.00. Terms \$1,000.00 cash down, balance arranged in 5 equal annual payments. This farm is close to the Saskatoon-Battleford survey, and will double in value for an investor.

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 Refusing to hold back while going down hill.
 Scaring at dogs or dogs along the road.
 Tail switchers.
 Lolling the tongue.
 Jumping fences.
 Bad to hitch to buggy or wagon.

Improving Farm Conditions

The attitude of the present administration and especially the Department of Agriculture toward the farming industry is healthful and helpful. Practically one-fifth of the President's annual message was devoted to matters relative to agriculture. Unquestionably the president and the secretary of agriculture have the good of the American farmer at heart.

The most vital subject perhaps in connection with the work of the department has been with regard to rural credit and the better facilities for marketing the farm crop. The Secretary of Agriculture has said, "We shall leave nothing undone to stimulate production directly and to convey information to the farmer, but we have suddenly been brought face to face with the fact that in many directions further increased production waits on better distribution."

It seems that the keynote of the entire policy in the management of the Department of Agriculture, is an improvement of rural conditions through every possible means.

The secretary is not trying to add a bushel to the production of each acre because of that bushel alone. He is striving to increase production and improve the conditions under which people live on the farms of this country in order that it may be possible to use the increased profits for the development of a higher class of citizens.

The Secretary of Agriculture and the President are united in one thing and that is that the farmer does not need any class legislation. The secretary himself says, "One thing is clear. The schemes that are multiplying which conceive the farmer to be a mendicant and a subject of unique and special legislation may be at once condemned. The American farmer does not need or desire to be classed with those foreign people who are just emerging from a condition of serfdom and tutelage. He asks no opportunity that is not afforded to every American citizen. He asks for no legislation which will give him credit on easier terms than his brother mechanic or his professional friend or his merchant may secure it, but he does ask to be assisted in creating conditions and machinery which shall enable him on a similar credit foundation to secure his money at the same rate as any other class in the community. This, and this alone it seems to me is all that he asks and is nothing less than he deserves. I am not impressed with the wisdom, the justice of proposals that would take the money of all the people through bonds or other devices and lend it to the farmers or to any other class at a rate of interest lower than the economic conditions would normally require and at a rate of interest lower than that at which other classes are securing their capital. This would be special legislation of a particularly odious type and no new excursions in this direction would be palatable when we are engaged in the gigantic task of restoring the simple rule of equity."

The above is the keynote of a sane, wise and healthful solution of the credit proposition. The placing of farm credits on better and stronger foundation is going to mean much to the people of this country.

In the field of marketing an equally wise policy is outlined. In fact, the above quotation will give one an idea of what the new Secretary of Agriculture believes in behalf of the farmer and the agricultural conditions and the scope of his department in improving and stimulating a higher plane of efficiency and living for the men who are on the farms of the United States.

Methods of Killing

Dislocation

This method is perhaps the most popular, and when used on birds to be sold for immediate consumption will be found very satisfactory. With the left hand hold the bird by the legs and wings with back upwards. Place the first finger of the right hand on the right side of the neck and the remaining fingers on the left side; grasp the

head in the hollow of the hand with the fork of the fingers behind the head where it joins the neck. Hold the legs against the left hip, and the head near the right thigh or knee, bend the head back as far as possible and dislocate the neck with a sudden pull. A pocket is thus formed to catch the blood flowing from the broken blood vessels. Hold the wings firmly after killing, allow the head to hang down and commence plucking immediately.

Bleeding

Chickens that are to be packed for export or placed in cold storage should be killed by bleeding in the mouth. Two large blood vessels are located on either side of the neck and are connected by a vein, known as the bridge vein, which takes a slanting course across the base of the head. As the bird hangs head downwards, breast towards the operator, the junction of these veins may be found on the left side, a little behind the eye.

In order to operate properly, the bird should be hung either in a spreader or by a cord to which a weight has been attached. All that is necessary is to wind the cord once around the bird's legs and throw the weight over to hold it securely. Commence by grasping the neck with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, draw the head gently downward, force the mouth open by pressing on the side of the head with the fingers at a point near the junction of the jaws. Place the point of the knife well back in the throat and with a quick downward sliding motion cut across from left to right. This severs the bridge vein and the bird bleeds freely. Then place the point of the knife at the end of the groove of the upper mandible, holding it in a line with the eye and drive it into the brain, at the point where the base of the skull joins the spinal column. Give the blade a quick half turn thus destroying the brain tissues. This causes paralysis, renders the bird quite insensible and loosens the feathers. The bird should be plucked immediately as it hangs, commencing with the large wing and tail feathers, next the feathers on each side of the breast, then the back, and finishing with the wings and legs.

Poultry should never be scalded before plucking, because scalded poultry always appears dull and unattractive. The skin is often half cooked, and appears blotched and parched in a very short time. Scalded poultry will not keep as long as dry picked poultry, and does not command as high a price on the best markets.

As soon as plucked gently squeeze the chicken so as to completely empty the intestines, place its legs alongside the breast, then breast downward, force the chicken down into the angle of the shaping board.

Cover the chicken with paper and place a brick on top to weight it down, and one beside it to hold it in position. Continue this process as other chickens are plucked, placing each chicken in the shaping board close up to the last, moving the lower brick along to hold the row in position. Allow the chickens to remain in this position for at least six hours, being sure that they are quite cold and dry before being placed in the cases.

Packing

The best material for cases is either basswood or spruce, and the type of case most generally preferred by the trade is one which holds a single layer of twelve birds. The following dimensions may be found of use in having the material cut to size. The figures given are the inside measurements in inches.

No. 1. 21½ x 16 x 4 3-16.

No. 2. 23 3-16 x 16½ x 4 5-16.

No. 3. 24 13-16 x 17 5-16 x 4½.

No. 4. 26½ x 18 x 5½.

Thickness of wood: Sides, 7-16; ends, 9-16.

Case No. 1 is for chickens weighing (plucked) from 4 to 4¾ lbs each.

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value.



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Case No. 2 is for chickens weighing (plucked) from 3½ to 4 lbs. each.

Case No. 3 is for chickens weighing (plucked) from 4 to 4¼ lbs. each.

Case No. 4 is for chickens weighing (plucked) from 4¾ to 5½ lbs. each.

The bottom of the case is removed for packing, the interior is lined with parchment paper, and the chickens are placed breasts up so that when the case is opened they appear backs up. The name and address of the shipper, the number and grade of the chickens and the net weight should be carefully stencilled on the end of the case.

It is well to keep in mind that uniformity and accuracy in grading count for much in making a sale and in establishing the reputation of any particular brand or trade mark.

To Wash Bird for Exhibition

Prepare three tubs of water, fairly warm.

Brush soft soap into the first to form a lather.

Insert bird gently (in rather a darkened place).

Nail-brush him or her down from comb to tip of tail, always working the brush in one direction only.

Now put brush down and wash in same way with hand, laying the water on freely.

Spread out each wing on left hand, and wash with palm of right hand.

Do the same with tail.

Be very gentle with young feathering.

Now lift out, pass hand over to clear off suds.

Put into second water. Wash over the bird, freely spreading out wings and tail.

Get out all soap possible.

Lift into third and cooler water, in which is a little glycerine and "blue."

Cleanse thoroughly.

Take out the bird. Wring off all water and sop over the bird gently with soft towels.

Place root of tail in soft towel, and squeeze out as much water as possible.

Now let the bird flap its wings. Hold it by legs whilst this is done.

Place in a box or basket before a good fire.

Drop a bit of muslin between bird and fire, and put a saucer of water near so that the bird does not dry too quickly.

Turn the hamper frequently. For this reason a hamper is better than an open-fronted box.

If you have a box you will have to turn the bird.

Some use a stove-heated room only; no basket or box.

Some have a room fire-heated and exhibition pens on a large scale.

Wash two days before a show.

"Poultry World."

Forcing or Retarding

James E. Rice, poultryman of the Cornell University Experiment Station, issued a bulletin relative to the possibilities of feeding early-hatched pullets during the summer by retarded or forced feeding, says "Poultry Husbandry."

By retarding is meant the idea that feeding is necessary during the late summer to check the early tendency of laying, with the hope of getting a larger egg yield in the early winter.

By forced feeding is meant the giving of a rich, stimulating mash to induce egg production.

Concerning the results of his work, Mr. Rice has certain findings drawn from data which are submitted below:

1. Forced pullets made a better profit than retarded pullets.

2. Forced pullets ate less food per hen at less cost per hen than retarded pullets.

3. Forced pullets produced more eggs of a larger size, at less cost per dozen than retarded pullets.

4. Forced pullets produced more eggs during early winter than retarded pullets.

Worms cause fretfulness and rob the infant of sleep, the great nourisher. Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator will clear the stomach and intestines and restore healthfulness.

5. Forced pullets have better hatching results of eggs than retarded pullets.

6. Forced pullets made a better percentage of gain in weight than retarded pullets.

7. Forced pullets showed less broodiness than retarded pullets.

8. Forced pullets had less mortality than retarded pullets.

9. Forced pullets showed better vigor than retarded pullets.

10. Forced pullets showed the first mature moult earlier than retarded pullets.

11. Retarded pullets have better fertility of eggs than forced pullets.

12. Hopper-fed dry mash gave better results in gain of weight, production of eggs, gain in weight of eggs, hatching power of eggs, days lost in moulting, mortality, health and profit per hen, than wet mash.

13. Wet-mash and grain-fed pullets consumed slightly less food at less cost, and produced eggs at slightly less cost per dozen than dry-mash and grain-fed pullets.

14. Wet-mash and grain-fed pullets produced slightly larger eggs of slightly better fertility, and showed less broodiness than dry-mash and grain-fed pullets.

15. Dry-mash and grain-fed pullets laid eggs of good size at an earlier period than wet-mash and grain-fed pullets.

16. Hopper-fed pullets ate more than hand-fed pullets.

17. Pullets having whole grain ate more grit and shell than those having a proportion of ground grain.

18. Pullets fed on grain were more inclined to develop bad habits than those having a mash.

19. Earliest producers did not give as many eggs in early winter.

20. Early layers gained as rapidly in weight as those beginning later to lay.

21. Prolificacy made but slight difference in weight of hen and weight of egg.

22. The most prolific pullets did not always lay earliest.

Getting Rid of Poultry Lice

Lice trouble hens, ducks, geese and turkeys to a greater or less extent, and in warm weather they infest hens and poultry houses more than anything else. If no measures are taken to check them they may affect the egg yield and certainly the comfort of the fowls. They live and multiply on the hen or chick; lay their eggs on the shaft of the feather and the eggs hatch from the heat of the body of the bird. The only self-protection that a hen has from lice is through killing them by means of dusting. The pores of the louse, by means of which it breathes, must be filled with dust to suffocate it before it can be killed. The flock should be provided with dust boxes at all times, winter and summer. The hen works the fine particles of dust in amongst her feathers, and the fine particles fill the openings of the breathing tubes and the lice are killed. With a small flock which are badly infested it is advisable to dust the birds individually. Take the hen by her legs, head downward, and dust a reliable brand of insect powder in the feathers around the vent, between the legs, under the wings and along the back. The powder should be worked into the feathers thoroughly, by rubbing with the hand and the powder should reach the roots of the feathers particularly.

The poultry house should be thoroughly treated, disinfecting the entire house once or twice a year with some good commercial disinfectant. In the summer time the roosting quarters should be sprayed or painted with the disinfectant every week. This treatment is necessary to rid the premises of lice, as a great many of them stay in the house in the day time and attack the hens at night. All cracks and crevices of the roosting quarters should be practically soaked. It is also a good plan to white-wash the house once a year, using a 2 per cent solution of carbolic acid in the whitewash. All disinfecting should be thorough and regular and the hens should be able always to dust themselves freely. It is only by adopting most rigid measures that the health and vitality of the laying stock can be kept at its best.

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Mgr. Model Incubator Co.,

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The World's Beef-Demand and Its Supply

Statistics regarding the world's beef supply show that, as is the case with some other primary products, the production is not keeping pace with the increase of population, or with the increasing purchasing power of the people. It must be borne in mind that working people are now receiving better wages in many countries, and that the world's trade was never so prosperous as at the present time, all of which points to the ability of the people to purchase good, wholesome meat. An official summary of the position furnishes some significant figures, which have a very direct interest to Australia and New Zealand. A study of the available figures will prove two points, namely: (1) the cattle of the world are not increasing at the same rate as are the respective populations, and (2) that in several of the more important countries the dairy cattle represent greater percentages of the total herds. In the following countries the numbers of cattle have decreased: United Kingdom, India, Holland, Norway, Bulgaria, Egypt, Austria-Hungary, United States, Argentina, Japan, Servia, Chili, and Natal. The following are

Pasman, manager of the Sansineva Company, the largest frozen meat concern in Argentina. In regard to the question of supplying the United States, he declared that "the South American freezers would continue to ship their product to England and the Continent so long as prices were satisfactory. Of course," said Mr. Pasman, "if the Yankees will pay us a better price we will shift our consignments to the States. But, remember, we have our long established agencies in England, and will not change unless it pays." Mr. Pasman admitted that his own concern had thirty selling agents in Great Britain. He thought it strange our people did not know that American packers had for some time been operating in South America. He said it was an open secret there that the Americans were shipping forty per cent of the Argentine frozen meat output. He frankly admitted there had been an "agreement" among their meat freezers in regard to the "amount of business," but it was a thing of the past, and he preferred not to discuss it.

"Since the 'dissolution' there has been a pitched battle for freezer stock, and it was freely admitted that freezer concerns have lost from 16 to 28 per cent on



Where the cow is of double service

some of the most notable reductions: In the United Kingdom in 1880 there were 294 cattle per 1,000 of the population—in 1911 this had fallen to 261: in the Argentine Republic in 1895 there were 5,487 cattle for every 1,000 inhabitants, and in 1908 only 4,656. In the United States in 1880 the cattle numbered 791 per 1,000 people, and in 1912 only 618. In Austria-Hungary in 1880 there were 368 cattle per 1,000, and in 1910 only 319.

On the other hand, the cattle in Australia, New Zealand, Denmark, Sweden, Italy, Germany, Canada, Russia, France and Transvaal have increased more rapidly than the population, the following being the principal examples: In Germany in 1883 there were 329 cattle per 1,000 inhabitants, and in 1907 this had risen to 331. In Italy in 1882 there were 167 per 1,000, and in 1908 this had increased to 183. In France in 1885 there were 347 cattle per 1,000, and in 1911 this had risen to 367. In Australia in 1901 there were 2,279 cattle per 1,000, and in 1910 there were 2,654.

These increases, however, by no means compensate for the decreases which have taken place in other countries, as the sum of the figures upon which calculations have been based, in the cases of those countries where decreases are noted, is approximately 21,389,000, whereas in those countries where increases have occurred the figures total only 102,654,000. This can hardly be taken as a true statistical comparison on account of the figures covering a range of some few years in each case, but they will give a fairly accurate indication of the position.

From the Australian and New Zealand point of view, Argentina is the most important factor in the world's meat supply; that is, as the chief competitor for the trade. In this connection, an American journal just to hand publishes an interview with Mr. Miles

cattle during the past season. Mr. Pasman says the Argentine Republic may have seventy or ninety million sheep, that the figures published are only estimates. He thinks the sheep stock will remain about the same—says there is no particular reason for a decline as a good many cattle men are quitting and going into sheep—his concern among them, increasing their own flocks from thirty to fifty thousand head. The southern country will continue to raise sheep in such large numbers that Mr. Pasman thinks any loss in the 'farming sections' will be made up. We put the plain question to Mr. Pasman regarding control of the American frozen meat market by the Chicago packers, but he was very loth to express an opinion. He did say, however, that the 'independent concerns' in the United States might have something to say about the market. We told him it was pretty generally understood that the so-called 'beef trust' controlled the price of meat here, and that independents had little to say."

Aye, Aye, Sir!

During the bombardment of Alexandria, in 1882, Lord Charles Beresford asked a gunner if he could hit a man who was on the fort. The gunner replied:

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Then hit him in the eye," said Lord Beresford.

He was surprised when the gunner inquired:

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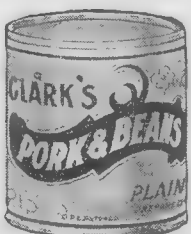
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Fashions and Patterns

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned on the following pages on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Fashion Letter for April

HOW beautiful and lovely are the fabrics for spring, with colors that include vivid tones for evening wear and for fancy waists, and the softer shades for dresses, negligees and petticoats. Yellows, blues, reds, greens, flesh tints and purples will be much in vogue, while black will also be popular. In materials there is a great variety; crepe effects are shown in poplins, voiles and ratines; chiffon taffetas, moires, crepes and tussahs in silk. Novelty weaves in cotton goods will be immensely favored. White goods for warm spring days and for summer will be as popular as during former seasons.

Coats show flared effects. Suit coats reach to the waistline or a bit lower. Separate coats are made in half length or in three-quarter length style. For separate wraps one will also use capes and cape effects.

The skirts are still narrow at the ankles, with much puffing of draperies about the hips, somewhat modified in coat suits. Bustle forms of drapery and panier effects represent an important style change. Tiered skirts, with short draped tunics, double and triple flounces, and narrow plaited skirts are popular models. In street dresses one sees many peg-top skirts.

Dancing frocks are short and some have Turkish trousers covered by drapery.

Waists, both for gowns and separate, are extremely transparent, much bloused and loose fitting. Boleros are stimulated on many models, in pretty fancy shapes. Peplums, girdles and coat tails are features of separate waists.

Skirts with sleeveless over-blouses and suspender effects are very stylish.

Sleeves for separate coats, suit coats, gown waists and separate waists, show set on, raglan and modified kimono sleeves, and are all made with extremely wide armholes. For early spring long sleeves will be much worn, but with the approach of warm weather, the short lengths will again take the lead.

New features in neck finishes show rolling flare forms and Japanese effects. Collars are made to stand away from the back of the neck and are either high or low in back, but low in front. There are also many neck frills, but upstanding and in flat arrangements, and some modified Medeci collars.

Sashes in novelty effects, and draped girdles are much favored.

Petticoats are snug fitting, with scant flounces and are made in bright colors.

N negligees show classic draperies, bustle arrangements, peg-top and Turkish trousers effects.

Underwear materials are sheer and soft, the models are all close fitting and many are made in flesh color.

Corsets show front lacings, are cut low above the waistline, and have long skirts.

Brassieres are eminently popular, and of great variety; they are made in flesh color in the newest models, and almost altogether unboned.

Millinery shapes include turbans in eccentric shapes, high at the side or back, shapes with short fronts, and high flaring sides, oblong sailors and odd three-cornered hats. Milan hemp combined with materials will be smart. Clipped ostrich pompoms, very small flowers and ribbons will be popular trimmings. Grosgrain and faille silk ribbons will be used for hats, thin moires, satins and novelties for sashes and girdles.

Net top laces are shown on very fine silk and cotton grounds. Plain nets also will be used, and tinsels will be popular for evening gowns.

Buttons odd in shape and in clever color combinations will be popular. Parasols of brocaded silks and taffetas will be much in vogue.

Shoes in patent leather, gunmetal effects, kid and suede will be in good style.

A pretty gown was made of cinnamon brown chiffon taffeta, with soft brown satin for girdle and cuffs. The waist is made in simple blouse style, with a long close fitting sleeve. The skirt is draped high over the hips, and is made with a panel effect at the back. A soft fichu of net edged with plaited frills is fastened in front with tiny bows of brown silk.

Charmeuse in a navy blue tone was used for a pretty gown, the waist of which is finished with a vest of ecru satin. A chemisette of shadow lace is piped at the collarless neck edge with green velvet. The two-piece peg-topped skirt has two one-piece circular tunic flounces.

9769. Girls' Dress, with long or shorter sleeve, with shield, and with collar in either of two outlines.

Blue and white striped galatea with trimming of white is here shown. Serge, corduroy, velvet, prunella, Bedford cord, gingham or percale are equally desirable. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 5 yards of 36-inch material for a 10 year size. Pattern 10 cents.



9769—Girl's Dress



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9867. Dress for misses and small women, with skirt having flounce, and tunic, and with body lining.

The waist, cut in kimono style, is arranged on a body lining that may be overlaid with material in front, to simulate a vest, or, may be worn with a chemisette, pattern for which is provided in this design. The tier skirt composed of a tunic and flounce over a two piece foundation, may be finished plain, without either flounce or tunic or both. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 5 yards of 44-inch material for a 14 year size. Pattern 10 cents.

9858 Girl's Dress.

Blue percale dotted with white is here shown. The facings are white with

finished with a new shape collar, and has sleeves in bell shape. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5½ yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10 cents.

9859 Apron.

A useful apron of generous housewife size, designed to protect the entire dress. The back is held in position by a strap of material that is buttoned to the front at the waistline. A pocket is a useful addition that will be appreciated by the wearer. Gingham, denim, holland and cambric are all suitable for the making, and broad or narrow edging may be used for trimming. The medium size requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern 10 cents.



fancy buttons for decoration. The plaited skirt is joined to the waist under the girdle. The sleeve is neatly finished with a pointed tab at the wrist. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. It requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material for a 10 year size. Pattern 10 cents.

9874. Girl's Dress with yoke, and with long or shorter sleeve.

The design is good for cashmere, serge, gingham, voile, lawn or dimity. The full waist portions are joined to a yoke that is finished with a jaunty collar in sailor style.

The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. It requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material for an 8 year size. Pattern 10 cents.

9680. Ladies' Kimono.

Scotch dimity in a pretty shade of lavender on white with facings of white, was used for this model. It is suitable for lawn, crepe, silk or flannel. It is

9854. Ladies' Shirt Blouse, with two styles of collar.

White linen was used in this instance. The design is equally good for madras, lawn, crepe, voile, cashmere, silk or velvet. The long shoulder is a good and popular style.

The neck may be finished with the jaunty broad collar, or in more severe but equally becoming style with a high tailored collar. The pattern is cut in seven sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3½ yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10 cents.

9564. Ladies' House Dress with Cap.

Gray and white striped seersucker was used for this design with trimming of gray chambray. The model is cool and comfortable, and the dainty cap will prove most practical and desirable. For simplicity, style and practical features this design will readily recommend itself. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 36-inch material with ¾ yard for the cap for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10 cents.

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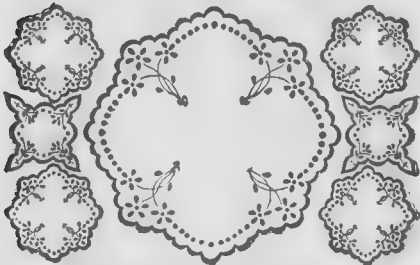


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9875. Girl's Blouse Dress with Long or Short Sleeves.

Double skirts and vest effects are just as charming for little girls dresses as for "grown ups" and one can develop the prettiest combination with the materials now in vogue. The style here shown has a narrow vest, finished at its upper part with a pointed section. The skirt may be in double or single tier, and is cut in two sections, with back and front gores. It is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 5 yards of 40-inch material for a 14 year size. Pattern 10 cents.

9864. Boy's Russian Suit with Knickerbockers.

Brown galatea was used in this instance. The style is good for gingham,

left and the waist is finished with a square collar. The sleeve may be made with a band cuff in wrist length or with a shaped cuff in elbow length. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10 cents.

9853. Girl's Dress, in French style, with lining and long or shorter sleeve, and with or without added yoke.

For everyday wear, cashmere, galatea, gingham or percale would be nice for this model either in long or short sleeve style and with or without collar.

The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for a 4 year size. Pattern 10 cents.



9850. Ladies' Kimono.

Cotton crepe, lawn, voile, batiste, silk, or flannelette may be used for this charming model. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the medium size. Pattern 10 cents.

9860-9849. A Popular and Stylish Dress.

Composed of ladies' waist, pattern 9860 and ladies' skirt, pattern 9849. The waist is made with an inserted vest, over which the fronts open in revers style and meet a neat collar. The waist is finished in blouse style, and with a shaped peplum. The skirt is jaunty and smart, with a strapped belt over the back near the lower edge, this belt may be omitted. The waist pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 6 yards of 40-inch material for a medium size. Two patterns, price 10 cents each.

9846. Ladies' Over-all Apron, with or without long or shorter sleeve and collar; and sleeve protector.

It is provided with ample pockets, and may be finished in low round neck edge, or with a flat collar. The sleeve protector is appropriate for the same materials as the apron. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10 cents.

9743. Ladies' House Dress, with long or shorter sleeve, and in raised or normal waistline.

Percale, lawn, gingham, chambray, cashmere, or flannel may be used for this design. The right front is shaped over the

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To those who sleep in a kind of a way, but whose rest is broken into by fearful dreams, nightmares, sinking and smothering sensations, who wake in the morning as tired as when they went to bed, we can recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. By taking them you can have your old, peaceful, undisturbed, refreshing sleep back again.

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Mr. Emery E. Deitrick, 7124 Idlewild Street, E. E., Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "My eyes were very weak, and my vision was so bad that I could recognize people only at short distances. Since using 'Actina' I have discarded my glasses, my headaches are gone, and my vision, I believe, is as good as ever it was."

Mr. J. H. Frankenfield, 522 E. 20th Street, Cheyenne, Wyo., writes: "Regarding what the 'Actina' has done for me, I am proud to say that I am not wearing my glasses at all. As for my cataract it is almost gone and I have been troubled with it for more than sixteen years."

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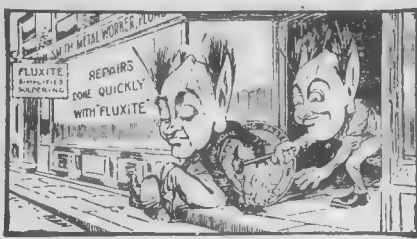
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WINNIPEG

9631. Girl's Dress, in Balkan Blouse
style, with long or shorter sleeve.

White crepe with trimming of Irish
lace is here shown. The model is also
appropriate for voile, linen, linene, ging-
ham percale or silk. The design is com-
posed of a blouse lengthened by a wide
band and slightly gathered skirt. The
pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and
12 years. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-
inch material for an 8 year size. Pat-
tern 10 cents.

9492. Ladies' One Piece Apron.

Here is an apron that is not only
simple and practical, but becoming as
well. It is fitted to the figure under the
arm by a dart, and the skirt portion is
ample enough to protect the dress.



Gingham, linen, percale or alpaca
are suitable for this garment. The
pattern is cut in three sizes: small,
medium and large. It requires 4 yards
of 36-inch material for the medium size.
Pattern 10 cents.

9852. Ladies' House Dress, with long
or shorter sleeve, and with raised or
normal waistline.

Striped gray and white seersucker,
with facings of gray in a darker shade
was used for this model. The fronts of
the waist and skirt are shaped in
points to correspond. The skirt back
has a group of dart tucks over its
center. The pattern is cut in six sizes:
34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust
measure. It requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-
inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern
10 cents.

9873. Girl's Dress, with band trimming
and with or without panel.

Checked suiting in pretty brown
tones, with trimming of biscuit colored
sateen is here shown. The round neck

and tabbed front is neat and pleasing.
The sleeve is finished with a ruff. The
pattern suitable for silk, wash or
woolen goods is cut in sizes: 6,
8, 10 and 12 years. It requires $4\frac{1}{2}$
yards of 36-inch material for 10 year
size. Pattern 10 cents.

9847. Ladies' Night Dress, with yoke
and shoulder bands.

This charming design may be de-
veloped in lawn, cambric, nainsook,
crepe, crossbar muslin, dimity, or silk.
Bands of embroidery all over or lace
may serve as trimming. The closing
is at the side. The pattern is cut
in three sizes: small, medium and
large. It requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch
material for a medium size. Pattern
10 cents.

9869. Girl's Yoke Dress, with or with-
out tucker yoke, and with long or
shorter sleeve.

Linen, linene, gingham, chambray, per-
cale, challie, serge, crepe, cotton voile
or eponge are all desirable for this de-
sign. The pattern is cut in four sizes:
2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards
of 40-inch material for the dress and
 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch material for the
tucker for a 6 year size. Pattern 10
cents.

9857. Ladies' Costume, with Chemisette
and with or without Tunic.

This model has several new and at-
tractive style features. The gathered
tunic, the long shoulder and waist shap-
ing are all distinctive and pleasing. The
design is good for a combination of
materials, or may be made of one ma-
terial if preferred. The pattern is cut in
six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches
bust measure. It requires 7 yards of
44-inch material for a 36-inch size.
Pattern 10 cents.

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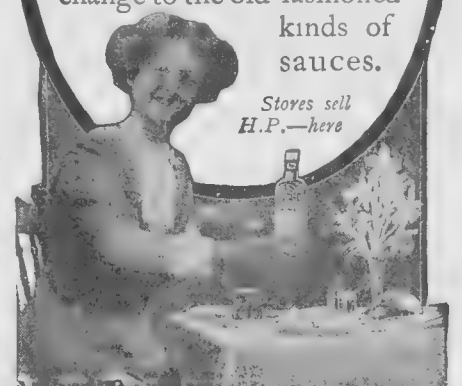
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9648. A Practical Kitchen Apron

Every woman, whether she has to do the work about the house or not, will find use for a simple, practical work apron such as the one here pictured. The usual apron materials are suitable for reproduction, such as linen, gingham, holland and percale. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for the medium size. Pattern 10 cents.

9872. Girl's Dress with lining and bolero, with or without collar, with long or shorter sleeve and with skirt gathered or plaited.

Blue crepe was used for this design with bands of Lierre lace for trimming. White dimity, with embroidered edging



is pretty also, or, all over embroidery, flouncing or embroidered linen could be used. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a 10 year size; without the bolero, 3/4 yard less. Pattern 10 cents.

9676. Girl's Dress in Balkan Blouse style.

This attractive model was developed in white ramie linen with a finish of simple stitching in blue. The three piece skirt is joined at the blouse under the belt. The front of the blouse is shaped in deep scallops. The pattern is suitable for gingham, chambray, linene, galatea, percale or lawn, is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 10 year size. Pattern 10 cents.

9856. Ladies' House or Home Dress, in raised or normal waistline.

Serge, cashmere, linen, galatea, seersucker, lawn, gingham, chambray, or linene are all appropriate for this attractive model. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches

bust measure. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10 cents.

9863. Dress for Misses and Small Women.

This stylish model was prettily combined in checked brown and white woollen, for the skirt and brown crepe for the waist. A soft and pretty girle of red messaline forms an attractive finish. If made of one material, serge, corduroy, velvet, linen, silk or satin could be used. The skirt lines are simple and pleasing. The waist is a pretty but plain blouse with simple coat closing. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 4 3/4 yards of 40-inch material for a 16 year size. Pattern 10 cents.

9866. Girl's Coat, with or without Cuffs and Belt.

Brown velvet was used for this design, with trimmings of fancy silk. The design is suitable for linen, linene, corduroy, broadcloth, cheviot and other cloakings. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 6 year size. Pattern 10 cents.

9868—9871. Ladies' Waist, pattern 9868, and Ladies' Skirt, pattern 9871 combine to produce this stylish effect.

As shown in the large view the tunic peplum may be omitted. The skirt may be finished in raised or normal waistline. The waist fronts open over a vest, that is topped by a chemisette, which could be omitted for evening wear. The waist pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 7 1/2 yards of 40-inch material for a medium size, for the entire costume. Two separate patterns 10 cents each.

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There is only one way to get rid of them, and that is to purify the blood.

Burdock Blood Bitters is without a doubt the best remedy on the market for this purpose.

Wm. F. Donohue, Jr., Hamilton, Ont., writes:—"About six months ago my little son's face was literally covered with pimples. I tried every preparation I was told of by my friends, but to no avail. Soon I thought I could not have them fixed up, and would have to wait, and let him grow out of them, but thanks to Burdock Blood Bitters they are all gone, and I gladly recommend it to anyone."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured solely by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



A bite of this and a taste of that, all day long, dulls the appetite and weakens the digestion.

Restore your stomach to healthy vigor by taking a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal—and cut out the "piecing".

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets are the best friends for sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia. 50c. a Box at your Druggist's. Made by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

149

FREE TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL

This ring is an exact duplicate of an 18k solid gold ring and you can have it engraved with any monogram desired. You can earn this beautiful ring in less than an hour. Just simply sell 24 packages of our assorted picture post cards. Each package contains 6 cards, which you sell for only 10c. A free coupon given with each package, will make your friends buy them on sight. Don't wait a minute, but order right now. You send no money until you have sold the cards, then send us the money you have received (\$2.40), we send you this ring, engraved, by return mail. Ask for our big catalog of premiums. Address

COLONIAL ART CO. TORONTO, ONT.

Meat May Be Injurious and Is Expensive!

Some people may eat lots of meat without injury to their health, but it's hard on their pockets. Others should avoid meat almost entirely, yet they eat it daily—these pay in both health and purse.

Either class will benefit by eating less meat and more Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

It gives much more nourishment than its cost in meat, is infinitely more easy to digest—consequently better for you,

Ask for

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

It's the original. 10 cents per package.

104



Let me talk to you about **Anaemia**

Our blood is composed of red and white corpuscles—the red to nourish the body, the white to fight disease. In Anæmia, the red corpuscles are more or less deficient. Thus the blood cannot properly sustain and nourish the body. The eyes become dull, the face white, and a feeling of intense weariness pervades the whole system. There is nothing so effective in Anæmia as 'Wincarnis.' Because 'Wincarnis' floods the body with *new, rich, red blood*, which gives a sparkle to the eyes, brings the roses into the cheeks, and gives *new vigour, new vitality and new life* to the whole body. Will you try it?

Begin to get well **FREE**

Send for a liberal free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis.' Enclose six cents stamps for postage. COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. You can obtain regular supplies from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

WINGARNIS

The Wine of Life

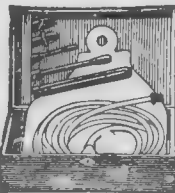
Recommended by over 10,000 Doctors

If it's made of
RUBBER

We Have It

Write us and mention
your wants

UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO.
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\$6.10 Baby's Outfits \$6.10

Containing 50 Articles

Robes, Gowns, Barrows, Flannels, etc. Everything necessary good and durable, and ready for instant use. Sent return Mail. DUTY FREE and Carriage paid for \$6.10 British P. Order. Lists Free. Mrs. Franks, 175 Alfred St., Nottingham, England.

9503. Ladies' one-piece Corset Cover and one-piece Drawers.

The patterns here submitted are easy to develop and suitable for all lingerie fabrics. The corset cover and drawers are each one-piece models. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for the medium size. Pattern 10 cents.

9870-9831.

Composed of Ladies' Jacket, Pattern 9870, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern, 9831. The combination is exceedingly smart and attractive. The models will develop equally well in ratine, cponge, chiffon, taffeta and other silks, linen, gingham, or linene, serge or cloth. The jacket pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38,

the blouse overlaps the left, and the fulness is gathered to a belt. A girdle or sash trimming forms a pretty finish. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years; requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for a six year size. Pattern 10c.

9667. Ladies' House Dress

Suitable for gingham, galatea, chambray, lawn, or percale, this model may also be developed in ratine, linen or linene, for more dressy wear. The fronts are cut low and a shawl collar finishes the neck. The skirt has a hem tuck at the centre back. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. Pattern 10c.



40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for a medium size for the entire suit. Two separate patterns 10c each.

9722. Girls Dress in Balkan Style with long or shorter sleeve, and with two styles of collar.

Blue and green Scotch plaid suiting, with facings of blue, was used for this model. The blouse waist has deep box plaits in front and back. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 10 year size. Pattern 10c.

9690. Girls' Blouse Dress with Lining. White linen embroidered in self color was used for this design. It is also appropriate for silk, gingham, chambray, linene, challie, corduroy, velvet and serge. The plaited skirt is joined to an under-waist that may be of lining, and overlaid at its upper part with material to simulate a chemisette. The lining may also be cut low at this part, for deep neck opening. The right front of

9433. Ladies' Over All Apron.

Percale, gingham, chambray, and similar fabrics may be used for this practical design, which serves as a complete cover and protector for the gown, or dress underneath. It is cut with low neck and cap sleeve to insure coolness and comfort. In 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for the medium size. Pattern 10c.

9862. Ladies' Waist with lining and chemisette.

This charmingly graceful model is most easy to develop. Its blouse shape is becoming to most figures. It has the popular drop shoulder sleeve, and is provided with a simple lining, that helps to hold the blouse shape. The design is suitable for silk, velvet, cloth or wash fabrics. Blue cotton voile, with frill of sheer lawn feather stitched in color to match the voile, made a pretty waist of this style. It will look equally well in white linen or wash silk. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10 cents



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Original
and
Only
Genuine

BEWARE
of
Imitations
sold
on the
Merits
of
MINARD'S
LINIMENT

Artificial Limbs

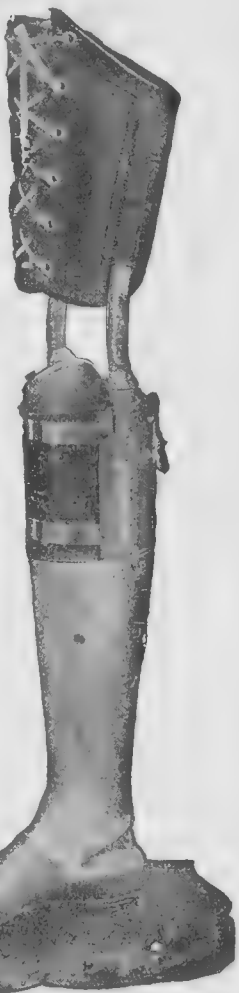
To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON
357 Notre Dame
Avenue
WINNIPEG
MAN.



CANCER



R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.

R. D. Evans

BRANDON - - - MAN

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.

are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, Can.

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

Want Homesteads.

Tappen, B. C., Feb. 23, 1914.

Editor,
Western Home Monthly,
Dear Sir: Having been a reader of your paper for some considerable time, and taken a special interest in the Correspondence columns, I thought I would write to see if I could get in touch with anyone who knows where there are two good homesteads adjoining each other, as myself and chum are desirous of taking up homesteads. We are 23 years of age, Canadians by birth, and both bachelors. Thanking you in anticipation. I remain yours truly,
J.L.G.

A Valuable Asset.

P.O. Wapashoe, Maple Creek, Sask.
Feb. 13, 1914.

Dear Editor: Although only a new subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, I must say that your paper is a valuable asset to the home. It not only affords reading for old and young alike but we find in your various columns so many useful hints relating to everything connected with home life. Your Correspondence column is more than interesting, I think it brings us in closer touch with others who are scattered over our provinces. I am a bachelor, age 24 but cannot complain about loneliness as we have plenty of good neighbors and your paper affords many happy hours before the fire. I am enclosing a letter for Yorkshire Lassie if you will please forward to her. As I come from the Old Country myself and am always ready to give a cheering word for those leaving the Old Land. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I remain,
Yours sincerely, Contented.

A Broader and Brighter View.

Sask., Feb. 4, 1914.

Dear Editor: I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for two years. Mother used to subscribe for it and give it to me to read. This year I take it myself as we are very fond of the good stories and the Young Women's Page. The whole magazine is helpful and useful to anyone who will take and read it. It has greatly cheered and helped me to look out on life with a broader and a brighter view. I live on a farm and like my work well even if I do have to work hard at times. "What is gained of any value," but has to be got through whole hearted study and work and trying to bring about the best results we can. Wishing The Western Home Monthly continued success. I would be pleased to hear from the lonely members as these long winter days I sometimes get lonely. I am,
Canadian Girl.

A Good Mixture.

Ontario, Jan. 30, 1914.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen: I have just been reading an old Western Home Monthly of 1909. The stories are real good. I must confess we still take The Western Home Monthly, it arrives here about the fifteenth of each month. I'll tell you girls we got a raking over for flirting, now wasn't that terrible, well I don't flirt. I just have a very nice time, I meet lots of young men but don't care for every Tom, Dick or Harry. I am very particular

and if you don't believe me ask some of the boys. They all say, "stuck-up." Now that's not flirting. I belong to the Methodist church, don't dance or play cards or bother much with those kind of people. But that wasn't what I was going to tell you. This is it, the roads are bare, buggy for ours. Oh! yes! I baked to-day. "Bread," very nice indeed, have a piece? It must be nice out West, I have a brother in a town, in Saskatchewan. I do wish he'd come home, so I could see his smiling face, once again some day. I am German, Irish, Scotch. I whistle, sing, play, and even hitch and drive my pony. Bye Bye,
A Farmer's Daughter.

Touch Not—Taste Not.

Newfoundland, Jan. 16, 1914.

Dear Editor: Did any of you ever have a freak, when you just ached to do something out of the ordinary everyday routine, something to cause a sensation, to amuse others or at least yourself? Well such have been my feelings for some days. At first I had lofty and inspiring thoughts of soaring into the literary world, and commencing my brilliant career by writing the story of my own life, over which the masses should rave, but it did not take much thought to convince me that they would never enjoy that privilege, seeing that for the life of me I could not get beyond the title "Life by the Ocean Wave." Well what should I do? I know, I'll write to The Western Home Monthly. I rarely see a letter there from Newfoundland, so I'll join the merry circle, I fancy it will prove a cure for the blues. I often read of the loneliness of the Western bachelors. Well I can thoroughly sympathize with them and all others who live in isolated places, but do you know Western bachelors it depends largely on ourselves rather than our surroundings whether we are lonely or not. Now someone may say, it is easy enough for her to preach," but I can assure you friends I know whereof I speak. If we find good employment for the mind or body we are almost sure to forget our loneliness, and in this day of cheap, good literature of every kind, work for the mind and brain is within the reach of all. If we are interested in any particular subject, say machinery, electricity, engineering, music, etc., why not obtain a few books on the subject and do a bit of study in the long winter evenings after we have read The Western Home Monthly or done some writing, or if we are not in mood to study, what is better than good clean novels of which there are many. I don't fancy "Northonia" in Dec. paper, will be very lonely this winter if he answers the 52,437 boys and girls he has invited to write him. I quite agree with you Northonia that we should have debates on some interesting and instructive topics, but we differ on the "tobac" and "booze" question, you think they are not injurious in themselves, it's the over indulgence that hurts, but I say "Touch not, taste not, handle not," and you quote "Nothing useless is or low, each thing in its place is best." I don't think Longfellow meant to apply that to tobacco and drink, as a little farther on he says, "Make the house where gods may dwell, beautiful, entire and clean." Oh dear! What is this I smell! surely 'tis not my cake burning, Well! Well! Excuse me, yours in haste,
Pharos.

P.S.—Just back to say it's not burned after all. Anyone who cares to call me up will find my telephone No. with the Editor. P.

Woman the Superior Being.

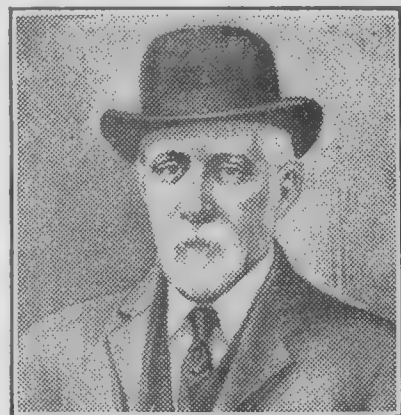
Brandon, Man.

Dear Sir: By reading the papers and magazines of different countries, and sizing up the characters of Woman's Suffrage, it begins to look as if unmarried men, as well as those who have acquired wives and discretion, will soon have to admit that woman is the superior creature. Science has become a suffragette, and her word is final. Man

COULD NOT EAT— FAILING FAST

Captain On Great Lakes Restored To Health By "Fruit-a-tives"

For thirty years, Captain Swan followed the Great Lakes. He has now retired and lives at Port Burwell, where he is well known and highly esteemed.



H. SWAN, Esq.

PORT BURWELL, ONT., May 8th. 1913.

"A man has a poor chance of living and enjoying life when he cannot eat. That was what was wrong with me. Loss of appetite and indigestion was brought on by Constipation. I have had trouble with these diseases for years. I lost a great deal of flesh and suffered constantly. For the last couple of years, I have taken "Fruit-a-tives" and have been so pleased with the results that I have recommended them on many occasions to friends and acquaintances. I am sure that "Fruit-a-tives" have helped me greatly. By following the diet rules and taking "Fruit-a-tives" according to directions, any person with dyspepsia will get benefit".
H. SWAN

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior,

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

ALL FOOT SUFFERERS

find relief when they use

TOE-KOMFORT

the tissue food and foot tonic

Cures Corns, Callouses, Ingrowing Nails, Relieves Tired Aching Perspiring Feet, Bunions, Blistered Feet and all Foot Ailments. Shoe Dealers and Druggists or by mail 25c. Satisfaction or money back.

FOOT-KOMFORT MFG. CO.
389 Tweed Avenue, Winnipeg

assumes priority in the scheme of creation, when he says that, he does not know what he is talking about, Eve came ages and ages before Adam. Hers was the only sex for ages, biology proves this. Adam, in fact, was a creature of Eve, although man will not admit that. Eve's sex at first ruled the universe. Then man came and finally developed the stronger body and the brute force which enabled him to take control. Consequently it was easy for him to begin bossing and taking credit for what he had not done. Perhaps this opinion of a Western biologist may interest those who are foremost in maintaining the essential priority and superiority of the masculine mind. The idea that the world in its first estate was ruled by women is not new, however matriarchy or government descending in the female line, is said to have prevailed amongst primitive people during long periods of history, and suffragist orators are fond of citing the historic tradition that the mother was once the absolute ruler and arbiter of the family. Certainly in primitive times it was the woman who did the work and the man who did the thinking. While the squaw built the fire, cleaned the fish and served the meal in pottery, which she had moulded with her own hands and baked, the noble savage lay under a tree, smoking his pipe and thinking. Once in a while his philosophic speculations were interrupted by fights, which served only to make life pleasanter and more exciting. It has been urged that women have invented no systems of philosophy. Personally I consider it to woman's credit that she has produced so few speculative philosophers. Scratch a philosopher and you will find a grafter most of the time. Witness the two

prize philosophers of the concord group. Branson Alcott and Henry Thoreau, one of whom left the business of supporting himself and the family he had brought into the world to his daughter Louisa, while the other lived on Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier and anybody else who was willing to contribute to his support. The truth is that man got a long start in philosophy because he got a long start in idleness. Nature chose woman for her industrious apprenticeship by giving her the work of bearing and rearing children. To be sure, man's modern job, that of protecting and supporting them, is hard enough. But his first occupations, fishing and hunting, left him lots of leisure in which to speculate upon whence, whithers and wherefores, while woman took care of the household and the family. Fishing is the most delightful form of doing nothing man has ever invented, and perhaps philosophizing ranks next in leisure and delight. It is true that woman has produced few philosophers, she has been far too busy. Readers, I feel that this letter will cause much varied criticism amongst you all, so that your opinions will be sent to The Western Home Monthly which will please me to see. I suppose some of you, by this time think that I am a woman suffragette, but I am not. Just a common man of twenty-two years I am, and believe in justice to woman and man. Now I must stop. Hoping to see this in the next issue, I will sign as,

"Spartan."

Calls for the Doctor.

Sask., Feb., 1914.

Dear Editor: After reading the letters in the Correspondence column for some time we decided to write a few lines to

let you know that such people as we existed. We do enjoy reading the letters very much, but are not so fond of it that we would care to join "Bravo" in his walk to Winnipeg for the paper, especially this cold weather. Where is our Doctor these days? We miss his letters terribly. Spruce up Doc and write again. We don't pretend to be very much on the cooking stuff, however we can boil water without burning it, and would be pleased to send the recipe to a "Golden Ears Rancher" if he cares to write for it. He will find our address with the Editor. Wishing the paper continued success, we are,

A couple of Kids.

The Best of All.

Sask., Feb., 1914.

Dear Sir: I have been a reader of your paper for over eight years, and will say that among all the papers and magazines I read I like The Western Home Monthly the best. I like the Correspondence page fine, there is a lot to learn in it as well as the rest of the paper. I like the way some of the readers write and tell what they think about the business going on in our great Western country. It is sure a great country and there is room for plenty more. I do think that fine sensible young women can do much towards making this country better in every way as well as doing a great deal for the good of the country and the people. Well I will close now, wishing The Western Home Monthly every success and hoping some of the readers will write to a lonely boy away out West, I remain,

A friend.

Remembers the First Western Home Monthly.

Manitoba, Feb. 11th, 1914.

Dear Editor: My father has taken The Western Home Monthly almost ever since it was started so we have been able to watch all its improvements, and I must say, they have been many and worthy ones too. I remember quite well carrying the copy of the first volume of The Monthly home from the Post Office. I got it as I came from school, and I prized it greatly then, as I do now. It was a treat to get it as we were pioneers in this country, it then being in its infancy. I live on the farm with my parents and sisters and brother, and I find that country life is good enough for me. I have tried to live in towns at different times, but found it so unbearably lonesome that I quit and came back to the soil. The farm is certainly a busy place in summer, but it is also very quiet in winter. I have been to two dances this winter, and our own Christmas tree, so that's being good and holding down the claim isn't it? I am sure I would have made a good homesteader if I had only been a boy, or else we must get the laws changed. I have danced ever since I was eleven years old, and that is no short time as I am thirty now, and I don't think I am any the worse for it, but I would never advise any one to dance if they had any notion it was not right, but I think if each one would just listen to and obey that still small voice in that as in everything else they would not make many mistakes. There seems to be a lot of discussion in these pages as to whether or not "Marriage is a Failure." I have taken note as I have been about in my life, and in a great many cases one would almost be led to believe that it was a failure, however, I don't for a moment think it is, but there are so many couples married who are not suited to one another in any respect, and it is surely a failure as far as they are concerned. So I think it behooves people to look before they leap, and be very, very sure their love is a lasting one, and not a mere passion that will pass away when the novelty wears off, for it surely takes all the love there is to tide over the rough places. My favorite pastime is to get out on my pony's back, and take a gallop across country, over the hills and valleys. We have a lovely valley in summer with lots of wild fruit and flowers and birds—in fact everything in nature to make one happy who loves dear old Dame Nature as I sure do,

Sammy.

Good for Canada.

Briercrest, Sask.

Dear Editor: I have taken The Western Home Monthly for quite a long time and like reading the Correspondence column very much. I came from the States to Canada about ten years ago and have not been back since. I think Canada is the best place for a poor man to make money. We came here with three dollars, and we are worth about fifty thousand to-day, so that isn't too bad for Canada. I think my subscription is about run out so I will send my dollar in. I could not get along without The Western Home Monthly in the house. My father and I own half a section of land, and we farm it together. I like farming best of all. I will sign myself,

Happy.

Has not seen the West.

Ontario, Jan. 27, 1914.

Dear Editor: My brother who spent a few months out West last spring subscribed for The Western Home Monthly which I find very interesting indeed. I am very fond of reading both English and German. I at first overlooked the Correspondence. I appreciated "Kamloops" and "Northonia's" letters. I live at home on a very large farm but spend my holidays in the city, so am accustomed to both, and may say I like one as well as the other. I have seen a lot of Ontario and also visited the American side, but have not had an opportunity to see the Golden West. We have rural mail and telephones and live just a mile from a lively village which also is the proud owner of a brass band. I will write again if I see this printed and will tell you something more interesting,

Virginia.

Renewed his Subscription.

Weyburn, Feb., 1914.

Dear Editor: I was a reader of The Western Home Monthly for about three years, and didn't send in the renewal, so it stopped. I could not get along without it so sent for it again. I think it is the best paper out. I enjoy reading the letters, everybody has a different thought of the suffrage question. Well I will not take up any more room. If any of the readers would like to correspond with me my address is with the Editor,

Happy Boy.

What Others Think.

Manitoba, Jan. 26, 1914.

Dear Editor: Your January issue seemed to take ages to come out. I was afraid some of those cold-blooded critics might tear my poor epistle in the December issue (thanking you, Sir) limb from limb, as it were; and was counting the days till the first number of 1914 should appear—yet dreading to see what I would like to see. Fearful lest some well-versed scribe should show where your humble servant's claims were flatly opposed to Truth and Reason. I, myself, confidently believe in aforementioned claims, but, like Rebecca in Ivanhoe, am not sure whether I could hold my own in an argument along such lines; and anyway the very thought of what some of the more experienced writers might do to a person's line of logic sends cold shivers all over a fellow. But Lo! and Behold! not a single scribe deigned to even note this poor ink-spiller's effort. And herein brethren and sisters lies a good lesson. How often the thought of what others will say or think of us influences us this way or the other from the trail which we believe is the right one. "Apron Strings" "Be a Sport" and such like phrases lead us to take our first swallow of booze, and often come across with a dollar that we had planned to use otherwise. For this people buy the drinks, the chocolates, new hats, suits, dresses, horses and buggies, automobiles, palatial mansions, grand dinners, gorgeous public buildings, armies, navies, bankruptcy, and the high cost of existing. Not what others think of us—but what we think they will think of us; and we pay a big price, don't we, for what we think is their good opinion? And nine times out of ten they would think better of us if we stuck to our own trail, and if they didn't, is it the chief



Beauty of the Skin

Cleanliness the Essential—Cheap Soaps and Powders to be Avoided

Cheap, inferior soaps and pore-clogging powders are the greatest enemies to the

health and beauty of the skin. Skin powders are in reality only white dirt. They absorb the perspiration and form a sort of paste, which seals up the pores and positively stops the natural eliminating action of the skin.

To have a beautiful skin, you should use only the best of soap, and when roughness or irritation of the skin arises the application of Dr. Chase's Ointment will soon restore the natural smoothness and beauty of the skin.

The almost magical effect this ointment has in the cure of eczema, salt rheum, blackheads, pimples and all forms of itching skin eruptions is the wonder of all who use it. It acts as a food for the skin, and is consequently a beautifier of most remarkable effectiveness.

Dr. Chase's Ointment cleans out the pores of the skin and increases the natural activity of the skin as an eliminating agent. If you would have a clear, healthy, beautiful skin, Dr. Chase's Ointment will help you to realize your wish as nothing else can. 60 cents a box, all dealers. Sample box free, if you mention this paper. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

They Helped Her Wonderfully

What Mrs. H. Best Says of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Alberta Woman Voices the Sentiment of the Women of the West That Dodd's Kidney Pills are Woman's Best Friend.

Retlaw, Alta. (Special).—"Dodd's Kidney Pills helped me wonderfully." So says Mrs. H. Best, a highly respected lady living here. And Mrs. Best expresses the sentiment of thousands of women in Alberta. Like most women Mrs. Best does not care to talk about her troubles, but she does wish others who have suffered as she has to know that they can find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills. "I found them entirely satisfactory. They helped me wonderfully," she says, "and I give you my full permission to tell the public what they have done for me."

Women who suffer in silence can be cured just as silently. The keystone of woman's health is the Kidneys. If they are kept strong and healthy, they keep the blood pure, and pure blood means good health all over the body. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy Kidneys and good blood. That's why they are known as woman's best friend.

That's what You want for your Skin Trouble



If you are a sufferer from eczema or bad legs and hands, disfigured by spots and rashes on your face, or worried by skin irritation that robs you of sleep, use the famous British skin remedy—Antexema—which always cures. No skin trouble can resist its healing influence. It stops irritation instantly, and a permanent cure quickly follows. Antexema is a cooling, non-poisonous, creamy liquid, cleanly to use and scarcely visible on the skin. Give up useless, messy ointments. No bandages required with Antexema, which has 30 years' reputation in Great Britain, and always succeeds. Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Of all druggists in Canada. Prices in Britain 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Wholesale from Antexema Company, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. (Eng.)

Antexema
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

With Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen, that when finger on the inflamed part it sion? If so, have poison, remedies you your knees are being ulcerated, the ankles, round which coloured or there the disease, if true will deprive power to walk, attended various been told your case advised to submit to amputation, but do not for I can cure you. I don't say perhaps, but I will. Send to the Drug Stores for a Box of

GRASSHOPPER

ointment and PILLS, which is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Hands, Ulcerated Joints, Housemaid's Knee, Carbuncles, Snake and Insect Bites, &c., &c. English Prices, 1/1½ and 2/9 each. See Trade Mark of a Grasshopper on a Green Label. Prepared by ALBERT, Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England.

end of man on earth to secure the good opinion of his fellows, even at the cost of what he believes to be right?

But take it from me, boys and girls, it takes back-bone to combat this over-sensitiveness. Back-bone, sand and grit! Have we got it? Come ye rock-ribbed, husky homesteaders—answer me! And ye fairer ones get those curl-topped heads a-thinking! Where is this sand to come from? Each and every one of us is elected to supply his own. There has been great controversy concerning a Canadian navy, now the very essence of Christianity demands that we have no navy! Is there back-bone enough in all Canada to put Christian principles into force? Is there? Of course you brawny boys needn't answer unless you choose, you may let your ideas about this be as hazy as the smoke-cloud from your "filthy weed stove"; and you girls need not force your heads to do any more strenuous work than chewing gum and perhaps all the evils enumerated do not result wholly from over-sensitiveness to the other fellow's opinion; but it is a fact that this sensitiveness is a main factor in their cause. One of the most sensible epistles that ever looked The Western Home Monthly readers in the face is "A Down East Lassie's." For good old-time common sense it's hard to beat; and brings to mind that old saying "A farmer's wife for me." I, too, know what it is to be down-hearted and lonesome. I suppose we all do; and women, ay and men too, can do more good with a cheerful and encouraging word at such times than with a whole cart-load of votes. We are all clamoring for more responsibilities and wider spheres when we are not using one-tenth of the opportunities that are daily open to us. Happily in about the year 3914, when the legislated millenium, which most folks think possible, has come, will be heard many discouraged youths voicing this strain, "These are dull times, a fellow now-a-days has no show. Everything is provided for by law. It must have been grand to live away back in the twentieth century when there was a chance to 'do a kindness to someone every day.'" Never was a time so brim-ful of opportunities for everyone. Not opportunities to turn over material wealth at a neat profit, (for, as Ruskin says, there is no wealth but Life) but to make some brother creature happy; and this not by blare of brass bands, blazing headlines, platform oratory, philanthropic donating and party law-framing, but by a kind, encouraging word from cheerfully smiling lips. Of course the politicians and philanthropists do their best with their petty laws and pettier millions, but they haven't the same chance as we common folks. Oh my! Oh my! I started out to write just a few lines, and here I have written all this—and perhaps the readers will think it is so much muck; but if you take a painful and wash away the crudities of expression and composition it will "pan-out" golden truths. Well, so long folks, be good and you'll be happy,

Northonia.

Who Can Give the Information?

Meota, Sask., Feb., 1914.

Dear Sir: I am a reader of the paper and I like it very much. I would like to know one or two things if some of the readers could oblige me. I see that "Rainbow" is willing to give a few words about B.C. My first question is, is a person safe to hold lots in Liverpool and Port Mann, B.C.? Next, I would like some information about The Lena Island Coal Company as I have a bunch of coal shares. I am a gas engineer and would like to get this information. Thanking you in anticipation, I will sign,

Bruno.

No Rest With Asthma. Asthma usually attacks at night, the one time when rest is needed most. Hence the loss of strength, the nervous debility, the loss of flesh and other evils which must be expected unless relief is secured. Fortunately relief is possible. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has proved its merit through years of service. A trial will surely convince you.



Save Your Voice

Do not ignore hoarseness, coughs, sore throats or loss of voice. Use

EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT PASTILLES

They give relief at once, and their continued use restores strength and tone to the throat and vocal organs. If you speak or sing in public, always keep Evans' Antiseptic Throat Pastilles at hand.

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For Free Sample, write

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

The Secret of Beauty

is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion

BEETHAM'S La-rola

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores
M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM, ENG.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience, the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

Mrs. E. COATES COLEMAN
224 SMITH STREET, WINNIPEG

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles and Warts successfully removed. Eczema and acne treated. Facial treatments. Scalp treatments. Soft water Shampooing Manicuring.

Mrs McConechy Suite 5 Credit Foncier Bldg., Regina, Sask

Broadenaxe Hair Food

Is not a dye but a food that soothes the dry scalp and lifts the dead skin off thus allowing the hair to come through in its natural shade. Directions for use on jar. Mail order price \$1.00 postpaid. ESTABLISHED NINE YEARS

BROADENAXE CO.

29 Stobart Block, Winnipeg

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly
Write for special clubbing offers

Woman and the Home

My Little Girl

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

The laughing guests have come and gone—

I walked as in a dream!
Was it my hand, my needle, mine
That sewed the silken seam?

She grew so graceful, slim and tall,
So sweet and maiden-wise;
Yet still for me the child-heart looked
From out her wondering eyes.

They say it was the Wedding March
I heard the players play!
"My little girl! My little girl!"
Was all my heart could say.

The Poisonous White Lies

Marc N. Goodnow

A mother, pale and haggard of countenance, with deep lines of worry and shame carved in flesh and skin which once bore the blush of youth and hope, stood dejectedly before the railing which separated the judge of the juvenile court from the court room. She seemed to carry the weight of a thousand years upon her slender shoulders and they drooped visibly under the burden. Her tear-stained face turned appealingly to the judge who had just passed sentence upon her only son, and with a faint voice and trembling lips she said:

"Your Honor, I truly don't know how this could have happened. My boy was raised in a Christian home, surrounded with the comforts of life, sent to school, watched over carefully and showered with the affections of a devoted mother. Now you have pronounced him a convicted thief . . . Judge, I can't understand it, it doesn't seem possible, or right, or just."

"Mrs. Mailey," said the judge, showing traces of emotion in his voice, "the court can express only a small share of the deep sympathy which it really feels for a mother in such dire distress. The sight of a boy of fifteen years being sent to the house of correction is indeed one which might well arouse questions of right and justice. Still, it is the law." The judge cleared his throat, then continued: "However, your boy developed tendencies which you knew nothing about; had you known them you would not be here to-day. The system of living, our whole social scheme, which countenances the insidious little 'white lies' of life has had its baneful effect here. It is unnecessary to remind you of these poisonous 'white lies' for they have already caused all the havoc possible for them to cause in your life."

There was a slight stir in the court room and the judge ceased speaking. The boy in the prisoner's dock looked down upon his mother. He seemed the personification of terror and shame. An unnatural light flickered in his shifting eyes and he moistened his lips again and again as if to speak, but no sound came from them. To the little woman before him—she who gave him birth, who reared him through tender years and who poured out the caresses and affections of devoted worship—to her it seemed a hideous, black dream; her boy standing in that prisoner's dock, the cynosure of a hundred pairs of morbidly curious eyes, a felon at the age of fifteen, branded for life as a criminal—because he had sold fifty pounds of lead pipe which did not belong to him.

Summoning her remaining strength and courage, Mrs. Mailey walked to the dock and with a display of wonderful self-control and affectionate tenderness bade her boy good-bye; bade him farewell for two years—two of the longest years it could ever be a mother's agony to suffer; two centuries they were to her, and full of the vivid horror of that court room scene. Then she left the court room, followed by the boy's grandparents and other near relatives, the crowd by now hushed with awed respect for a mother's bleeding heart. It was the silent sympathy, one would say, for

the tortured living, which is deeper by far in its human significance than the loud lamentations for the peaceful dead.

The terrible import of that scene in the dingy court room of a big city remained many days in the memory of even the most disinterested, most casual observer. To Mrs. Mailey, its poignancy never quite left her in all the dark and bitter days to come, weighing her down not only with the deep sense of shame and sorrow, but instilling the suspicion that by no means had her boy's offence merited this awful punishment.

The stricken woman returned to the home, which from now on was to be but a dreary abiding place, full of bitter memories and devoid of hope. Her husband had died a year before. Now, she felt as lonely as the veriest outcast, though her parents tried in their feeble way to comfort her. But the ache and shame of it all overcame any feeling of solace she might have derived from exterior sources. She had ceased to weep; her tears had dried of their own scorching heat; they were unavailing in this circumstance.

She sat dry-eyed and brooding that night in the dark of her lonely sitting room; brooding vaguely, dreamily, over the events of the day which had so cruelly torn her heartstrings to shreds; brooding of the future as it might come to pass and speculating in the hope which had no chance of fulfillment. She could even have faced death with a tinge of pleasure, such was the torment of her soul, but she only prayed that her mind might become a blank from that day forth, and that two years might be blotted from her life.

And as she sat there alone, the thought came: "What had the judge meant by the poisonous white lies—the poisonous white lies—the poisonous—" The thought kept running through her mind continuously. The last word mingled with the first and the sentence soon blurred into only a hazy streak which could hardly be called a thought. "What could he have meant?" she asked herself again and again, and finally sat up with a start. Why, she knew what he had meant; she knew well enough, but at the moment she could not formulate the impression into the semblance of a thought or an idea.

Then her mind flashed back with lightning rapidity to her early married life, when, as Bertha Sawyer, she first met and loved Robert Mailey. She remembered that they had started married life with only a small fund. Their housekeeping had been extremely modest, but as the circle of their acquaintance among married people widened they found they demanded more of the comforts and luxuries of life in order to be happy. There had been constant saving in the small ways that the Maileys might hold up their heads with the others of their circle.

When Tom, her first born, was seven years old, their telephone had been installed. She could now remember distinctly the day it was attached to the dining room wall. And she remembered that she had never deposited the money for the call until she had been asked several times to do so. She had even tried to get through with her calls without paying for them at all. It seemed a ridiculous thing to be thinking about, but it loomed large in her mental vision now in spite of herself. It was as if some demon of her brain were thrusting these insignificant, trivial thoughts from dark recesses into full view. She could think of nothing else.

She remembered one day when young Tom, a fair-faced chap with golden hair, looked up at her when she had finished telephoning a friend and said with a smile and a half-wink:

"You didn't have to pay for that, did you, mother?"

It all came back to her now, and with the poignancy of knife thrusts. She saw young Tom answering the telephone in his important way and asking his father, under his breath, if he was at home to the person who had inquired for him. She wondered why she had not given thought to these things when they occurred; now they were crowding

into her brain like bees into a hive and she could couple them with the shaping of her boy's character with a clearness that startled her.

She had taken Tom downtown with her a number of times on her shopping tours and she could now see the boy making mental notes when she failed to present the conductor with her ticket as he passed. The summer Tom was thirteen years old she had gone with him into the country to visit an old schoolmate. She remembered vividly telling the station agent that Tom was under twelve years and therefore, entitled to half fare, and both she and Tom had chuckled over their ability thus to save the half fare. They had decided to buy circus tickets if the usual summer entertainment came their way. And then, when they did attend the circus, Tom's mother again passed him along for a boy of twelve years and entitled to half rate, despite the careful and suspicious scrutiny of the ticket seller.

How vividly these things recurred to her memory as she sat there that night, saddened and dejected in body, mind and spirit. A hundred other instances of a similar nature flashed through her tortured mind with such rapidity that they escaped being caught in the web of her thought, though she had a clear sense of their presence and a fresh feeling of pain as each of them flitted past.

She could even mark the mileposts in her boy's career of deceit, that career born and nurtured in the practice of her own petty follies. Thus she traced to his natural disregard of the truth his early leaning toward truancy and the notes of excuse to his teacher whose signatures he had forged. These things troubled her at the time, but she seemed unable then to tell the sources from which such impulses sprang. Tom's guilty conscience at once caused him to remain away from home all one summer's night and the mother's heart bled that night as it never had done before. Her son had slept on a park's bench for fear of the consequences of his truancy and forgery when he returned home, and still, at home he had been treated leniently, not cruelly. How was she to deal with him? Probably that question harked back to the time of the first mother. There had been no answer then.

It was with sickening dread that Mrs. Mailey now realized, in this worst of all moments, how she had played with truth and honesty; how she had invited the poisonous white lies of life into her very home, there to imbue themselves with the influence of destruction in her boy's impressionable mind. She had not meant to be dishonest, she would have sworn to the innocence of her intent, but still she could not extricate herself from the blame which every true mother imposes upon herself.

Her boy's sense of right and wrong had been tampered with, dulled, stunted, all but obliterated, and the whole horrid thing had changed his outlook upon life. He was reared in the very atmosphere of petty frauds, and the petty things were the ones which impressed the child's mind because a child's life is logically composed of little things. They were too small for the adult mind, perhaps, but the growing brain of the child seized upon them eagerly and added each to his growing store of knowledge. Where was the wrong, he may have asked later, when his mother and his grandparents did these things? They were given the sanction of the household; perhaps he had never stopped to question.

But it was too late now; her son's very soul had been poisoned and both the mother and son were reaping the bitter consequences. The utter despair of hopelessness finally dulled her mind and she lay for a long time as if in a swoon.

In the still of that night of torment a cool hand smoothed her feverish brow and a soothing voice persuaded her to retire. She roused herself from the nightmare, her lips mumbling audibly "the poisonous white lies, the white lies." And when hushed voices asked the meaning, the response was still the same—"the poisonous white lies," whereupon the owners of the voices only looked at her blankly, shook their heads pityingly and in wonderment, and did not understand.

Decorating the Dining Room

The idea that a dining-room should be treated in a somewhat heavy and subdued style dies hard. Thus it is that a white and yellow dining-room is something of a novelty. When its windows have a green and shady prospect the effect of the yellow dining-room is really quite enchanting. One apartment of this description has the walls panelled to within seven inches of the tops of the doors, and all the woodwork is painted ivory-white. Above the panelling is a stencilled frieze in shades of daffodil, orange and chestnut.

The rug is in shades of brown and dull, soft blues. The tiled fireplace is in yellowish brown. The chair seats are of chestnut brown leather. The window hangings are of daffodil yellow and white.

Affection

The great lack in man's life is lack of affection, and the worst thing about this is that woman has no opportunity to test his affection before marriage. I believe our literature is responsible for much of our young girls' blindness to the truth about love. I was reading a love-story yesterday—it was a pretty story, and I love to read them—and I came across these sentences: "I have counted the hours," he declared. In the gaze he bent upon her his bared soul looked out." This is an expression to shake the heart of a girl and to make her believe that in the very next passionate glance she receives from a man she sees a noble and beautiful soul unveiled. It is a great injustice to youth to write like that about love. If there is ever a time when man's soul is in eclipse it is when the star of passion is in the ascendant. The soul shows its true identity in dark days when the children are sick and the coal bill comes in. The wedded couple who have learned the secret of actual soul intimacy have found the perfect love, and they know that in it there is no room for pride, no question of dignity nor of personal rights and wrongs, no suspicion of slights nor fear of infidelity. The woman who finds herself married to a man to whom real affection is a stranger will never win anything by pride. The man who will not be affectionate to an affectionate woman will certainly never be so to a cold, proud woman.

I have seen women who seemed to get a lot of pleasure out of a bitter attitude toward life. They seem to take a real joy in the attitude of proud suffering. Really this is just play-acting. The woman makes her own stage settings, thinks out her own situations and is her own audience. She is a tragedy queen, and it is strange how women enjoy being tragedy queens. If you are engaged in a warfare of diverse opinions, contrary tastes, different ideals and misunderstandings with the person you married under the impression that in the glances he gave you during courtship his bared soul looked out, examine yourself closely and see if you are not fixing your position on "a little personal pride" which you believe it your duty to cherish. Try the experiment of throwing this pride away. If it doesn't affect him it will at least release you from the guardianship of something you couldn't use, and give you a chance to take up some real work—some commonplace, profitable interest which will one day stand you in stead of the devotion and obedience and conformation to your wishes which you were demanding of a person who was not qualified to render them.

"Bridget," said the mistress, reprovingly, "this is absolutely the worst pie I ever tried to eat. You told me you could bake as good pies as any cook in the city."

"So I can, mim," she said. "So I can. But all the laddies I ever wurrked fur mixed the pies thimselves befull I baked 'em, mim!"

The Oil of Power.—It is not claimed for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil that it will cure every ill, but its uses are so various that it may be looked upon as a general pain killer. It has achieved that greatness for itself and all attempts to surpass it have failed. Its excellence is known to all who have tested its virtues and learnt by experience.

Winnipeg Telegram's 20th Pony Contest

\$30,000 worth of Ponies and Outfits already Awarded Boys and Girls of West
Nominate Yourself and Share in Next Distribution

Eight Pony Prizes
including
handsome matched
team and the
Piebald Champion
"Chief."



Frisket, Chief, Fred, Freda, Curly, Dorina, Tramp, Tinker, Rip.

Fifteen Grand
Prizes and a
Cash reward for
every candidate
not a grand prize
winner

UNPRECEDENTED PRIZES IN TELEGRAM'S GREAT JUVENILE CONTEST

A glance at the wonderful prize list only briefly described in the next column and but vaguely illustrated above, is evidence of the phenomenal distribution of unprecedented prizes that The Winnipeg Telegram will make to the boys and girls of western provinces on June 10th. Eight pony prizes headed by a handsome matched pair, with complete driving outfit, fifteen grand prizes in all, and a cash reward for every contestant who does not win a grand prize, justifies the statement that never in the history of juvenile competitions in Canada have these rewards been approached. This is the Twentieth Pony Contest that has been conducted by The Winnipeg Telegram, and it is by a big margin the greatest of the series. It is the contest to join, for it has more and richer rewards than any of its predecessors and, as every candidate gets a prize, it is not a game of chance. The Telegram has already presented ponies and outfits to over one hundred boys and girls in Western Canada, and these ponies have been won in the mountains of British Columbia, in the ranch districts of Alberta, on the prairies of Saskatchewan, the rural sections of Manitoba and in the towns of New Ontario. The boys and girls who have already won ponies cannot enter this contest, neither can those residing in the City of Winnipeg. This competition is absolutely for the boys and girls of the Western Provinces and they alone will be allowed to enter. It costs nothing to be a candidate and a little effort for the few weeks this contest is in vogue will put your name on the shipping tag of one of these enviable rewards.

PONIES OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

First Prize—The handsome matched team "Fred" and "Freda" and an elaborate new driving outfit especially ordered for this great pair of miniature aristocrats.
Second Prize—The piebald champion "Chief" and his new carriage and harness. This pony was the sensation of the American show rings last year.
Third Prize—"Frisket," a very handsome and perfectly conformed young Shetland

mare and a new and complete driving equipment.
Fourth Prize—"Curly," a little black Shetland horse of exceptional quality and all the driving accessories.
Fifth Prize—"Dorina," a classy little black mare and her new carriage and harness.
Sixth Prize—"Tramp," a good brown gelding kind and gentle, buggy and harness.
Seventh Prize—"Tinker," a good honest and

faithful little gelding and all the driving requisites.
Eighth Prize—"Rip," a brown Shetland gelding, buggy and harness.
Ninth Prize—Bicycle, ladies or gents.
Tenth Prize—Phonograph and six records.
Eleventh Prize—Eastman Kodak, printing and developing outfit.
Twelfth Prize—Gold watch and fob, ladies or gents.

Thirteenth Prize—Gold watch and fob, ladies or gents.
Fourteenth Prize—Gold watch and fob, ladies or gents.
Fifteenth Prize—Gold watch and fob, ladies or gents.

FIRST PRIZE



Fred and Freda and Outfit.

VOTES SCHEDULE

HOW VOTES COUNT ON THE DAILY TELEGRAM

	No. Votes
For \$1.00 paid on single subscription.....	2,000
For \$2.00 paid on single subscription.....	5,000
For \$3.00 paid on single subscription.....	8,000
For \$4.00 paid on single subscription.....	13,000
For \$5.00 paid on single subscription.....	16,000
For \$6.00 paid on single subscription.....	20,000

HOW VOTES COUNT ON THE FARMERS' WEEKLY, TELEGRAM

	No. Votes
For \$1.00 paid on single subscription.....	4,000
For \$2.00 paid on single subscription.....	10,000
For \$3.00 paid on single subscription.....	16,000

The vote schedule announced above will prevail without change throughout the competition.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Votes will not be awarded on payments less than \$1.00.	1 Yr.	2 Yrs.	3 Yrs.	Votes will not be awarded on clubbing offer.
Daily Telegram.....	\$2.00	\$4.00	\$6.00	
Farmers' Weekly Telegram.....	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$3.00	

No. 1.

NOMINATION BLANK

PONY CONTEST EDITOR, Winnipeg Telegram.

Please register my name as a contestant in The Telegram Pony Contest, and credit me with 5,000 votes. I have read the rules of the Contest and agree to same.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

Signature of Parent or Guardian.....

This blank, properly filled out, will bring you further information and supplies by return mail.

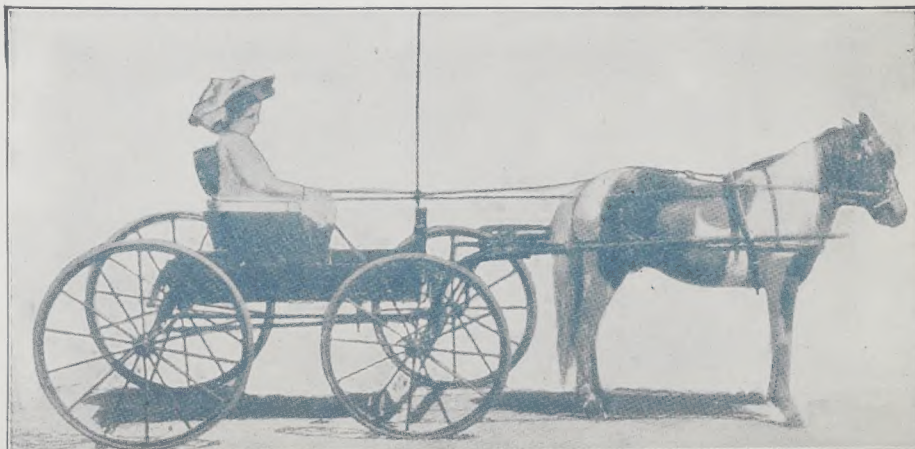
RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Ten Thousand free votes will be awarded for a candidate's first subscription.
2. A Telegram pony button will be sent to every candidate nominated. This button is positively the most unique reproduction of playmates and their ponies. Don't fail to get one.
3. Nominations or subscriptions from the city of Winnipeg will not be accepted.
4. Nominations are free. The nomination blank, properly filled out, registers a candidate with 5,000 votes free. Special subscription blanks and further information will be forwarded immediately upon receipt of nomination.
5. The contest closes at 1 p. m., June 10th, 1914. This means that no money or subscriptions will be accepted after that hour.
6. No employee of The Winnipeg Telegram will be allowed to compete.
7. Votes will not be awarded on subscriptions not accompanied by a remittance.
8. Subscriptions will not be accepted outside of the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia and Ontario west of Great Lakes.
9. A candidate is nominated and registered when the nomination blank, properly filled out, has been received by the Pony Contest Editor.
10. A candidate can only be nominated once. Votes to count according to schedule announced after nomination.
11. Subscriptions for more than three years will not be accepted.
12. The vote schedule on subscriptions to The Farmers' Weekly Telegram is higher than on comparative subscriptions to The Daily Telegram. Contestants who are forced to confine their canvass to Weekly subscriptions have an equal chance to win.

13. Prizes are awarded according to the votes obtained. The candidates with the highest number of votes will get the first prize, and so on, until the awards have all been distributed.
14. In case of a tie for the last grand prize, two or more prizes will be awarded the contestants so tied.
15. Votes cannot be bought or transferred from one candidate to another. Bona fide subscriptions must be sent in.
16. A commission of 10 per cent, will be paid all contestants who do not win a prize, on the money he or she collects.
17. Candidates must not deduct their commission. The cash awards will be paid when the contest closes.
18. Votes will not be awarded on payments of less than \$1.00, or on a fraction of a dollar.
19. Both new and renewal subscriptions count.
20. The Pony Contest Editor will acknowledge receipt of all monies and award votes as lists are received.
21. Votes will not be awarded on clubbing offers with other papers.
22. The vote schedule announced will not be altered during the contest. There will be no period when double votes are allowed.
23. The decision of the Pony Contest Editor is final in all matters pertaining to this contest.
24. Boys and girls who have already won ponies cannot enter this contest.
25. Ponies and outfits will be shipped by express—all charges prepaid.
26. Remit by money, express order or postal note.
27. Delivery of mail is at risk of candidates. We are only responsible for remittances and subscription lists received by us before closing hour of contest.

Contest Closes 1 p.m. June 10th, 1914

SECOND PRIZE



The Piebald Champion "Chief" and Outfit.



Produces those Perfect Pies



PURITY FLOUR
Better Pastry